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THE NEW YORKER

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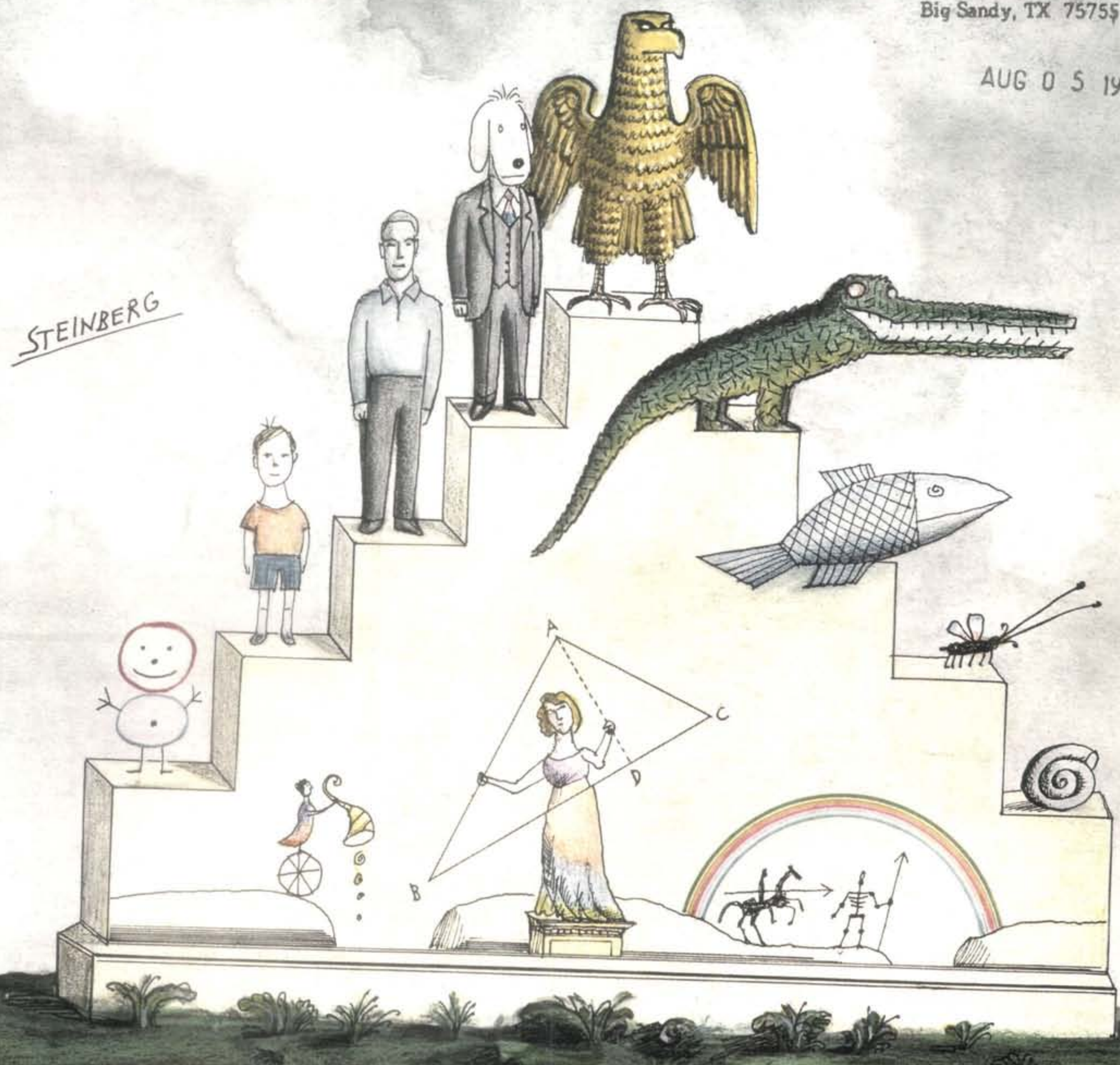
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BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

After the Rain—A glimpse of the future as it might be after a flood has all but wiped out humanity. John Bowen's play is fairly diverting, and the cast is excellent. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Birthday Party—The first full-length drama by Harold Pinter. Written a decade ago, the work is pretty murky but has its interesting aspects. The American cast isn't always happy with the English roles they are called upon to play, and Alan Schneider's direction is not always successful. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Black Comedy—*Odd doings during an electrical* blackout in South Kensington. A funny invention of Peter Shaffer, which is preceded, alack, by a curtain-raiser called "White Lies" that isn't up to Mr. Shaffer's par. As directed by John Dexter, the cast in "Black Comedy" cannot be faulted. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 2.)

Daphne in Cottage D—Sandy Dennis running some tricky mannerisms out of bounds as an alcoholic young matron in a two-character show. William Daniels on the other hand, is most capable in it. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Jewish State Theatre of Poland—An eight-week engagement of two plays presented in Yiddish and starring Ida Kaminska. Jacob Gordin's **MIRELE EFROS** will be performed through Saturday, Nov. 18, except Thursday, Nov. 16, at 7, when Bertolt Brecht's **MOTHER COURAGE** will be given for one performance. Simultaneous-translation ear-sets may be rented at each performance. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Dec. 10.)

More Stately Mansions—The third revision, by as many hands, of a play that Eugene O'Neill thought he had destroyed before he died. This version—highfalutin and ridiculous—does him a disservice that even the presence of Ingrid Bergman, Colleen Dewhurst, and Arthur Hill cannot mitigate. José Quintero, the third reviser, is responsible for the direction. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—A first-rate invention by Tom Stoppard in which Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is viewed from an eccentric and very funny angle. Brian Murray and John Wood are superb as the principals. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—Gig Young performs worthily as a middle-aged womanizer in this one, but, alas, there is not much to be said for his supporting cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Unknown Soldier and His Wife—Peter Ustinov's attempt at a satire on war through the ages fritters away whatever force it might have had into facetiousness. There are, however, quite a few entertaining spots, and the performances are generally good. That of Brian Bedford, as a recurring general, is especially good. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. *JU 6-3787. Tuesdays* through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

What Did We Do Wrong?—Paul Ford gives a highly comic performance as an adult sorely beset by the antics of the younger generation in a play by Henry Denker that, without Mr. Ford, would be worthless. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—Four plays by Robert Anderson that concentrate determinedly on sex. Mr. Anderson's creations are sometimes funny but not overly original. However, there is not a thing wrong with the cast—Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Kathleen Dabney—and the direction, by Alan Schneider, is entirely satisfactory. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CACTUS FLOWER:** Abe Burrows' study of a slow-blooming dental nurse. Lauren Bacall and Lloyd Bridges. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **DON'T DRINK THE WATER:** A Jewish family from Newark behind the Iron Curtain. Put together by Woody Allen and featuring Lou Jacobi and Peggy Cass. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Halfway up the Tree—A new comedy written and directed by Peter Ustinov, with Anthony Quayle and Eileen Herlie. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The 90 Day Mistress—Dyan Cannon, Martin Milner, Ruth Ford, and Walter Abel in a comedy by J. J. Coyle. Directed by Philip Rose. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald—A play by Amram Ducovny and Leon Friedman, in which Peter Masterson plays the title role. Staged by Tunc Yalman. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Hallelujah, Baby!—Leslie Uggams makes a commendable first appearance on Broadway in this show. The libretto (weak) is offset to some extent by the amiable lyrics of Betty Comden and Adolph Green and the easygoing music of Jule Styne. Miss Uggams has the help of a sprightly cast that includes Robert Hooks, Allen Case, and Lillian Hayman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Henry, Sweet Henry—There is nothing whatever except a couple of on-key youngsters named Robin Wilson and Neva Small to recommend in this musical. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri as one of those lovable prostitutes, in an adaptation of the movie "Never on Sunday." Pleasant music and plenty of manly jigging, but not much real substance. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**THE APPLE TREE:** A musical taken from short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. With Sue Ane Langdon (who has replaced Barbara Harris) and Alan Alda. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 25.)... **CABARET:** How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz has just succeeded Herschel Bernardi in this musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** An all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway is taking over from the present cast, with previews Friday and Saturday, Nov. 10-11, and the official opening on Sunday, Nov. 12. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly at 8:30; on Sunday, Nov. 12, at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **I DO! I DO!:** Mary Martin and Robert Preston in a highly sentimental account of a half century of marriage. Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae play the matinée performances. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Angela Lansbury in an adaptation of the Patrick Dennis novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Promise—Eileen Atkins, Ian McKellen, and Ian McShane in a three-character Russian play, by Aleksei Arbuzov (translated by Ariadne Nicolaeff), which has previously been seen in London. The director is Frank

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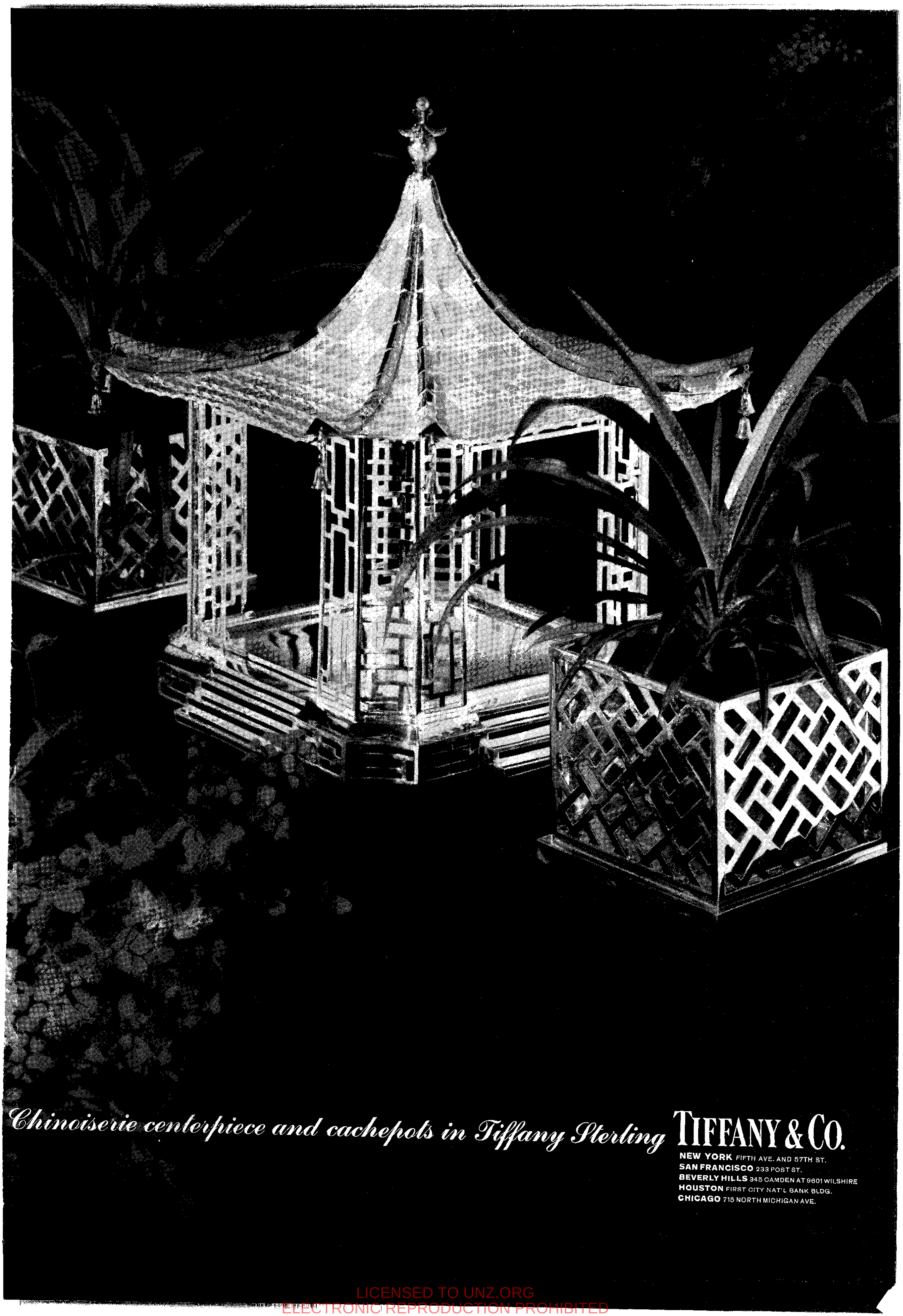
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Hauser. Previews through Monday, Nov. 13. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 14. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 6:50. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center Drama Company—Paddy Chayefsky's **THE TENTH MAN**, with John Kerr, Muni Seroff, and Boris Tumarin. The second of two plays in this year's American Playwrights Series. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 26.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Lillian Hellman's **THE LITTLE FOXES**, with Anne Bancroft, Richard A. Dysart, Margaret Leighton, E. G. Marshall, Austin Pendleton, William Prince, Beah Richards, George C. Scott, Maria Tucci, and Andre Womble. The first in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **DON GIOVANNI**. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 9-10, at 8:30: **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 4 and 8:30: **THE MIKADO**. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 12, at 3 and 7:30: **IOLANTHE**. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 14-15, at 8:30: **THE GONDOLIERS**. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Nov. 16-17, at 8:30: **PATIENCE**. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 18, at 4 and 8:30: **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Arms and the Man—A revival of Shaw's comedy. The performance just about gets by, but the play, now over seventy years old, is as fresh as paint. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—Precipitation probability 80 per cent today, 30 per cent tonight, 50 per cent tomorrow. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hair—This musical about tousled young hopheads in this city is the first winter offering of the New York Shakespeare Festival. Galt MacDermot's score (as performed by a rock quintet), Ming Cho Lee's setting, and the book and lyrics by Gerome Ragni and James Rado all rate high. The company, under Gerald Freedman's direction, is as attractive a bunch as you're likely to meet. Even though the hippie atmosphere grows tiresome after a while, the show is still one of the most original in town. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

In Circles—Gertrude Stein's play, with music by Al Carmines, now moved west from the Judson Memorial Church. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 9, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—David Atkinson plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Now Is the Time for All Good Men—A musical by a new team—Gretchen Cryer (words) and Nancy Ford (music)—about a teacher who has been court-martialled in Vietnam. The setting is a small town in Indiana. The tunes are appealing, the company is attractive and spirited, and the numbers work well, but the words—full of message and heavily ironic—get very obtrusive. David Cryer is extremely good as the young teacher. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pocket Watch—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Thursday, Nov. 9, at 2; Friday, Nov. 10, at 8:40; Saturday, Nov. 11, at 7 and 10; Sunday, Nov. 12, at 3 and 6; and Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8:40.)

Scuba Duba—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Stephen D.—The glorious words of James Joyce are delivered with moving intensity by Stephen Joyce in the role of the Artist as a Young Man, and satisfactorily, or more than that, by other actors in other roles. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 12.)

The Trials of Brother Jero and **The Strong Breed**—Two short plays by the Nigerian playwright Wole Soyinka. Opens Thursday, Nov. 9. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter Mondays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Walking to Waldheim and **Happiness**—Aline MacMahon, Lili Darvas, and Jacob Ben-Ami in a pair of one-act plays by Mayo Simon. Preview Thursday, Nov. 9. Opens officially on Friday, Nov. 10, at 7:45. (The Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7618. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This musical adaptation of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts" is a total delight. The songs, by Clark Gesner; the libretto, by John Gordon; the setting, by Alan Kimmel; the direction, by Joseph Hardy; and all the actors are fine, too. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Harkness Ballet—Thursday evening, Nov. 9: "Tchaikovsky," "After Eden," "Variations for Four Plus Four," and "Golden Age.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 10: "Night Song," "Monument for a Dead Boy," "Variations for Four Plus Four," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 11: "Golden Age," "Youth," "Feast of Ashes," and "Tchaikovsky.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 11: "Golden Age," "Monument for a Dead Boy," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov 12: "Golden Age," "After Eden," "Variations for Four Plus Four," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 14: "Night Song," "After Eden," "Variations for Four Plus Four," and "Time Out of Mind.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 15: "Requiem for Jimmy Dean—A Work in Progress," "Zealous Variations," "A Season in Hell," and "Golden Age.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 16: "Landscape for Lovers," "Cain," "Youth," "Canto Indio," and "Time Out of Mind.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 17: "Night Song," "A Season in Hell," "Canto Indio," "Requiem for Jimmy Dean," and "Tchaikovsky.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 18: "Sebastian," "Zealous Variations," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 18: "Tchaikovsky," "A Season in Hell," "Abyss," and "Time Out of Mind." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Nov. 19.)

New York City Ballet—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 18—Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Nov. 14-15: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 16: "Four Temperaments," "La Sonnambula," "Tarantella," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 17: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 18: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," "Ragtime," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 18: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," "Ragtime," and "Raymonda Variations." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15.)

Bhaskar and Shala—With assisting artists, in dances of India. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Fourth Ave. at 8th St. Friday, Nov. 10, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Larry Richardson—With his company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Designs with Strings," an unnamed Sokolow work, "The Flower Festival at Genzano Pas de Deux," and "Just Songs." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Marlene Dietrich—Elle-même. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3. Final performances Saturday, Nov. 18.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening except as indicated.)

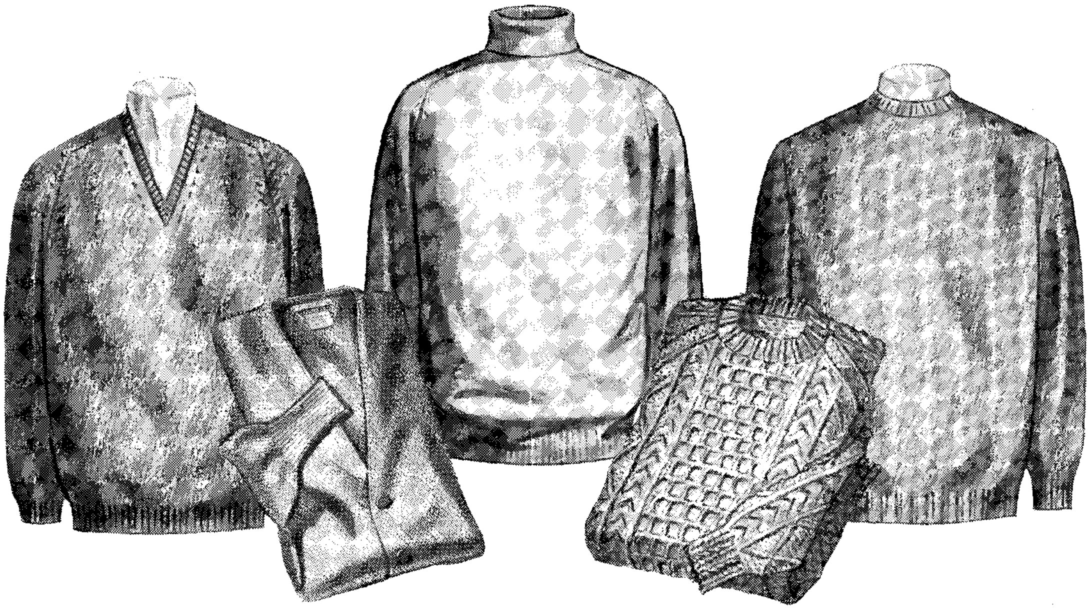
DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Ella Fitzgerald, who was born backstage in a green-and-yellow basket, is still singing about that cradle and a lot of things that have happened since—roundly, soundly, and sometimes profoundly. She is to be heard during dinner and supper in the Royal Box. The intervals between are filled full by the flowing orchestra of Lee Evans. The enterprise shuts down on Saturday, Nov. 11, for a brief breather.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—As before, there is a reasonably slender Billy Reed to lean on as he patrols his refectory and (*from nine until two every evening but Sunday and Monday*) *palais de danse*, in which the minuscule Pir Marini crew does the music.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—A life of ease is the sole objective of the couples who inhabit the floor of the restaurant. The music comes from Ernie Warren's small band of longtime local citizens, who carry on from eight until one or two every evening but Sunday and Monday.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Considered by many fanciers of night school



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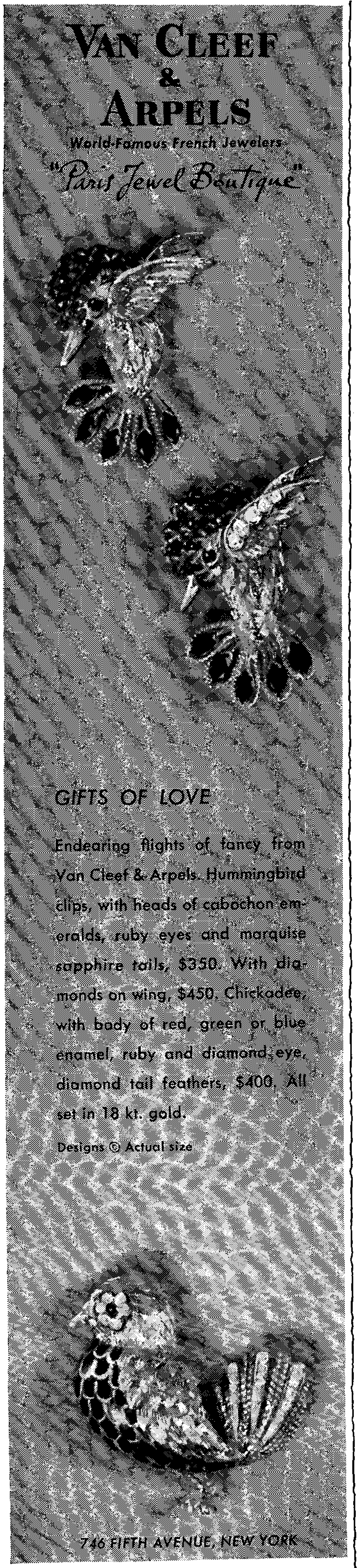

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

to be an absolutely required course. The instructors are the bands belonging to Lester Lanin and George Anaya, which never pause between eight and three-thirty. No classes on Sunday.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre is not yet an institution accredited by the Ivy League, but the curriculums are the same. Ben Cutler's Yale boys are on the bandstand seven nights a week. Between sets, Ellen Harwicke accompanies her own songs on her own piano, and neatly. She skips every Monday.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Tony Sandler, a knowing man-about-Europe, is chanting and chaffing in the Persian Room at dinnertime and suppertime, and being deft about it, too. He gets assistance from other hands, but of a sort that might lead one to suspect that he could be better off by himself. On Wednesday, Nov. 15, he will be succeeded by Katyna Ranieri, another European worldling and, likewise, a singer. The jaunty bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte are at play there all evening long. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano (these are the arsenal of Leo LeFleur's duo) speak with bated breath from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, which is the nineteenth century at the pinnacle of perfection, and again from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender light begins to suffuse the statuary and Gunnar Hansen's fiddle begins its sentimental journey down the Danube. No music Sunday nights.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—It's open season on Bobcats at this rooftop of the world, for Bob Crosby and his posse of the same name move in at nine. A quartet starts bringing up the room temperature at seven. Curfew does not arrive until two. Closed Sundays.

THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—Woody Herman's Herd, which specializes in painting towns red, belongs to the hard-edge school of brushwork. It disappears on Wednesday, Nov. 15, and next evening a game of musical chairs commences—Buddy Morrow and his Night Train Orchestra, plus Billy Bowen's Ink Spots, plus the Windjammers, whatever all *that*'s about. Eight until two is the running time for all hands, and Sunday is everyone's time-out.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The songs of Dorothy Shay, the Murray Hillbilly, draw some tremendously long-range conclusions about life, or non-life, among the mythical backwoodsmen of the Ozarks. She is in the Maisonette at dinner and supper. The United States band of George Cort and the Latin band of Quintero do the rest of the work. Miss Shay exits on Saturday, Nov. 11, and on Monday, Nov. 13, Patachou returns from Paris to be vocal, voluble, and French. No Sunday activities. . . . ¶ La Boite, the across-the-way peace haven, sinners ever so quietly to the violin of Ernest Schoen, once the mainstay of the late Viennese Lantern, and the piano of Jules Kuti. Seven-thirty until one is their life-span, which does not include any Sundays or Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Tony Bennett, a leading exponent of the hail-fellow-well-met style of singing, is beamish, expansive, and wholly pleasing during the dinner and supper hours in the Empire Room, for which the orchestra of Charles Turecamo furnishes the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Something is sounding off, if gently, all week long in the manifold Peacock Alley, which deals in everything from cocktails to supper—first of all, piano from six to eleven Monday and Tuesday, from five to ten Wednesday through Friday; second of all, dance tunes by the Horace Diaz threesome from eight until one Wednesday through Saturday, from five to ten Sunday.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Moderation in all things is the rule of thumb—or, rather, foot—because the Monkey, the Fracture, and the Urban Sprawl are all forbidden. The setting is plain but painstaking; the menu is token. Two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. For insatiables, there is a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): An off-campus campus that looks after a whole bunch of people who knew each other when and seem rather glad about it. The music for the reunion is piano, piano, piano—the whole night through, by Goldie Hawkins and his valiant aide, Wayne Sanders, plus an opening session (five-thirty to eight-thirty) by Francis Thorne. Closed Sundays. . . . **L'INTRIGUE,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Hugh Shannon, who knows all the songs about the Beautiful People, the Bountiful People, and the Futile People, is playing and singing them just a little bit better than anyone else from ten-thirty on every night but Sunday. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A snug, shipshape West Indie, visited every night from dinner time until after the theatre by a troubadour who sings in the choicest broken-Jamaica dialect. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): You're only young a thousand times—this is the attitude of the boy and girl workers in the communications arts who gather here. The threesome of Chuck Wayne, a deft abstractionist, does the holding forth with great glee. No music Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri's portrayal of the wickedest woman in Paris (done mostly from the top deck of a piano) is all fool and a yard wide, which is how the guests in her small drawing room like it. She chants at dinner during the week, at dinner and supper Friday and Saturday, and—as a good Greek—never on Sunday. Leisurely dance music commences at eight. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Where the gypsy caravans of Hungary have rested, though never in complete silence. After the zimbalons and fiddles have had their say, Béla Babai's band does dance music and Tibor Rakossy does ballads of passionate importunity. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Not quite tempest in a teapot is the corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, but the animation in this Village snug can be ample. Here Laurie Brewis conducts, from his piano, a sort of sing-along that begins at nine-thirty every evening but Monday, and goes on and on into the night. . . . **TAMBURLAINE,** 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): The Department of Forestry in Outer Mongolia has an exhibit here, and so does the chef (at times), but the dance music, which runs from eight-thirty until one-thirty, is mid-Manhattan. It is a bit bumpy except on Monday night, for then Billy Rubenstein's piano embellishes it. Another improvement, operating from six to eight, Mondays through Fridays, is Allan Haig, whose piano is a thing of beauty as well as of bounty. Closed Sundays. . . . **KIPPYS,** 240 W. 52nd St. (581-4773): A higher standard for the Broadway way of life, with (in the abovestairs annex) Danny Apolinar, who will be contributing his bang-bang piano from nine until two through Saturday, Nov. 11. On Monday, Nov. 13, his place will be taken by Charles De Forest, who gets that top-of-the-morning (early) feeling into whatever he sings. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Unancient Rome is the hallmark of the Roman Pub, but it's a handsome Rome all the same, gathered about a tiny dance floor. A threesome paced by the precise piano of Joan St. James is usually in action from five-thirty to seven-thirty and from nine-thirty to one-thirty, but it skips the early set each Saturday and everything on Sunday. No more than tidbits for the internally hungry. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Scratch a waiter and you'll find a tenor whose mother tongue is Italian. Closed Mondays. . . . **MICHAEL MANN'S,** 1101 Second Ave., at 58th St. (758-2411): Not at all secret swingers are the dominant note in the bandbox where Ralph Strain and piano are making their winter home this season. He and it begin at five every night but Monday.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie when

Arpege announces a new spray and it's only five dollars. Arpege. Really!

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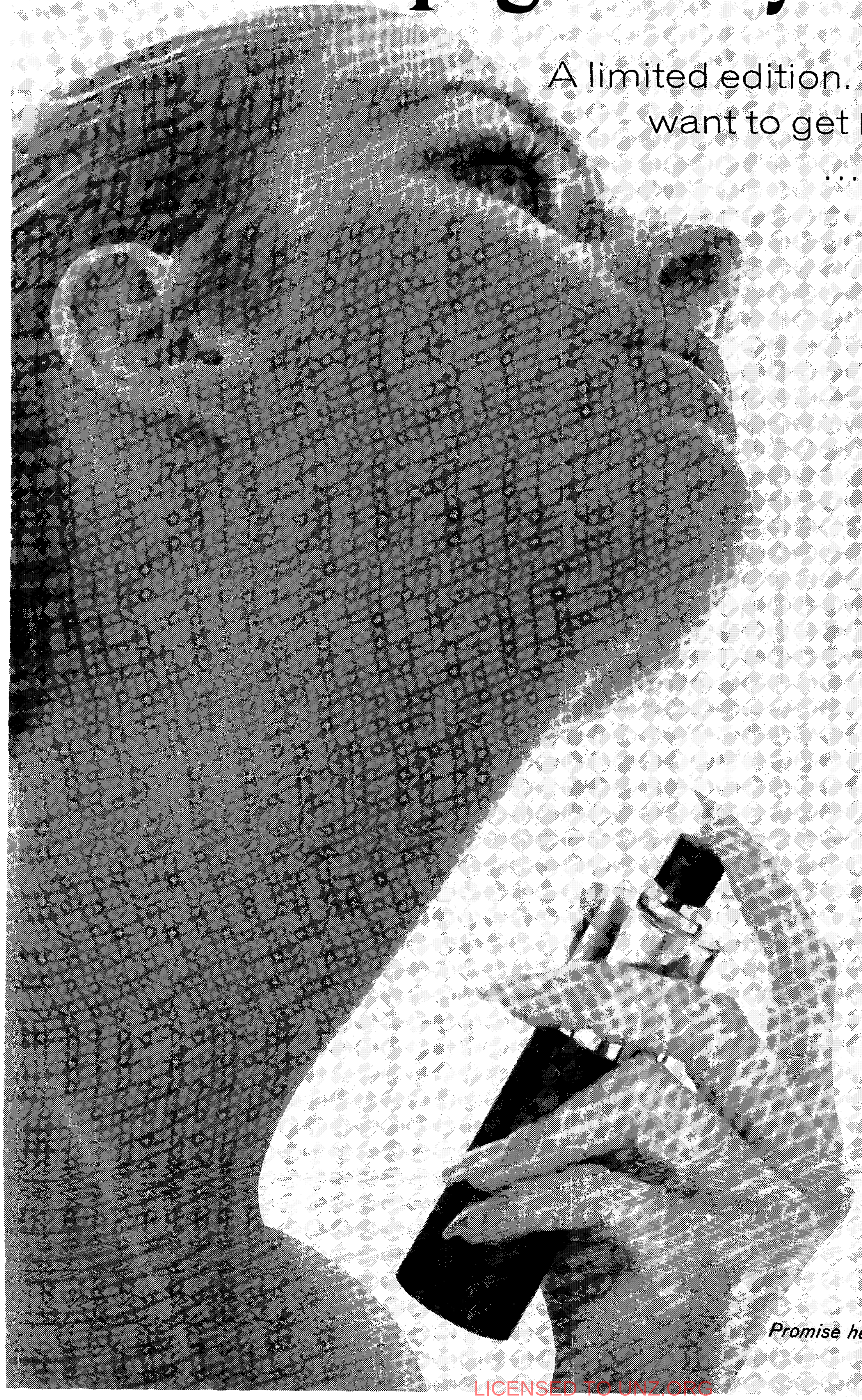
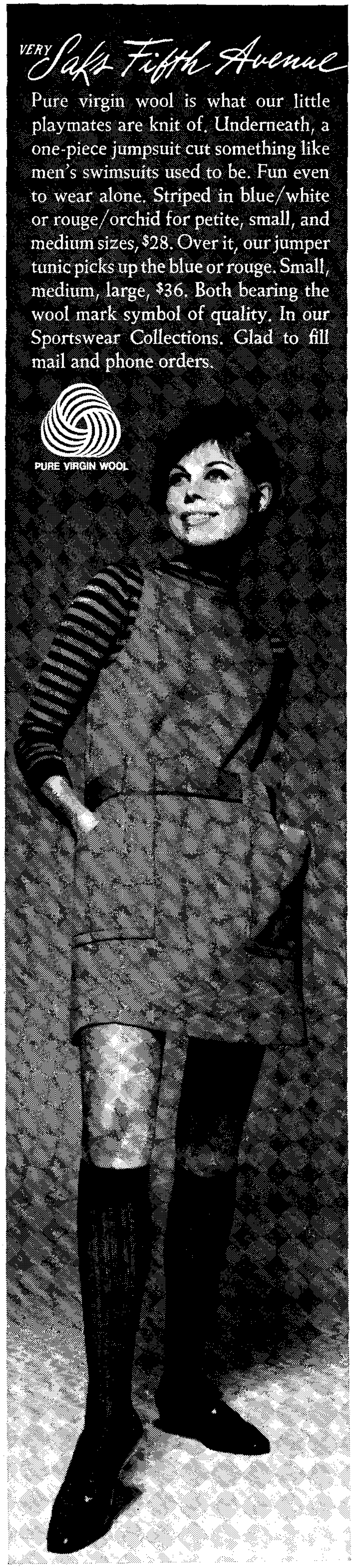
...And get it early.



Promise her anything but give her Arpege



Pure virgin wool is what our little playmates are knit of. Underneath, a one-piece jumpsuit cut something like men's swimsuits used to be. Fun even to wear alone. Striped in blue/white or rouge/orchid for petite, small, and medium sizes, $28. Over it, our jumper tunic picks up the blue or rouge. Small, medium, large, $36. Both bearing the wool mark symbol of quality. In our Sportswear Collections. Glad to fill mail and phone orders.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Cy Walter addresses himself to the piano that, from a gentle slope, surveys this lordly manor. This act of beneficence takes place from the cocktail hour until one every night but Sunday, when Allan Haig serves instead. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle is a put-on, all right, but a merry, gregarious, and comfortable one. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The same king's second retreat, likewise in a put-on mood, and circumnavigated by the fiddle of George Cardini, an incurable romanticist. He stays away Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The city itself is eternal, but the nights are not, for two o'clock is curfew. Until that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The watchmen of the night along this stretch of the Via Veneto are the ambulatory *musicians under the bow and baton* of Herman Honigsberg, master fiddler; the listeners are an outgoing lot. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park is again illuminated by the hand-carved piano of Steven Weltner, who is on duty from six-thirty until one, except on Saturday and Sunday. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Grand is the manner of the Regency Room, where there is piano between five-thirty and twelve-thirty. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The Elegant Eighties and the Gay Nineties are permanent occupants of a town house that looks as it was in the beginning. In the bar, a leisurely piano dwells. No music Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): What the well-dressed bar and restaurant will wear. From five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, someone diligently plies a piano every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy is applying himself to the mannerly piano beside the bar in the grand salon-restaurant of the Westbury Hotel. He is not a Sunday or Monday visitor. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): A refectory deep in the arcanebrakes of some Far Eastern country, real or imaginary. In one alcove of it, a piano gets almost subliminally into whatever the act is. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): In an art gallery that is out on a mild spree, Felipe Gayo's guitar turns its thoughts lightly to nights in the gardens of Granada. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he takes Sundays off. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, in the hotel of the same name, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The Almanach by which one foretells the future here is not the Farmer's but de Gotha. George Feyer's *conversazione-cum*-piano is the other item of interest. It goes on from eight-thirty until two. Closed Sundays.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining unless indicated.)

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Practically a closed circuit to anyone without a promissory note from the booking office. The eye of the booked beholder grows dizzy as it follows the free-form footwork of the often enchanted young champions. Some of the music comes out of wax containers, some of it comes out of people—now the Fuzzy Bunnies and, as of Tuesday, Nov. 14, the Wild Ones. Nine until four is the rule; a slight bill of fare is offered. No Monday action. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The dance music, crisp and commanding, flows from storage batteries, but the battalion onstage (Young-Holt, Unltd., which involves Red Holt, Eldee Young, and Don Walker) is real, intent, intense, and warming. On Monday, Nov. 13, the trio will be replaced by Kai Winding's quartet. Dining in proper fashion. Closed Sundays. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Mid pleasures and palaces, mostly Roman Mod—in both décor and dress. It must be looked for behind an unmarked door. The eclectic music is from the grooves of Academe. It is open every night, from nine-thirty to three-thirty. . . . **CHEETAH**, 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): When the rock and roll is called up yonder, the boy and girl pinwheels who spin in this cave of the winds will be the prize-winners there, too. The music to which they twirl is live enough to be just about livid. Eight until three is the usual schedule, but Sundays begin at three in the afternoon. Cheetah is in the temperance zone. . . . **WHEELS**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A sort of super-motor inn, whose décor is wheels (all the way from automobile to jukebox) whirling like dervishes from six until late in the morning. Since Herbert Jacoby, last of the Blue Angel, is the mad inventor thereof, the inn does possess a stage; on it, one finds the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble, which has a bowing acquaintanceship with Bach and a scraping acquaintanceship with rock. The Ensemble is off duty every Sunday and Monday, but the Wheels continue to turn. . . . **ELECTRIC CIRCUS**, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080): This spaceship, tenuously moored to earth, is a *son et lumière* that gives one pause but also amusement. The occasional circus acts, seemingly as spontaneous as the light cues, are just as entertaining. Though the lighting effects are all fermented, none of the available beverages are. The hours are eight-thirty until three or four, every night. . . . **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Certain formalities are to be gone through, such as dressing like little ladies and little gentlemen, *but the music (nine until early morn)* is as vibrant as any, though not at the top of any lungs. Supper, too. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

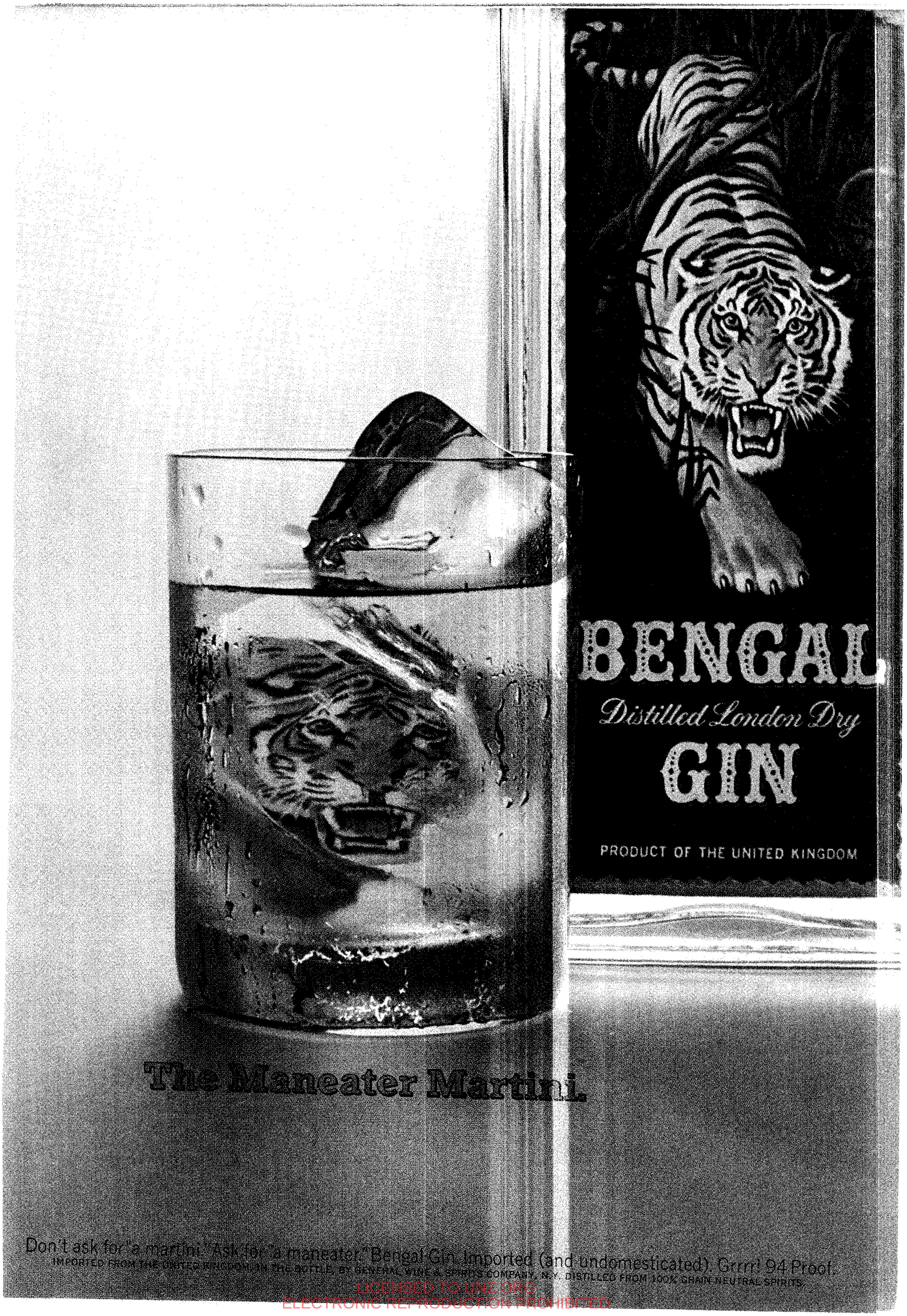
(Dining and dancing.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): A great big mob scene in which Jimmy Roselli, a bull-horn tenor who just opens his mouth and lets come what may, takes place every night. Jokes that have seen years of hard work and ballerinas who have seen their mentor only once also abound. . . . ¶ In the bar-lounge, music starts whooping and dooping at ten, and is not likely to stop. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Dear Lisa, Magda, Melba, Juliet, Pattie, Ingrid, Toni, and the rest of the beauties unadorned (yes, indeed, unadorned) who inhabit the extravaganza known as "Maid in Paris," may you always stay as young and gay as you are tonight. Teresa Brewer, a fine little Southern belle with a real bop, is principal girl; the wit is Larry Best, whose best is none too good. Twice a night, and every night. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Mary Louise Wilson and Liz Sheridan, darkling damsels who are all arsenic and no lace, pursue their merry, lethal way—with the enormous help of Rex Robbins, Terry O'Mara, and Alex Wipf—through "Four in Hand," Julius Monk's willful, wily consideration of the world we must live with. The orchestra is the dashing double piano of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; the opulent interlude piano comes from Baldwin Bergersen. Nine and eleven-thirty are the starting times. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): *A fine body of men* known as Los Chavales de España applies a great deal of jubilant body Spanish to its stamping, cavorting, and flirting songs; a set of ballerinas aids their cause, and a brace of bands urges the guests into quite a spate of exhibition dancing. Dining, too. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Alejandro Manzana, which will have you marching through Iberia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Joan Rivers, who was held over at the analyst's all summer, can hardly wait until ten (or nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays) at night to tell all about it. She is not a Sunday worker. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Dark Horses," a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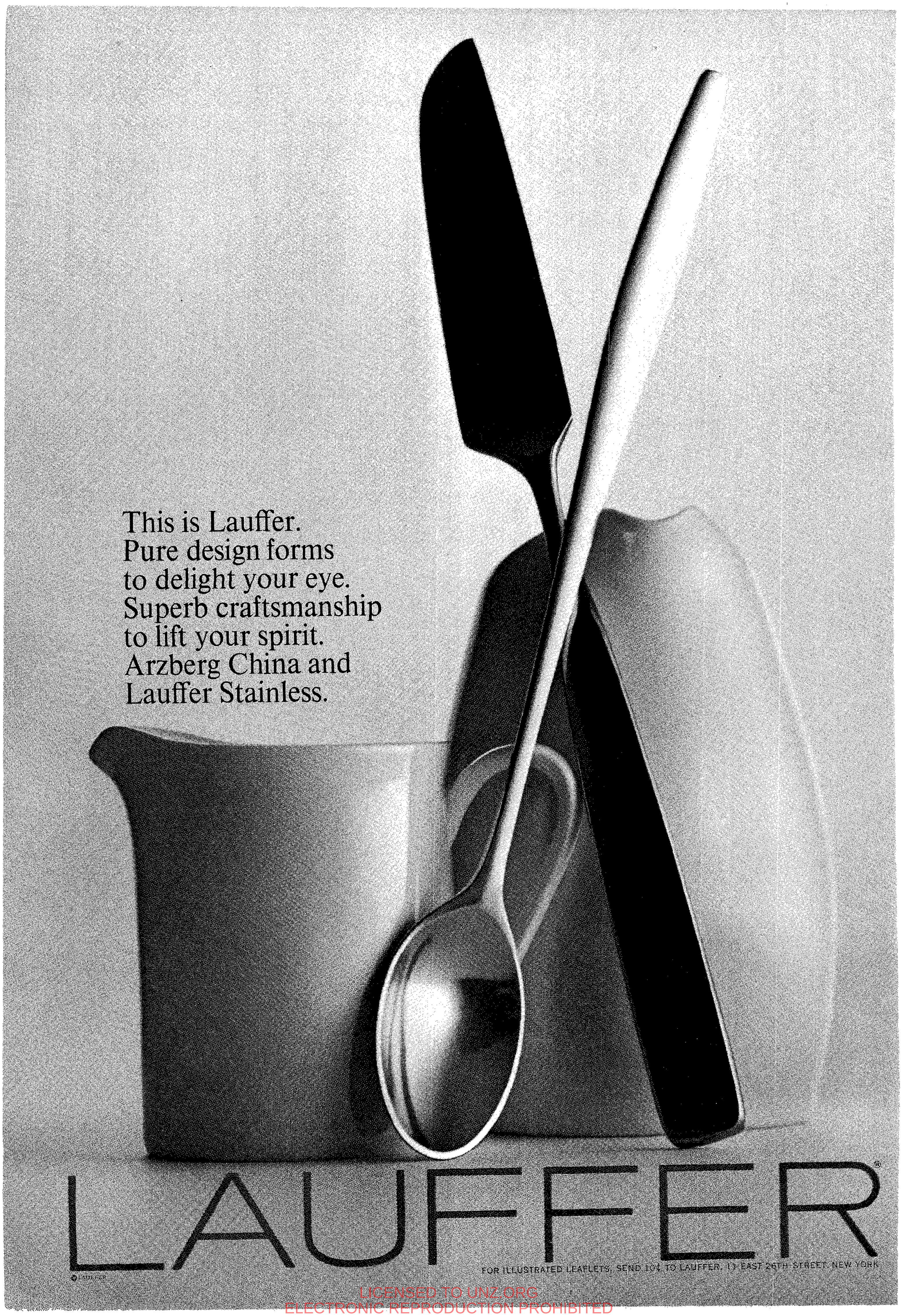

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new Lilliputian revue with words and music and girls and boys, is in operation at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): A busman's holiday after the theatre for this or that Broadway player who feels he hasn't yet done a full night's work. Earlier, there is impromptu entertainment by the staff of this quite casual bar. . . . **LIVING ROOM**, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Two shows a night—one by the customers in the down-front seats (fair to niggling), one by Bobby Short, his voice, and his piano (how things are in Glocca Morra, along the Riviera, and on the Rialto). Mr. Short is a seven-days-a-week wonder.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Gary Burton's new-thought quartet is communicating every night but Monday, which is, as usual, devoted to uprisings by the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. On Tuesday, Nov. 14, João Gilberto and guitar will join up. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The roster is sometimes subject to rapid change, but these bookings for the lower deck of this operation have an air of probability: Symphony Sid and his Latin-American bandsmen every Monday; Thursday, Nov. 9, Salvation, a group whose role is rock; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 10-11, Stan Kenton's big band (all those flying buttresses) and the solitary guitar of Jorge Morel; Tuesday, Nov. 14, *et seq.*, Nina Simone (whose songs voyage on an argosy to a land the rest of us shall never see) and Montego Joe's septet, which is quick as can be on the trigger. . . . ¶ On the upper deck, there's the quartet of Jeremy Steig, whose special concept of jazz makes the music nearly a visual art. It withdraws on Sunday, Nov. 12; on Tuesday, Nov. 14, the return of Willie the Lion Smith and Don Ewell, whose twin pianos can move mountains. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The minute pizza salon is picking on bands of more than its own size; to wit: Friday through Sunday every week, Duke Pearson's seventeen-man squadron; every Monday, Howard McGhee's mob, also seventeen strong. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's threesome walks with a springy step the length of the oval bar and brightens every inch of it. There is also interlude piano by Fran Thompson. Kickoff time is nine-fifteen. Mondays, everybody stays home. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The venerable powerhouse is getting along, and with power to burn, under the guidance of such as Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown. Closed Sundays. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): The address is in the center of one of the new youth-for-joy-and-health cantons, and the slacks tide is in full flow among the customers. Tradition is likewise forsworn by the musicians. Right now, every night but Monday, Charles McPherson's quintet is the responsible party, and on Monday it is Sun Ra's outerspacemen. On Tuesday, Nov. 14, Jackie McLean's foursome replaces the McPhersons. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB**, 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): Grand (in every way) is the slam that Elvin Jones imposes on his timpani. His group, which has important contributions to make toward the welfare of contemporary music, includes Jaki Byard. Nine to four is the curriculum offered every night but Monday. . . . **THE FRAMMIS**, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160): A new hearthstone to keep the faith warm. The music is concocted by Tal Farlow, a hermit for the past decade, who returns to civilian life, and in truly prodigal fashion, with the expert Johnny Knapp and Lyn Cristie as his sidekicks. Dinner begins at six, the Farlows begin at nine, and who knows when the thing ends. No music Sundays. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804): The best of our Village coffee-and-ice-cream parlors. It should now resound to the First Edition, a big West Coast crowd (its rock is Gibraltar) that includes Mike Settle and some ex-New Christy Minstrels. Tuesdays,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

though, are devoted to drop-ins. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—a current eternal-youth formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): More agenda for the rather young. The music is live and cast-iron. It goes until two or three all week long, and on Sundays it commences at four-thirty in the afternoon, when the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band reports for a matinée. Ruth Crews, a cast-iron soprano, augments the uproar on the evenings of Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday. . . . **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Museum pieces. The largest is the 1906 truck chassis in which the rataplan band plays. Chaplin and Laurel & Hardy movies occur at times; beer, peanuts, and pretzels happen continually. There are Sunday matinées, too, beginning at five. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): The Talbot Brothers, who discovered and settled Bermuda long before it became an American possession, do a five-to-nine Sunday musicale for their up-North friends. Bring yours, and nostalgia. Dining.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LENNART ANDERSON—Interiors with figures, still-lifes, and landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ARAKAWA—Abstract compositions that adapt diagrams and contain words; through Nov. 29. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JANEZ BERNIK—Paintings that stress texture and varieties of handwriting, lettering, and symbols; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Adria Art Gallery, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.)

AARON BOHROD—Still-life paintings by a veteran realist, who turned "magical" in the fifties; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St.)

CAMILLE BOMBOIS—Thirty-six early oils by the French primitive; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

DAVID BURLIUK (1882-1967)—Paintings from various periods of the one-time Russian Futurist, who lived for years in Hampton Bays; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

PIETRO CONSAGRA—Abstract sculptures made of shaped metal plates and colored with lacquer; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM COPLEY—Paintings with figures referring to titles of poems by Robert W. Service, by a Surrealist inclined toward Pop; through Dec. 9. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

CORNEILLE—Paintings by a primitivist Expressionist affiliated with the Dutch Cobra group; through Dec. 2. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROGER DE LA FRESNAYE—Drawings and watercolors by a French Cubist; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LAMAR DODD—Abstract romantic landscapes of sea and city; through Nov. 23. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

JUAN GENOVÉS—The first exhibition here of a Spanish artist whose theme is crowds in which individuals are picked out; through Nov. 25. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD GIOBBI—Abstract paintings, many in circular forms; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

O. LOUIS GUGLIELMI (1906-56)—A cross-section of works done between 1931 and his death, by a "magical" painter of New York scenes who was prominent in the thirties and forties; through Nov. 25. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEWIS ISELIN—Portrait and figure sculptures in bronze; through Nov. 25. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

GILLIAN JAGGER—Plaster and resin molds of manhole covers and designs tracked by jeeps, baby carriages, and birds on pavements and on the ground; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

MORTON KAISH—Paintings of interiors, landscapes, and figures; through Nov. 25. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

MORRIS KANTOR—Abstract paintings, some containing suggestions of objects; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

KARL KNATHS—Sixteen abstract and semi-abstract canvases by a well-known American, now seventy-seven; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

KÄTHE KOLLWITZ (1867-1945)—More than twenty posters, as well as drawings and graphics, by the Leftist painter celebrated for her humanitarian themes; through Nov. 22. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROY LICHTENSTEIN—Paintings and sculptures, in brass, glass, and marble, based on design themes of the thirties; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARISOL—Painted wood-sculpture portraits of heads of state, including L.B.J., de Gaulle, and Franco; through Dec. 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

RORY MCEWEN—Abstract sculptures in glass, plastic, chrome, steel, and aluminum, all making use of reflected light; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROY MOYER—Still-lifes, figures, and landscapes by the current director of the American Federation of Arts; through Nov. 25. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

MICHAEL NOBLE—Abstract sculptures carved in marble; through Dec. 2. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

GIORA NOVAK—Painted sculptures in the form of aluminum capsules, weighted with lead, which can be moved by the spectator; through Friday, Nov. 17. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANN COLE PHILLIPS—Expressionist paintings with suggestions of landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

REGINALD POLLACK—Recent landscapes; through Nov. 25. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

LUDWIG SANDER—Geometrical paintings by a veteran of the New York School; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

DANIEL SCHWARTZ—Oils, watercolors, and sculptures of teen-agers in expressive postures; through Nov. 25. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

SYD SOLOMON—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

RAPHAEL SOYER—Two exhibitions that are running concurrently with his show at the Whitney Museum: Forty paintings and drawings, most of them recent; through Friday, Nov. 17. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Fifty years of his etchings and lithographs; through Nov. 25. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

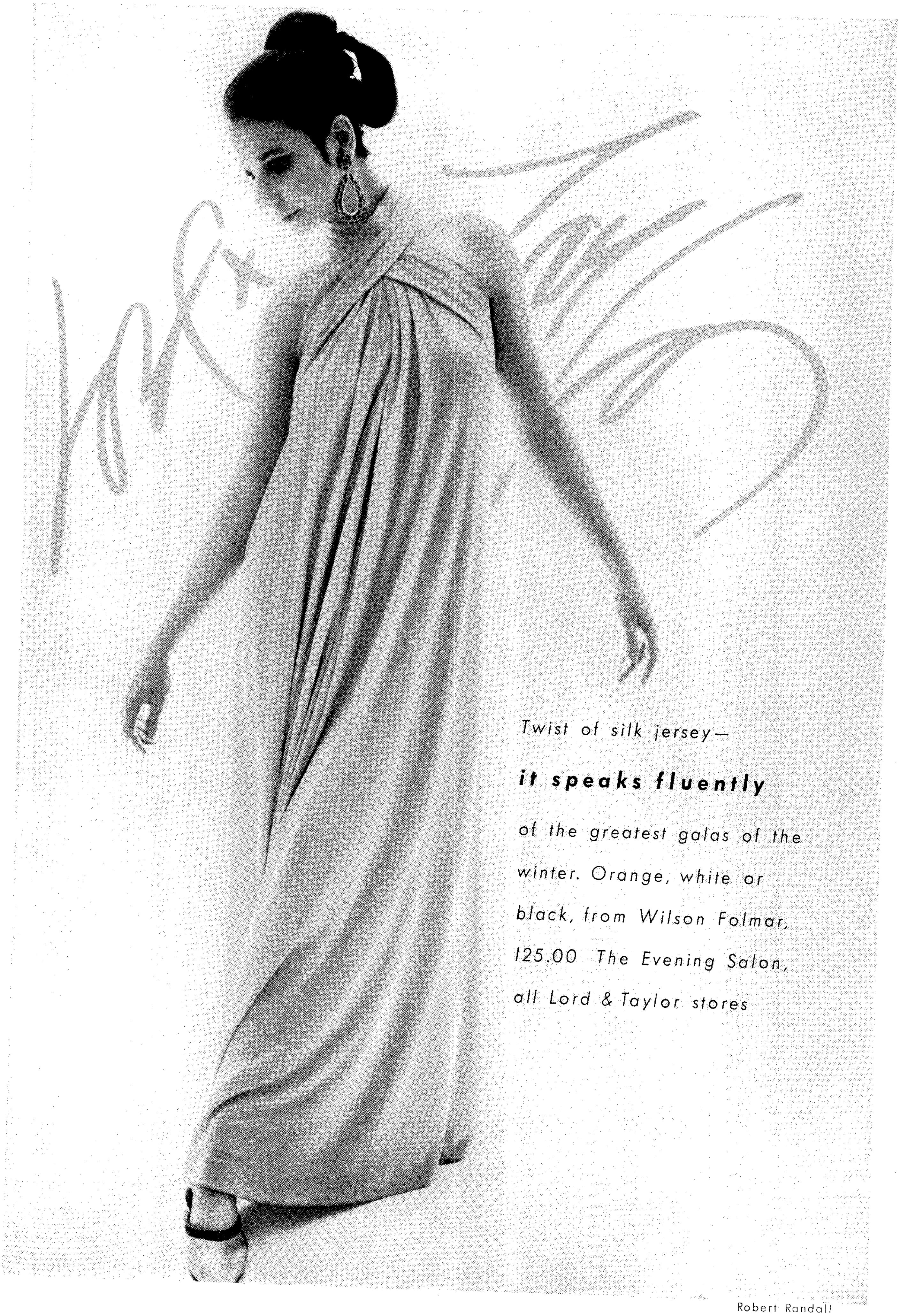
MARK TOBEY—Oils, temperas, and monotypes by a pioneer of American abstract painting; through Nov. 25. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

MARILYN WEBER—Paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (De Mena, 453 E. 88th St. Weekdays, 1 to 7.)

IRVING R. WILES (1861-1948)—Seventy paintings and drawings by an artist with some resemblance to Sargent; through Nov. 30. (Chapellier, 22 E. 80th St.)

ISAAC WITKIN—Four large sculptures of aluminum and steel intended for outdoors; through Nov. 22. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL WONNER—Quiet still-lifes in oil and water-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

color; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Jack Youngerman—Color areas in free-form abstract shapes; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **LEWISON**, 35 E. 64th St.: Nineteenth-century portraits, including some of prominent New Yorkers, by, among others, William Jewett, Thomas Sully, Emanuel Leutze, William Sidney Mount, and J. Alden Weir; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Closed Mondays.)... **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: Forty-eight works, many by leading figures of the New York art world such as Red Grooms, Elaine de Kooning, Jack Levine, Robert Indiana, Saul Steinberg, Larry Rivers, Ben Shahn, and Andy Warhol, expressing, in the degree that the artists' styles permit, political protest and a hope for a better world; through Dec. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Drawings and watercolors by Burliuk, Sol Wilson, Hartley, Kerkam, Walkowitz, Joseph Stella, and others; through Wednesday, Nov. 15.... **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Figurative paintings of the fifties by such artists as Hartigan, Freilicher, Lester Johnson, Ben Johnson, and Jan Müller; through Nov. 25.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Landscape drawings by French artists, from Corot to Giacometti and Balthus; through Dec. 2.... **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Twenty-three paintings and sculptures by twentieth-century artists, among them Magritte, Giacometti, Dubuffet, and Picasso; through Friday, Nov. 10.... **SAMUELS**, 18 E. 76th St.: About sixty drawings and watercolors spanning the past five centuries of European art; through Nov. 22. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 5:30.)... **SELIGMANN**, 5 E. 57th St.: French, Italian, and English drawings from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth; through Nov. 25. (Closed Mondays.) ... **SHICKMAN**, 929 Park Ave., at 81st St.: Thirty-two seventeenth-century Dutch still-lifes, portraits, landscapes, and genre paintings, including one apiece by Jan Steen, Jacob van Ruisdael, and Isack van Ostade; through Saturday, Nov. 18.... **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Abstract paintings by Afro, Lanyon, and Manrique; through Nov. 25. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—American paintings and historical prints from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. J. William Middendorf II; through Nov. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The first comprehensive survey of Picasso's sculpture presented in America, consisting of more than two hundred pieces in bronze, wood, terra-cotta, painted sheet metal, and ceramic, many from the artist's own collection; through Jan. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The fifth Guggenheim International Exhibition; this one, the first to be devoted entirely to sculpture, includes nearly a hundred examples, executed since 1960, by eighty artists from twenty nations. Through Feb. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Veterans Day, 10 to 6; Sundays and Veterans Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of eighty-nine works, including oil and canvas collages, collage drawings, metal collages, and aluminum sculptures, by Conrad Marca-Relli; through Sunday, Nov. 12.... ¶ A hundred and sixty-one oils, drawings, watercolors, and prints covering forty years of Raphael Soyer's preoccupation with New York City life, its street scenes, underprivileged people, and particularly young working women; through Dec. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Veterans Day, noon to 6.) Good complements to the Soyer showing are his exhibitions at the Forum Gallery, 1018 Madison Ave., at

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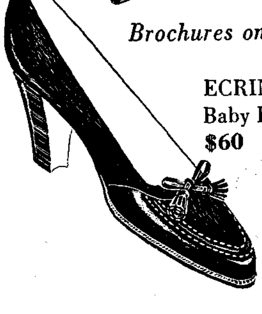

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79th St., and the Associated American Artists Galleries, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and one American and European paintings, including works by Courbet, Whistler, Eakins, and Chase, assembled under the title of "Triumph of Realism;" through Nov. 19. (An admission charge of fifty cents goes to the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.)... ¶ Realistic and Impressionist prints by twenty-five German artists from the middle of the nineteenth century to the First World War, including Max Liebermann, Adolph von Menzel, and Lovis Corinth; through Dec. 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The World Beneath Our Feet... Minerals," a panoramic arrangement illustrating the variety of color, form, and composition of these elements. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—The first exhibition in America of Japanese art of the Heian period (794-1185), comprising paintings, sculptures, calligraphy, metalwork, and ceramics; through Dec. 17. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A selection of Chinese sculptures (one, of a frog, is three thousand years old), vessels, plaques, pottery, and some paintings, representing animals and birds; through Jan. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—The first major showing here of prints and drawings by Felicien Rops, a nineteenth-century Belgian artist who specialized in social themes; through Dec. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition portraying the heroic resistance, to the death, of Jewish Zealots against the Romans at Masada in the first century A.D. The show consists of archaeological findings, photomurals, charts, and maps. Through Feb. 18.... ¶ Sixty master prints by artists from the fifteenth century to the eighteenth—Cranach, Dürer, Rembrandt, and van Leyden—interpreting themes from the Book of Genesis; through Jan. 7. (Sundays through Thursdays, 10 to 10; Fridays, 10 to 3.)

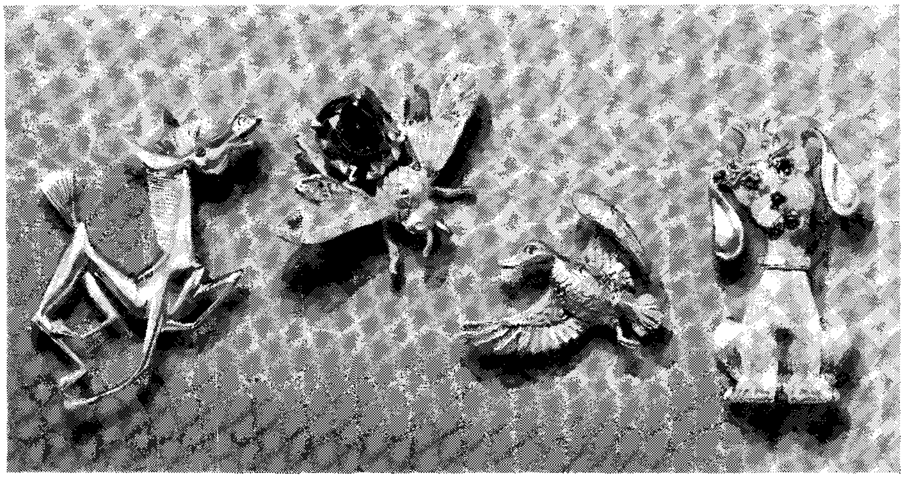
Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings and carvings by nineteenth-century folk artists of the Greater New York area, including James and John Bard, Erastus Salisbury Field, and John Bradley; through Dec. 10. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

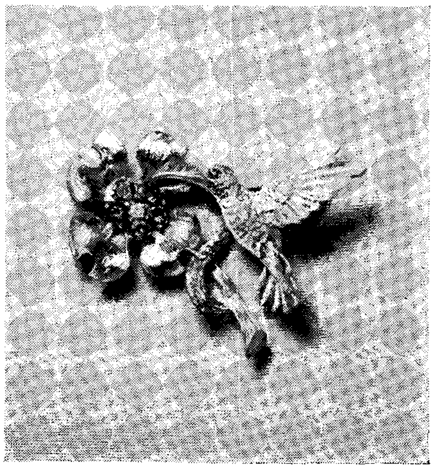
MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Nov. 9: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Tebaldi, Marcia Baldwin, Barry Morell, John Reardon, and Raymond Michalski.... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 10: "Falstaff," with Pilar Lorengar, Judith Raskin, Fedora Barbieri, Marcia Baldwin, Anselmo Colzani, Luigi Alva, and Frank Guarrera.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 11: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Phyllis Curtin, Jeannette Pilou, Teresa Berganza, Justino Díaz, Tom Krause, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 11: "La Forza del Destino," with Milka Stojanovic, Louise Pearl, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Cesare Siepi, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 13: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Tebaldi, Marcia Baldwin, Barry Morell, William Walker, and Raymond Michalski.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 14: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Phyllis Curtin, Jeannette Pilou, Teresa Berganza, Nancy Williams, Justino Díaz, Tom Krause, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 15: "La Forza del Destino," with Lucine Amara, Louise Pearl, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 16: "La Ventana," danced by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; and "Hansel and Gretel," with Teresa Stratas, Rosalind Elias, Lili Chookasian, Karl Dönch, and William Walker.... ¶ Fri-





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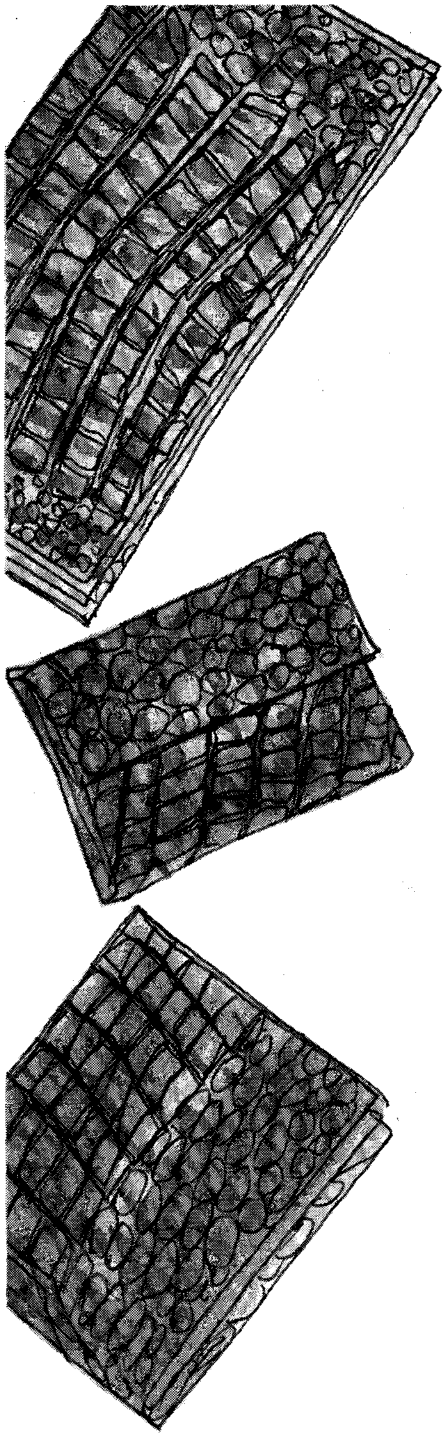

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day evening, Nov. 17: “Falstaff,” with Raina Kabaivanska, Mary Ellen Pracht, Fedora Barbieri, Marcia Baldwin, Ezio Flagello, George Shirley, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 18: “La Traviata,” with Jeannette Pilou, Luigi Alva, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 18: “La Gioconda,” with Renata Tebaldi, Nell Rankin, Rosalind Elias, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and Jerome Hines. A nonsubscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8:15: “The Barber of Seville,” with Anne Elgar, Charlotte Povia, Enrico di Giuseppe, Dominic Cossa, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 10, at 8:15: “Der Rosenkavalier,” with Jeannine Crader, Patricia Brooks, Frances Bible, Georg Schnapka, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 2:15: “Tosca,” with Athena Lampropulos, Placido Domingo, Benjamin Rayson, and David Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:15: “Carmen,” with Huguette Tourangeau, Joan Patenaude, LaVergne Monette, Salvador Novoa, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 12, at 7:15: “Lizzie Borden,” with Brenda Lewis, Ellen Faull, Anne Elgar, David Smith, and Richard Fredricks. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall—Seiji Ozawa conducting on Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 10, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 13, at 7:30 (all with Kinshi Tsuruta, *biwa*, and Katsuya Yokoyama, *shakuhachi*). . . . ¶ William Steinberg directing performances of Berlioz’s “The Damnation of Faust” Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 16-18, at 8:30, and Monday, Nov. 20, at 7:30 (all with Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Ernst Haefliger, tenor; Gérard Souzay, baritone; Raymond Michalski, bass; and the Westminster Choir).

PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—William Steinberg conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—At Carnegie Hall, Jean Martinon conducting—Sunday, Nov. 12, at 8:30: With Rollino and Sheftel, duo piano, and the Chicago Symphony Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30: With Robert, Gaby, and Jean Casadesus, as piano soloists.

MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting the first of two concerts, this one with Christian Ferras, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN OPERA SOCIETY—Carlo Felice Cillario directing a performance of Bellini’s “Norma” in concert form, with Elena Suliotis, Nancy Tatum, and Joyce Mathis, sopranos; Gianfranco Cecchele and Paul Franke, tenors; and Luigi Roni, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

CONTEMPORARY CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Arthur Weisberg conducting the first in a series of programs of twentieth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

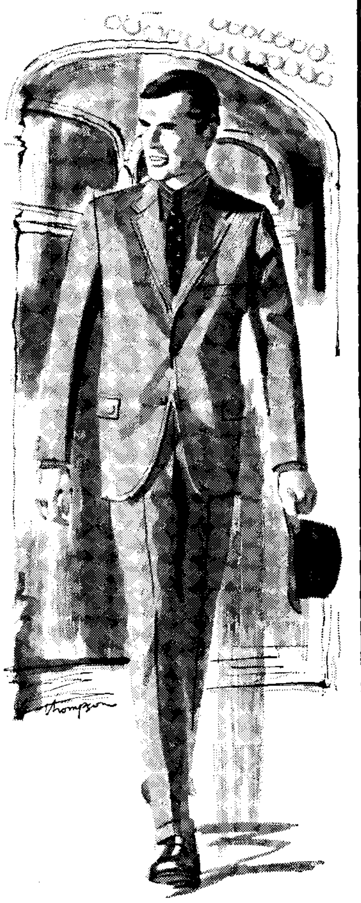
FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—Thomas Dunn conducting, with David Bar-Illan, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Joseph Eger conducting, with Martina Arroyo, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 3, and Monday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Milan Horvat directing a Bloch-Kodály program, with William Lewis, tenor, and Seymour Schwartzman, baritone. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 8.) . . . ¶ The Society will hold a preview of this program at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-2434), on Sunday, Nov. 12, at 2:30.

MANNES ORCHESTRA—Carl Bamberger conducting. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, 632 W. 156th St. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

ORCHESTRE JEAN-FRANÇOIS PAILLARD—M. Paillard conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at



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82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting the second in a series of three Bach-Mozart programs, with Albert Fuller and George Pappastavrou, harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting with Claude Frank, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

New York Pro Musica—A program of music of the sixteenth century. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

Régine Crespin—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

Ernst Haefliger—Tenor, in a Schumann-Schubert program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

Manitas de Plata—Flamenco guitarist, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 11, at midnight.)

Birgit Nilsson—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 3.)

Zadel Skolovsky—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

Boris Goldovsky—Piano, in the last in a series of recitals entitled "Scarlatti to Schönberg," presenting, with comment, an informal survey of keyboard music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 870-5512. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The Amadeus Quartet, in an all-Schubert program. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 685, Mondays through Fridays.)

Cesare Siepi—Bass-baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

Guarneri String Quartet—An all-Beethoven program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

Note—Pina Carmirelli will give a violin recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 19, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 13, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

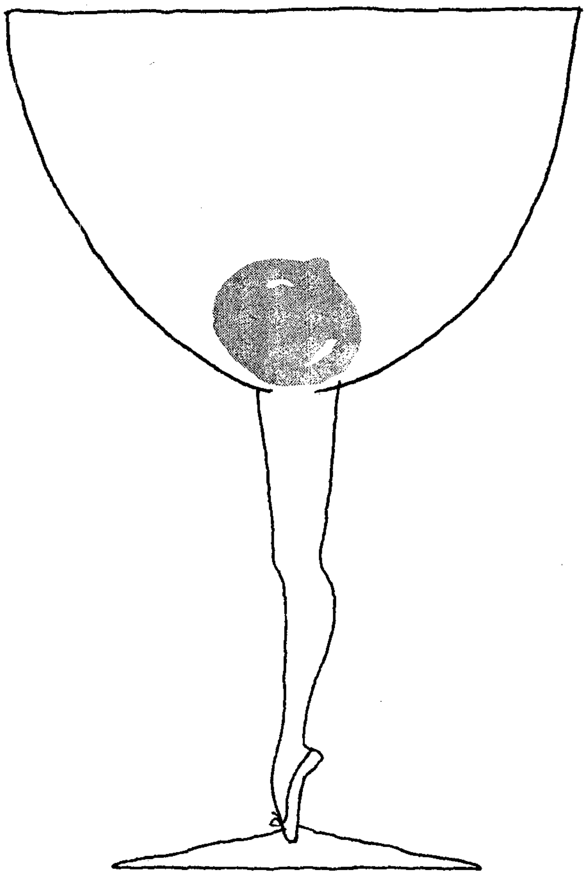
Benefit Concerts—At Carnegie Hall—Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:30: Jan Peerce, tenor, and the Musica Aeterna Orchestra conducted by Frederic Waldman. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 17, at 8: Clinton Utterbach directing the Utterbach Concert Choir, plus Moses Gunn and Thelma Oliver reading from the late Langston Hughes' poetry, in musical settings arranged by Mr. Utterbach.

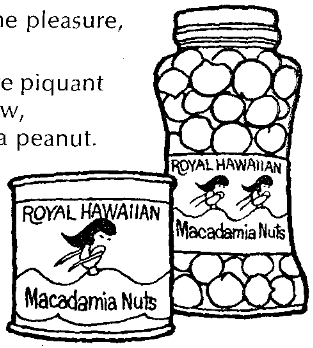
Jazz/Folk—Donovan, folk singer. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 6:30 and 9:30.). . . ¶ The Charles Lloyd quartet. (Village Theatre, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 475-8400. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 17-18, at 8 and 10:30.). . . ¶ The New Lost City Ramblers, folk singers, and others, in a benefit concert. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30. For tickets, call NE 8-2830.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Nov. 9, at 6:30: Seattle





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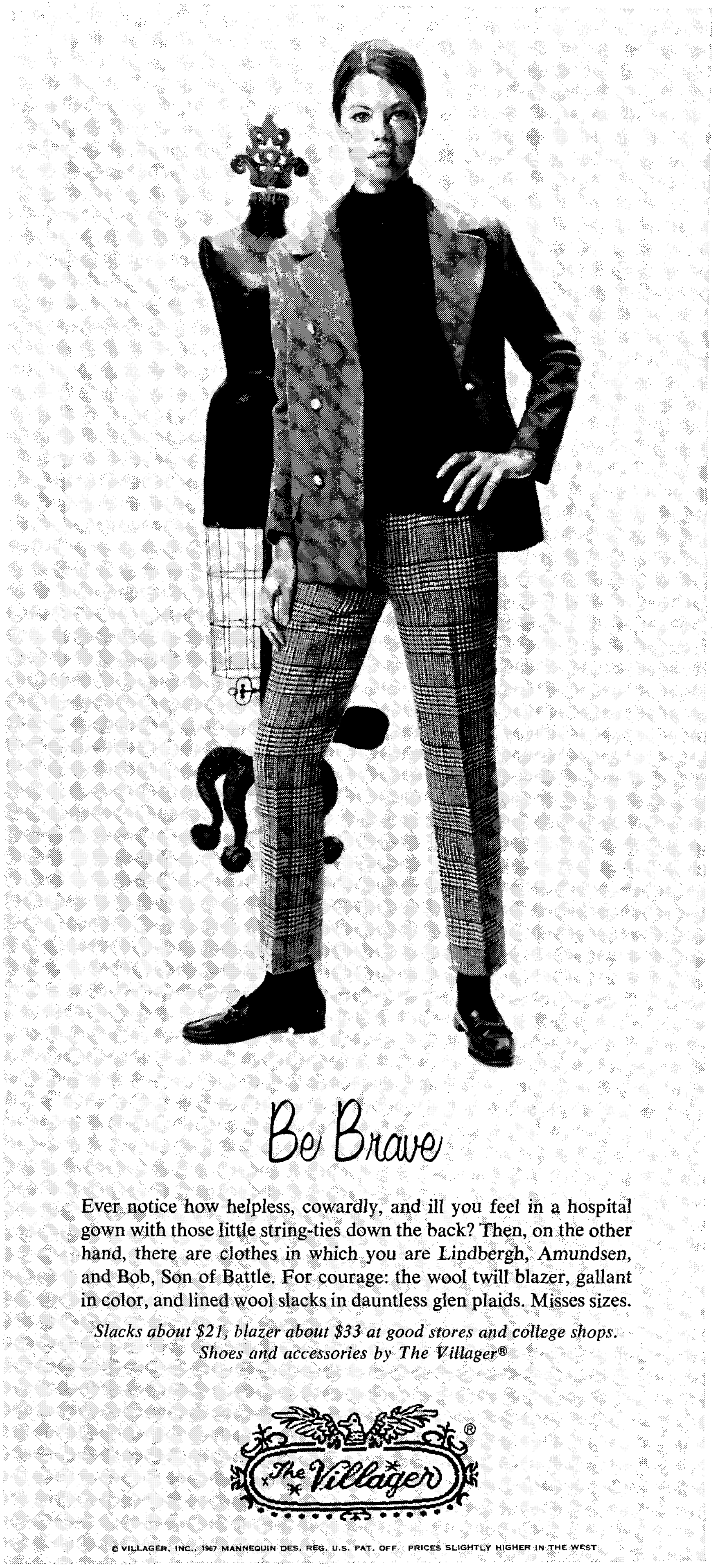

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Cincinnati.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Boston.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 6:30: Seattle vs. Boston and Knicks vs. San Diego. ... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Baltimore.

Boxing—Dante Cane vs. James J. Woody, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 10. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 11: Amherst vs. Trinity, at Amherst, at 1:30.... ¶ Army vs. Utah, at West Point, at 2.... ¶ Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at Baker Field, at 1:30.... ¶ Cornell vs. Brown, at Ithaca, at 1:30.... ¶ Fordham vs. Manhattan, at Fordham, at 1:30.... ¶ Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge, at 1:30.... ¶ Navy vs. Duke, at Norfolk, at 1:45.... ¶ Wesleyan vs. Williams, at Middletown, at 1:30.... ¶ Yale vs. Pennsylvania, at New Haven, at 1:30.... SATURDAY, NOV. 18 (all games at 1:30): Brown vs. Harvard, at Providence.... ¶ Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover.... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at *Philadelphia.... ¶ Princeton* vs. Yale, at Princeton.... ¶ Trinity vs. Wesleyan, at Hartford.... ¶ Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Buffalo Bills. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 2.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. California. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 7:05.)

Hunt Racing—Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 11.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at noon; through Friday, Dec. 15. The Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 11, and the Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 18.... GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 12:30; last day Saturday, Nov. 18. The Gardenia, Saturday, Nov. 11, and the Garden State, Saturday, Nov. 18. ... LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, Jan. 1. The Washington, D.C., International, Saturday, Nov. 11 (for this day only, post time will be 12:20).

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 7:40; through Friday, Dec. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By the CHILDREN'S THEATRE INTERNATIONAL: "Petey and the Pogo Stick." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) ... GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "Snow White," Saturdays at 2 and 3:30.... ¶ "The Pied Piper," Sundays at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.)... PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Scraps." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.)... PROVINCETOWN CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Aladdin." (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.)... SILVER BUTTON PRODUCTIONS: "*The Silver Button.*" (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 1.)... STORYLAND THEATRE: "Heidi." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS: "Adventures of Pinocchio," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30.... ¶ "Adventures of Peter Pan." Saturdays and Sundays at 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Arist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Realm of the Planets;" through Nov. 20. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays, except Veterans Day, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and

This makeup costs $20 an ounce. And women have been buying it for 20 years.

Until you try it on your own skin you'll never really know whether they're on to something or are just impressed by the price.

Go ahead. Try it on your own skin. You won't risk a thing but temptation.

Go to the cosmetic counter of the finest store you know. Once there, ask for, if necessary even wait for, the woman who specializes in Alexandra de Markoff cosmetics.

This is important. Because, like perfume, our Countess Isserlyn Make-Up does different things on different people. You'll need a specialist's trained help to find your Countess color this first time.

Now watch what she does. She'll wash off a patch of your skin, gently, down to the jaw-line. Study it. Pick a numbered bottle. Shake it. Stir it. And hand you the little stirring stick.

Touch that stick. Then your face.

From here on, we think you'll be astonished. By how much that one finger-touch covers. By the way it seems to slip itself over your face.

You've heard of velvet complexions. Now we think you'll see one. Your own. With just enough clean shimmer left on the surface so this newly-made-up patch of your skin seems unobscured by any makeup at all.

At this point, we think you'll want to claim your own bottle at once, take off the rest of your makeup, and do your whole face over right, then and there.

But if you're not quite sure, just very tempted, wait. Look again hours later. See if you still feel you can afford to live without this lovely stuff.

We'll take that chance. After all, even if you never buy it, all we'll have lost is some time and a smidge of our makeup.

But, if you never try it, you may never find your best face.

Alexandra de Markoff

Countess Isserlyn
Alexandra de Markoff

At Bonwit Teller, The Halle Bros. Co.

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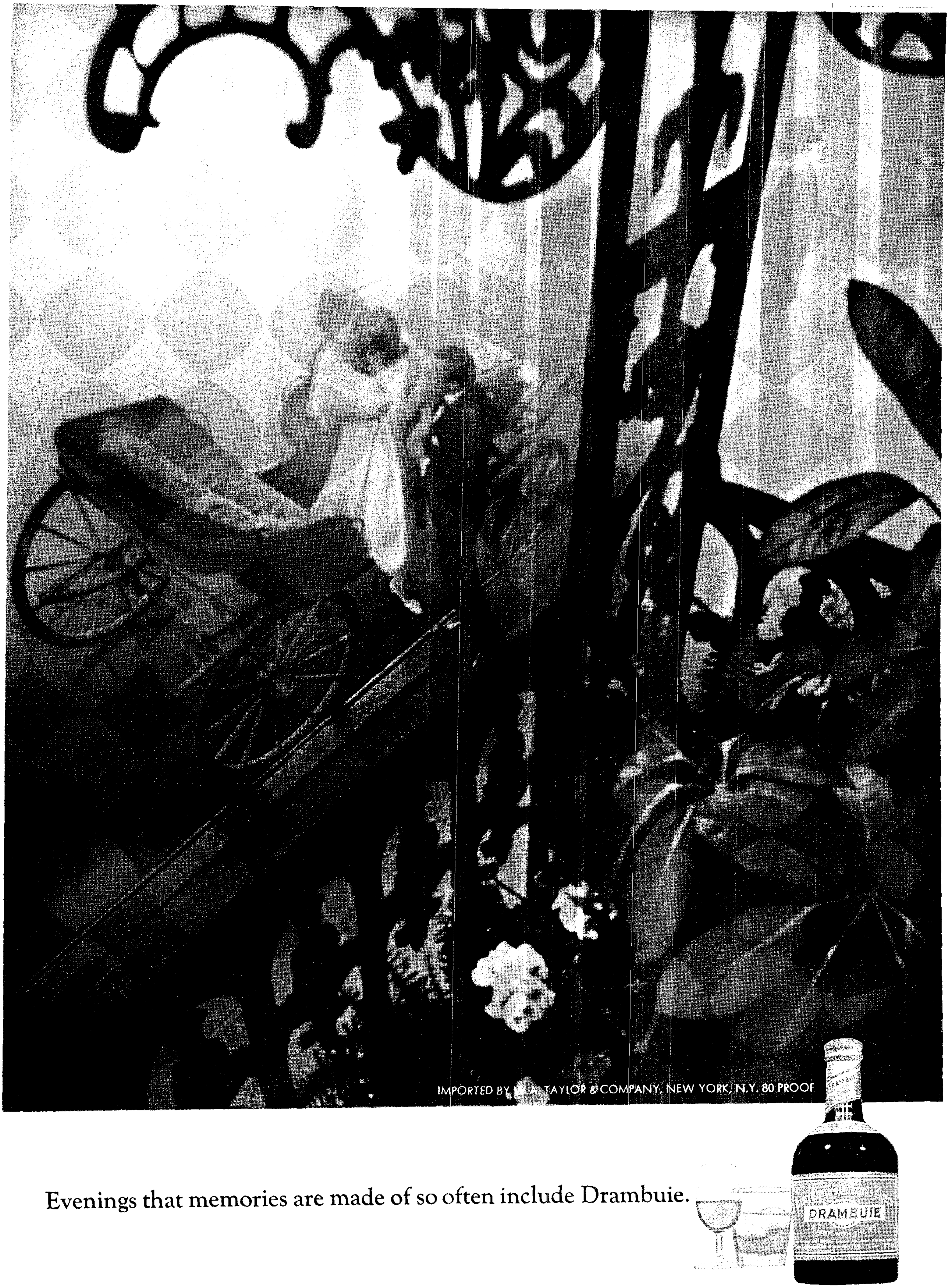
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Evenings that memories are made of so often include Drambuie.
DRAMBUIE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

7:30; and Veterans Day at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Brock Peters in a program called "The Black Poets of the World." (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.). . . ¶ W. D. Snodgrass reading from his own works. (*Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium*, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

Flower Shows—The annual indoor showing of chrysanthemums in all sizes and colors. (*New York Botanical Garden*, Bronx Park. Mondays through Fridays, 1:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 4:30. Through Sunday, Nov. 19.). . . ¶ The Thanksgiving Flower Show presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (*Essex House*, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Nov. 15, from 12:30 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Nov. 9, at 1:45: Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Utrillo, Vlaminck, Maillol, and Matta; from the estate of Michael Zagayski and from other sources. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 10, at 1:45: Modern prints, including posters by Toulouse-Lautrec and Théophile-Alexandre Steinlen, a lithograph by Kandinsky, and a series of etchings by Pissarro; from various collections. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 1:45: Royal Worcester porcelain bird statuettes and flowers modelled by Dorothy Doughty, porcelain birds modelled by Edward Marshall Boehm, and French and other furniture and decorations; from many owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 1:45: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Winslow Homer, Childe Hassam, Frederic Remington, and others; from several collectors.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd—Six programs of Japanese films. Nov. 9 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Affair" (1967). . . . Nov. 10 at 2 and 5:30: "A Full Life" (1962). . . . Nov. 11 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "The Pornographer" (1967). . . . Nov. 12 at 2 and 5:30: "With Beauty and Sorrow" (1966). . . . Nov. 13 at 2 and 5:30: "Classroom Renegades" (1965). . . . Nov. 14 at 2 and 5:30: "Lost Sex" (1967). . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 2 and 5:30: "Easy Living" (1937), with Jean Arthur and Edward Arnold. . . . GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Seven programs in a series called "A Tribute to Fred Zinnemann." Nov. 9 at 3: "Kid Glove Killer" (1942), with Marsha Hunt and Van Heflin. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 5:30: "Eyes in the Night" (1942), with Ann Harding and Edward Arnold. . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 3 and 5:30: "The Men" (1950), with Teresa Wright and Marlon Brando. . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 3 and 5:30: "High Noon" (1952), with Gary Cooper and Thomas Mitchell. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 2 and 4: "Oklahoma!" (1955), with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 3 and 5:30: "A Hatful of Rain" (1957), with Eva Marie Saint and Don Murray. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 3 and 5:30: "The Nun's Story" (1959), with Audrey Hepburn and Peter Finch. . . . NOTE: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED HERE

BOX OFFICE
Neuwirth

The Battle of Algiers—A stirring quasi-documentary account of the guerrilla warfare that helped win independence for Algeria. Directed by Gillo Pontecorvo. In French and Arabic. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Bonnie and Clyde—The police used a thousand rounds of ammunition to shoot the real Bonnie and Clyde (played by Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty in Arthur Penn's film). The two had become the Depression's folk heroes, and they thought they had charmed lives. A shrewd and harrowing study of the criminal's urge to be remembered. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through Nov. 14.)

Camelot—A very long and very dull musical, distinguished only by the presence of Vanessa Redgrave and Richard Harris. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Chappaqua—A bold rendering of the mind, anguished but undefeated, of a young drug addict. Written and directed by Conrad Rooks, who plays the leading role. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Closely Watched Trains—A comedy about a young lad who takes a job in a godforsaken railway station as a way of shirking service during the last war. One of the fine Czech films shown this summer in the Lincoln Center festival. Directed by Jiri Menzel. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Cool Hand Luke—Paul Newman gives a superb performance as a Southern misfit who refuses to be pushed around. Stuart Rosenberg is the director. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; and Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Elvira Madigan—A true tale of young love losing its way in nineteenth-century Scandinavia. The extraordinary beauty of the picture makes us forgive it its sadness. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Exterminating Angel—Directed and co-written by Luis Buñuel, inadequately acted, but still overwhelmingly interesting and comic. About a grand dinner party at which the guests mysteriously can't quit, becoming more and more lecherous, superstitious, and furious. In Spanish. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Nov. 15.)

Far from the Madding Crowd—If you like Hardy, you will no doubt enjoy this faithful rendering of the grumpy yeomanry of grim old Wessex. The cast includes Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Terence Stamp, and Peter Finch. John Schlesinger directed. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Father—A touching and sometimes humorous story of the relationship between a lonely little boy and his dead father. Written and directed by István Szabó. In Hungarian. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—The splendid Broadway musical, brought to the screen by David Swift and starring Robert Morse and Rudy Vallée, who are very, very funny. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Nov. 14.)

A Man and a Woman—An example of a movie that really moves, directed and photographed by Claude Lelouch, who doesn't make any mistakes in his treatment of a small love story. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant play the lovers. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

A Man for All Seasons—The moral tug of war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by an excellent cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Point Blank—The simple moral of this savage, wonderfully photographed melodrama is "Never try to steal ninety-three thousand dollars from Lee Marvin." (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Nov. 15.)

Reflections in a Golden Eye—A disappointing version of the McCullers novel. With heavy-handed direction by John Huston and starring Elizabeth Taylor and Marlon Brando. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Taming of the Shrew—Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in Franco Zeffirelli's Hellz-a-Poppin version of the old comedy. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Nov. 15.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A diverting movie, which would have been a lot better at half its length. With Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore, James Fox, and Beatrice Lillie, and directed by George Roy Hill. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Tiger Makes Out—A somewhat too frantic account of how two offbeat egotists try to bring the world to heel. With Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Ulysses—A laudable sortie into the Joyce country, which is full of flung missiles and secret ha-ha's. Joseph Strick has directed his excellent cast with intelligence and tact. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Nov. 14.)

Wait Until Dark—In which Audrey Hepburn, as a blind girl, is terrorized by evil men whom she at last outwits. With Alan Arkin and Richard Crenna, and directed by Terence Young. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

REVIVALS

The African Queen (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

The Bad Sleep Well (1963)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 10.)

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. In Russian. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; Nov. 9.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Nov. 15.)

Becket (1964)—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in an adaptation of the Anouilh play. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Nov. 15.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—An account of a Russian family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. In Russian. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; Nov. 13-14.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

La Dolce Vita (1959)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life. Federico Fellini wrote and directed it and Marcello Mastroianni plays the leading role. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; through Nov. 13.)

Dutchman (1967)—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi Jones' play about a kooky white girl and her Negro victim. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Nov. 14.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. In Italian. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Nov. 14.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly in a film about the effect of war and death on two small children. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 14.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1965)—Yves Montand is the star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Leda (1961)—Directed by Claude Chabrol, with Madeleine Robinson and Jean-Paul Belmondo. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 14.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 9.)

Morocco (1930)—Marlene Dietrich's first American picture, in which she plays a cabaret singer. Also with Gary Cooper as a Foreign Legionnaire. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 14.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields again, this time doing his best as a kindly uncle. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Nov. 15.)

The Shameless Old Lady (1964)—A comedy, directed by René Allio and starring Sylvie. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 10-13.)

Shanghai Express (1932)—Revolutionaries and politics in the Orient. With Marlene Dietrich and Clive Brook. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 14.)

La Terra Trema (1947)—Directed by Luchino Visconti. In Sicilian dialect. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 14-15.)

The Third Lover (1963)—Directed by Claude Chabrol, with Jacques Charrier. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 14-15.)

Touch of Evil (1958)—An Orson Welles film, with Charlton Heston and Janet Leigh. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 9.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 10.)

The Wrong Box (1966)—Tontine, train wreck, tottering butler; Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Peter Sellers, and many others. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 10-13.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—More W. C. Fields, this time involved with Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, and the circus. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 11-12.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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				9	10	11
12	13	14	15			

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Nov. 13: "Hour of the Gun," James Garner, Jason Robards.
From Nov. 14, at 8: "Tony Rome," Frank Sinatra. (Opening night will be a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call AG 9-1000.)

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Comedians," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
WAIT UNTIL DARK.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Penthouse," Suzy Kendall, Terence Morgan.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
COOL HAND LUKE.

Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
"Waterhole #3," James Coburn.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Incident," Jan Sterling, Thelma Ritter.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
CAMELOT.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"How I Won the War," Michael Crawford, John Lennon.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Nov. 9: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** and "The Lady with the Dog" (both in Russian and both revivals).
Nov. 10-11: "Portrait of Lenin" (in Russian).
Nov. 12: "An Uncommon Thief" (in Russian).
Nov. 13-14: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** and "Shors" (both in Russian and both revivals).
Nov. 15: "Chapayev" (in Russian), revival; and another feature to be announced.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Nov. 14: **DUTCHMAN**, revival; and **8½** (in Italian), revival.
From Nov. 15: **THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL** (in Spanish); and "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian), revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 14: "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.
From Nov. 15: **THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Nov. 14: "Festival," a documentary about the 1963-66 Newport Folk Festivals.
From Nov. 15: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Nov. 14: **BONNIE AND CLYDE.**
From Nov. 15: "Tony Rome," Frank Sinatra.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
FATHER (in Hungarian).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
CHAPPAQUA.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE AFRICAN QUEEN, revival.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Incident," Jan Sterling, Thelma Ritter.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Nov. 12: "Our Mother's House," Dirk Bogarde.
From Nov. 13: "The Fearless Vampire Killers," Jack MacGowran, Sharon Tate.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Comedians," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
COOL HAND LUKE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
"How I Won the War," Michael Crawford, John Lennon.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS (in French and Arabic).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Nov. 14: To be announced.
From Nov. 15: "The Sound of Music," revival, Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 14: "Carmen, Baby," Uta Levka.
From Nov. 15: **THE BANK DICK**, revival; and **NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK**, revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 13: "Hour of the Gun," James Garner, Jason Robards.
From Nov. 14: "The Producers," Zero Mostel.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Rough Night in Jericho," Dean Martin, George Peppard.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Nov. 9: "More Than a Miracle," Sophia Loren, Omar Sharif.
Nov. 10-14: "Jack of Diamonds," George Hamilton, Joseph Cotten.
From Nov. 15: **POINT BLANK.**

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
Through Nov. 13: **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian), revival.
From Nov. 14: **LEDA** and **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (both in French and both revivals).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 14: "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.
From Nov. 15: **THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 14: **ULYSSES.**
From Nov. 15: **BECKET**, revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French), revival.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Nov. 9: "More Than a Miracle," Sophia Loren, Omar Sharif.
Nov. 10-14: "Jack of Diamonds," George Hamilton, Joseph Cotten.
From Nov. 15: **POINT BLANK.**

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Rough Night in Jericho," Dean Martin, George Peppard.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, revival.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS, a Czechoslovakian film.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE TIGER MAKES OUT.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Festival," a documentary about the 1963-66 Newport Folk Festivals.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Witnesses," a documentary on the Warsaw Ghetto.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

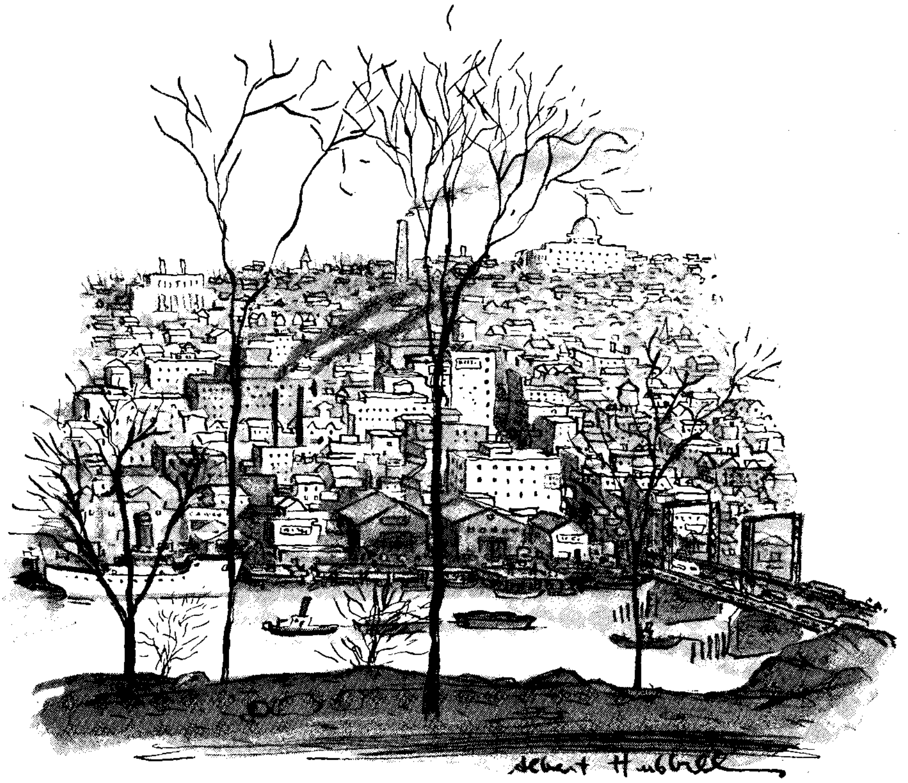
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"This Special Friendship" (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 10: **THE BAD SLEEP WELL** (in Japanese), revival; and **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival.
Nov. 11-12: **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN**, revival; and "Arsenic and Old Lace," revival, Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane.
Nov. 13: "Home Before Dark," revival, Jean Simmons, Dan O'Herlihy; and "Ten Seconds to Hell," revival, Jeff Chandler, Jack Palance.
Nov. 14-15: **LA TERRA TREMA** (in Sicilian dialect), revival; and **THE THIRD LOVER** (in French), revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 14: **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING**; and "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.
From Nov. 15: **THE TAMING OF THE SHREW**; and "The Happening," Anthony Quinn, George Maharis.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 9: **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**, revival; and **TOUCH OF EVIL**, revival.
Nov. 10-13: **THE WRONG BOX**, revival; and **THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY** (in French), revival.
From Nov. 14: **SHANGHAI EXPRESS**, revival; and **MOROCCO**, revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 14: **ULYSSES.**
From Nov. 15: **BECKET**, revival.



A Young Girl Reading by Fragonard (1732-1806), National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

How Bankers Trust got involved in this beautiful oil deal.

When we're appointed executor of an estate, we can't always know what will turn up.

A fleet of freighters.

An unfinished skyscraper.

A priceless painting.

But we're prepared for anything. We have to be.

As executor of one estate, we were responsible to a number of beneficiaries, each of whom found that he had inherited a share in a legendary art collection.

That this collection included three Rembrandts, a Hals, a Van Dyck, a Cranach, a Holbein, a Gainsborough, and a Fragonard had already caused rumbles in the art world.

We could easily have told you about any one of these paintings. But we just couldn't keep our eyes off the Fragonard.

Fragonard? One of the most successful of the French court painters in the eighteenth century. After the Revolution, this artist fell into obscurity. He died in Paris in 1806, a forgotten man.

But recently, interest in his work had revived.

Pressure began mounting. For sentimental reasons, European collectors and museums wanted these paintings to be sold in Europe.

But we resisted. If assets must be sold, we must first find the way to get the highest price for the estate.

As an executor we inherit a unique responsibility—to fulfill the terms of a will as if the decedent's wishes were our very own. We must act as if the property is ours. That's what trust is all about.

Why did this family come to Bankers Trust? They trusted and respected our abilities and judgment.

The auction sale is now history. The Fragonard alone was sold for $875,000. The highest price ever paid for a work by this long-neglected master.

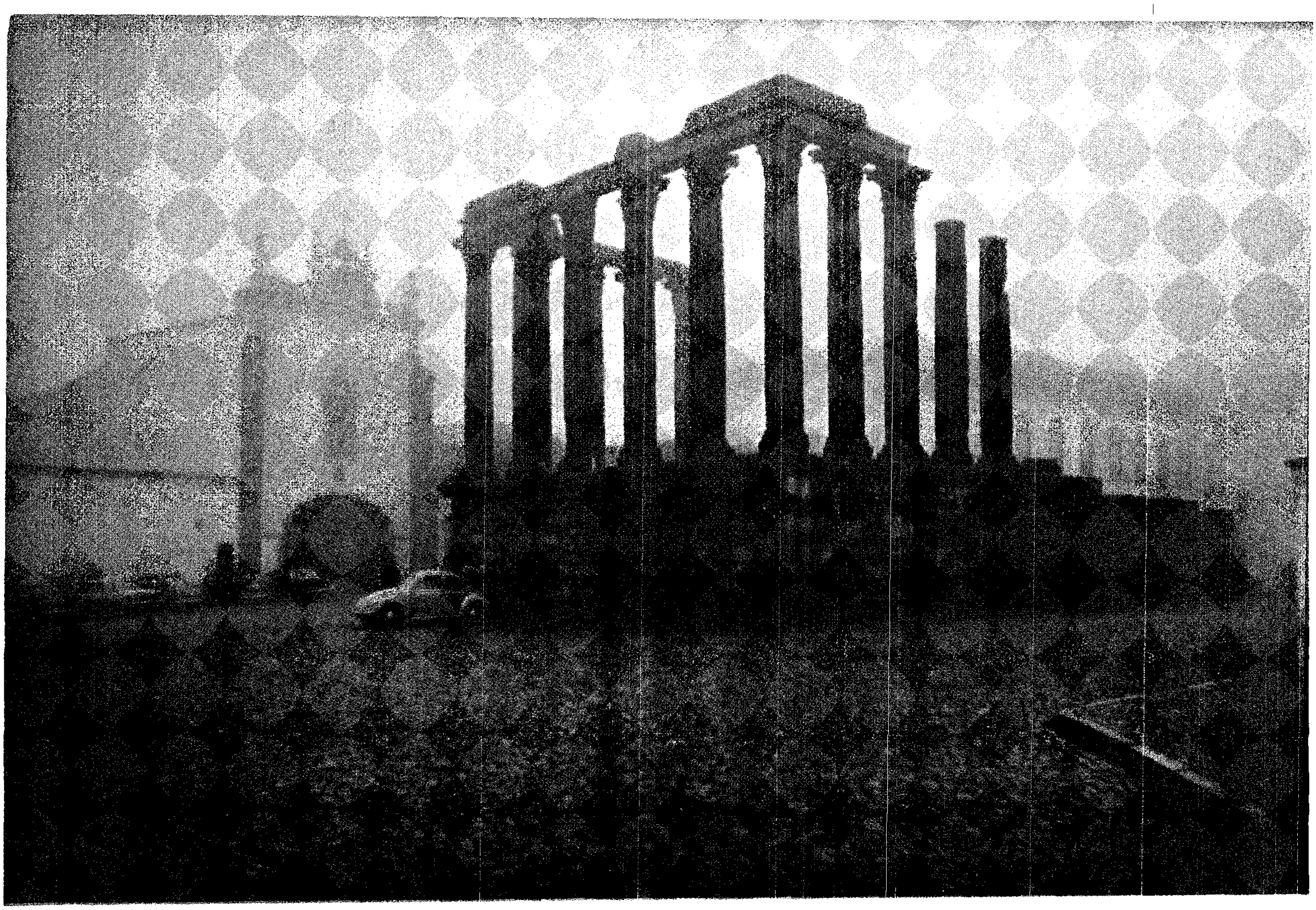
It hangs now in the National Gallery in Washington, D.C.

In the role of executor, a Bankers Trust man's first loyalty is to the responsibility entrusted to us.

At times like these, it's as if he didn't even work for our bank.

You'll find an executor at Bankers Trust.

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation © Bankers Trust Company, 1967.



In Évora they haven't ruined the ruins.

They haven't squeezed a souvenir stand between the noble columns of the Temple of Diana.

And they don't hawk postcards along the 12th Century walls that still protect the city.

In fact, even when the government decided to turn Évora's 400-year-old monastery into a tourist's inn, they managed not to spoil it. They simply added marble baths, a museum-full of antique furniture in every bedroom, tapestries, fountains, and a restaurant where tuxedoed waiters tread the same tile floor once paced by monks.

Then they set the price at about $7 a night, including meals.

And to think, you probably never heard of Évora before. Understandably. Few people outside of Portugal know of it. Just as few people other than the Portuguese can tell you which is the best of the pool-studded hotels along the Algarve. Or which gambling casino is favored by Lisbon's elite. Or which nightclub has the best singer of Fado.

No, nobody knows Portugal like the Portuguese. And, as you can readily understand, no one knows more about traveling to and through Portugal than Transportes Aéreos Portugueses, the national airline.

Your Travel agent can tell you about our frequent flights from Kennedy Airport. Or call us. We'll tell you everything we know. Contact TAP, Portuguese Airways, 601 Fifth Avenue, New York 10017. Phone 421-8500.

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BLUSHING
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THE ULTIMA II BRONZAGE
IS HERE!

With new Transparent Face Tints,
Revlon's Ultima II creates a new era
in which even palest complexions can look as if
they were born with a healthy, radiant tawniness!
To tint skin one degree warmer:
Tawny Ivory or Tawny Bisque for light skins.
Tawny Beige or Tawny Rose for medium.
Tawny Amber and Tawny Tan for deep or tanned skins.
And for an even richer, just back from Palm Beach look:
Bronzer I or Bronzer II. Each tint, 5.00
Transparent Blushing Liquid gives tawny cheekbones
the finishing blush, 3.50
not shown: colorless Transparent Compact Powder
lets your glow show right through, 3.50
Mail and phone orders filled.
Cosmetics 721 Fifth Avenue, New York and all stores

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See how strong, healthy and alive your hair can look again. Treat it to The Treatment De Pantene®.

Has your hair had a hard time? Has it been streaked, straightened, permanented, teased, touched-up, etc. etc.? Do give yourself a one-minute treatment with The Treatment. It's almost like starting life all over with a head of healthy-looking hair. This newest one from Pantene is made here and has a Swiss conditioning action that brings back lots of life and sparkle to your hair. Even badly damaged hair feels stronger and all better again—its texture visibly improved after one application. The Treatment is not inexpensive but it is extraordinary. At the best stores including

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JULIUS GARFINCKEL & CO.
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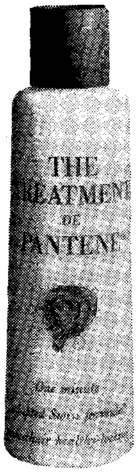
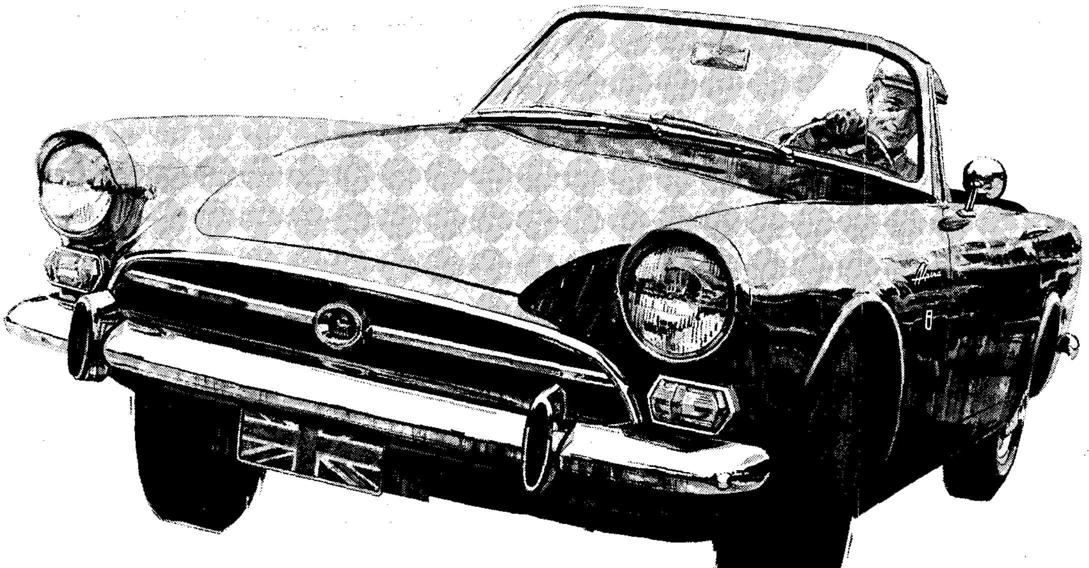
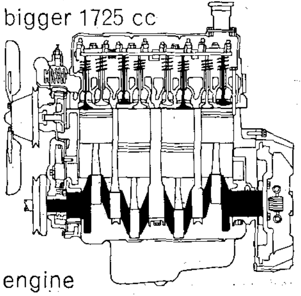


How to buy a high performance sports car—complete—for less than $2600.†

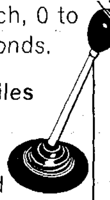
Start with a dealer who sells the new Sunbeam Alpine V. You'll find it as advertised above—and carrying Chrysler's 5-year/50,000-mile power train warranty* besides.





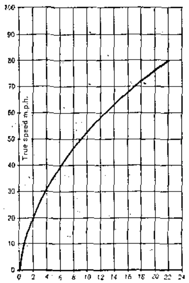
It took British Sunbeam and Chrysler together to bring it about, but there it is: a tough Class E contender for a mere $2567.†

Alpine V has muscles. A bigger 1725 cc engine puts out 100 hp at a comfortable 5500 rpm. With twin carbs, a regeared, fully synchromeshed 4-on-the-floor plus quick clutch, 0 to 60 comes in 12.8 seconds.



5 years/50,000 miles

Alpine V is also built to satisfy Chrysler's famous engine and drive train warranty. The crankshaft now has 5 main bearings; a new oil cooler maintains lube efficiency at high rpm; even the exhaust ports are staggered to discourage hot spots in the block.



No austerity here

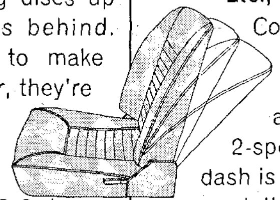
With so much car built into the basics, the amazing thing is what *else* Alpine gives you for your $2600 or so.

Take brakes. 9.85 in. Girling self-adjusting discs up front, 9 in. drums behind. Generous. And to make matters easier, they're power assisted besides!

Take steering. A fast, crisp 3.3 turns lock-to-lock. The wheel also telescopes in and out and locks at your fastest, most comfortable reach.

Take bucket seats. Alpine's are richly padded, neatly turned out in pleated vinyl. Both adjust forward, back, up and down, and the backs recline.

Take room. Alpine has more than most sports cars at any price. Even around the feet (pedals are adjustable) and in the trunk—two places you often get pinched.



Etc., etc., etc.

Console with locked storage well is standard. So is a heater with 2-speed blower. The dash is a gem of instrumentation. The convertible top is self-storing and easy to work. And so on.

So for the impossible on a $2600-type budget, you now have a place to go: your Sunbeam dealer's, for Alpine V.

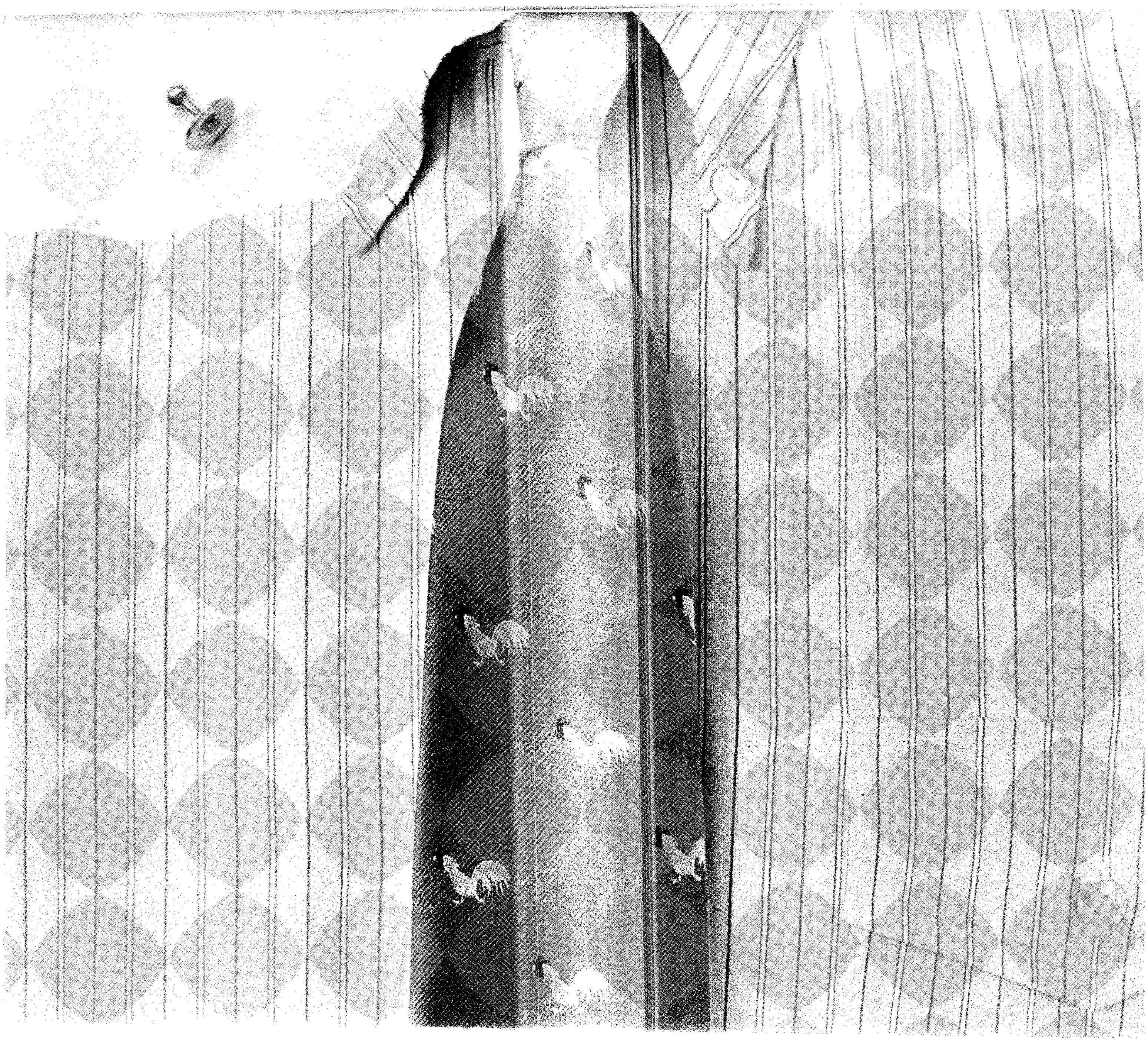
Only thing that meets it for value is a Sunbeam Tiger V-8. But that's $1100 more.†

*__HERE'S HOW THE SUNBEAM ALPINE 5-YEAR OR 50,000-MILE ENGINE AND DRIVE TRAIN WARRANTY PROTECTS YOU:__ Chrysler Motors Corporation warrants all of the following vital parts of Sunbeam Alpine cars imported by Chrysler for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, during which time any such parts that prove defective in *material* or workmanship will be replaced or repaired at an Authorized Sunbeam Dealer's place of business without charge for such *parts or labor: engine block, head and internal* parts, water pump, intake manifold, transmission case and internal parts (excluding manual clutch), *drive shaft, universal joints, rear axle and differential,* and *rear wheel* bearings. **HERE'S ALL YOU MUST DO:** Give your car this normal care—change engine oil every 3 months, or 4,000 miles, whichever comes first; replace engine oil filter every second oil change; clean carburetor air filter every 6 months and replace it every 2 years; clean crankcase ventilator valve, and change transmission and axle lubricant every 6 months or 8,000 miles, whichever comes first; *and* every 6 months furnish evidence of this required service to a Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer and request him *to certify receipt of such evidence and your* car's mileage. This warranty shall *not* apply to cars subjected to racing or other sustained high speed use, acceleration trials or wide-open throttle operation, etc.

†Mfr's suggested retail price, East Coast P.O.E., state and local taxes, destination charges and options extra. West Coast slightly higher. **FOR MONEY-SAVING EUROPEAN DELIVERY**, ask your dealer about Sunbeam's Overseas Delivery Plan.

ROOTES
SUNBEAM

CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION



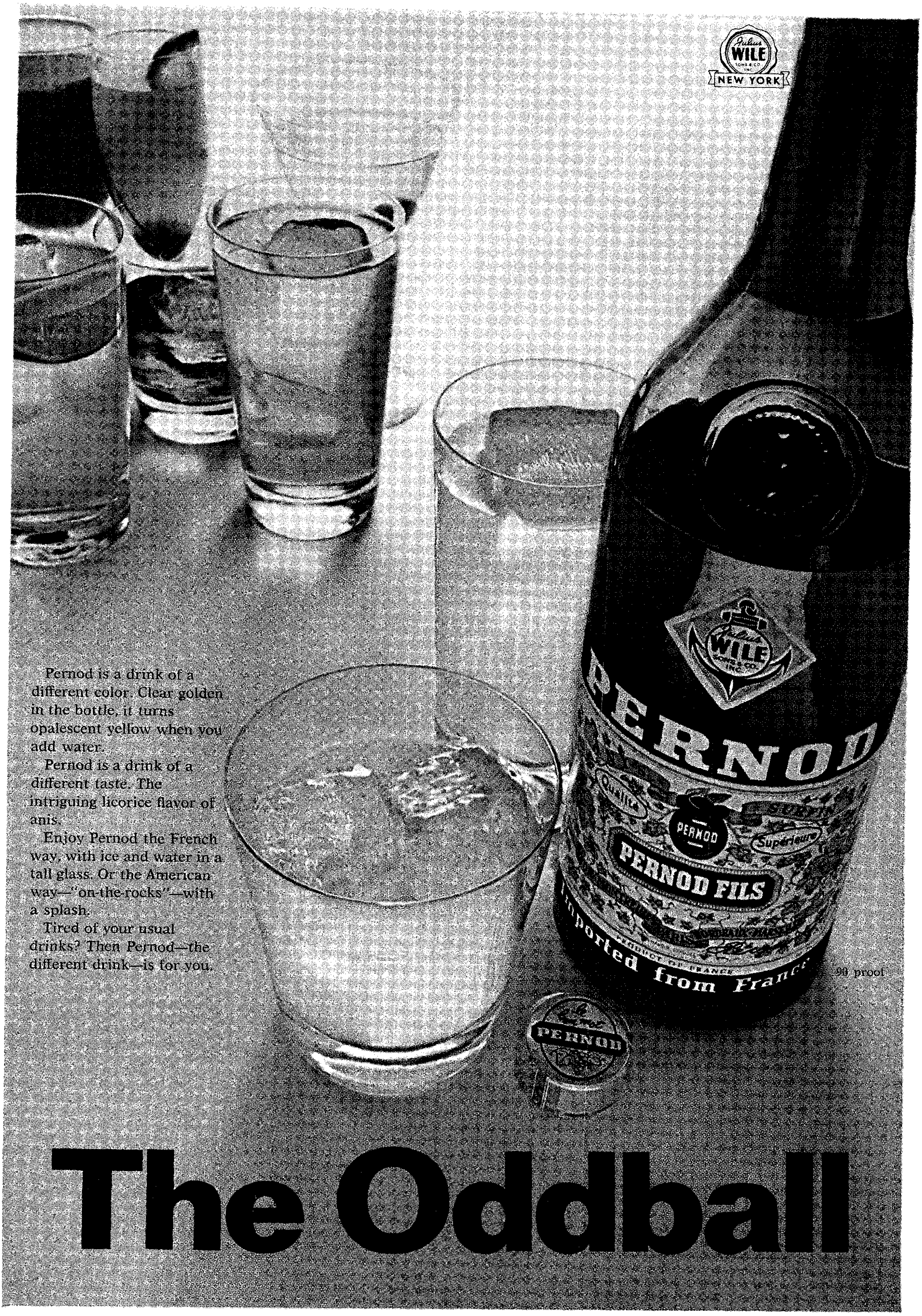
[Stroll down Memory Lane, wing in hand with Eagle]

First, rip off the collar...

YOU people who are on the shady side of 90 will remember this Eagle fabric from the first time around. ⋆ This being Eagle's 100th anniversary we roamed nostalgically through our pattern archives and found this authentic British stripe *circa* 1885. ⋆ Of course, it is not *absolutely* authentic. If you old shirt buffs want to restore it to mint condition, first rip off the collar and install brass studs fore and aft; and that Tromblee flap pocket has got to go too. Also, the original was bunchier around the middle, slimness not having been invented then. ⋆ The Memory Lane Tromblee is made as before, of fine, long staple cotton broadcloth. About $10 where Eagle shirts are sold. If you don't know where that is, write Miss Afflerbach at the address below. ⋆ About our birthday, if you want to buy a little something, make it a shirt.

© 1967, EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS, QUAKERTOWN, PA. 18951

EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS SINCE 1867



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Imported from France
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Pernod is a drink of a different color. Clear golden in the bottle, it turns opalescent yellow when you add water.

Pernod is a drink of a different taste. The intriguing licorice flavor of anis.

Enjoy Pernod the French way, with ice and water in a tall glass. Or the American way—"on-the-rocks"—with a splash.

Tired of your usual drinks? Then Pernod—the different drink—is for you.

90 proof

The Oddball

There are no walls on the S.S. France.

It's the life aboard the "France" that makes the difference.

A genial nonchalance comes over people on the "France." Even the shy ones. Eyes gleam. Hands touch. Faces fall into smiles.

Suddenly a 15th anniversary seems more like a honeymoon. There are people who are gladdened each time they see you. The delightful couple at the next table soon become valued friends.

The French have a word for this disarming transformation. Épanouissement. It happens to flowers in spring. Women in love. You.

Épanouissement. It crumbles walls.

French Line®
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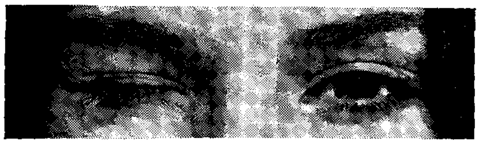
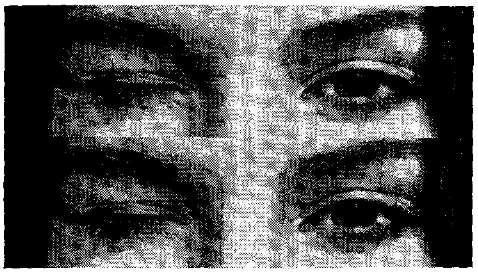
Regular sailings to and from Southampton and Le Havre. Tourist: from $245. First Class: from $450. One way, off season. Complete schedule of Caribbean and Mediterranean cruises . . . November to March. See your Travel Agent for cruise and special transatlantic rate details. S.S. France is of French registry. It was constructed and is maintained to the highest classification of the American Bureau of Shipping and Bureau Veritas.

When an Avis girl winks at you, she means business.

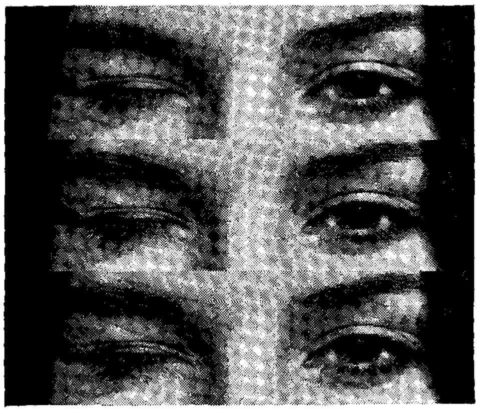
The Avis Winker Code



1 wink: She has a car ready and waiting.



2 winks: It's a compact.



3 winks: It's a convertible.

There you are. Standing in our competitor's line. And in a hurry.

If the Avis girl at the next counter winks at you, you're in business.

One wink means she can put you into a shiny new Plymouth inside of three minutes.

Two or three winks mean you can have a compact or a convertible.

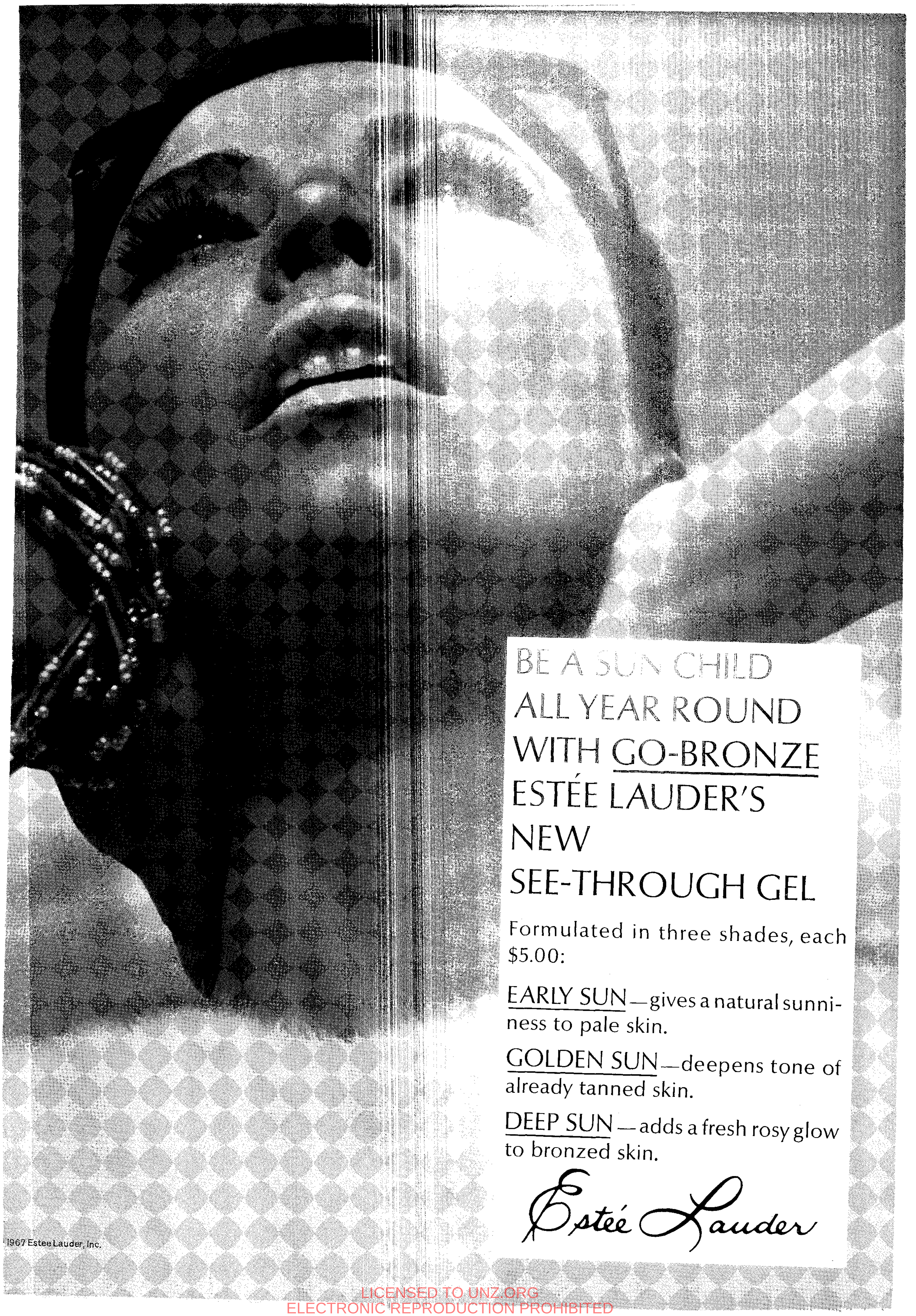
(See Avis Winker Code at left.)

That is your signal to leave the line, come to the Avis counter and get a car without waiting. We will even accept No.1's credit card.

But if the Avis girl winks more than three times, please disregard the message.

It's strictly against company policy.

©AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC., A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT.



BE A SUN CHILD
ALL YEAR ROUND
WITH GO-BRONZE
ESTÉE LAUDER'S
NEW
SEE-THROUGH GEL

Formulated in three shades, each $5.00:

EARLY SUN—gives a natural sunniness to pale skin.

GOLDEN SUN—deepens tone of already tanned skin.

DEEP SUN—adds a fresh rosy glow to bronzed skin.

Estée Lauder

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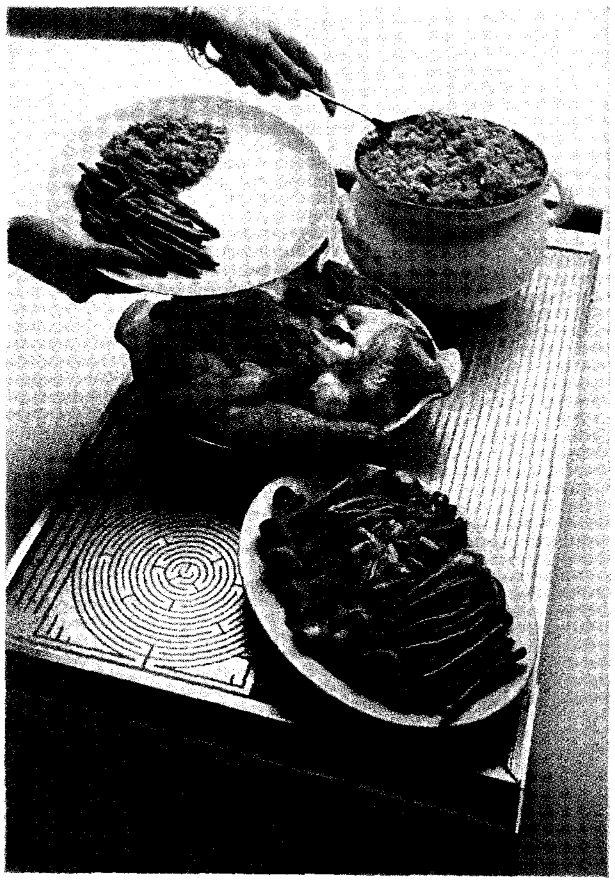
One of the few remaining comforts in a world that's getting colder by the minute is a good, hot meal.



There are few things in the world more heart-warming than a good, hot meal. Apart from the better taste and apart from the nourishment, a good hot meal warms the atmosphere around us and softens the mood inside of us. It soothes and comforts and pets. And on a day-to-day basis, it speaks of love and care far more eloquently than the poet, the orator or the actor.

But a good hot meal is more than a frozen TV dinner thrust into an oven. It is rather a number of separate foods; meat, vegetables, potatoes and sauces; each food prepared separately and painstakingly as if it were the only one; each food fitting in snugly with the others; together making the meal.

But there's a rub to all this:

You know from your own experiences how many times the vegetables overcooked waiting for the meat, or the meat overcooked waiting for the vegetables, or you had to ask your guests: "Please start eating the meat; the vegetables will be ready soon."

And then there's another rub:

How often are your guests or your husband or your children ready when the meal is? Where are the guests that don't want "just one more" cocktail when dinner is announced? Where is the husband that doesn't call at the last minute to tell you that he's sorry but he'll have to catch a later train? Where are the children who are home from school or play when they promised?

And then there's the problem of seconds:

Let's say that everything was ready *together* for a change, including the guests. And everything tastes so marvelous, that everybody wants seconds. No problem, you think, you've made plenty of everything. But when you get back to the kitchen, you see that there *is* a problem.

If you had put the food back in the oven, it was cooking all the time you've been eating. Cooking and hardening and drying out. And if you didn't put it back in the oven, it's now cold and greasy and listless.

Depressing, isn't it?

The solution to all these problems:

The Salton Hotray® electric food warmer. It won't make your meat, vegetables and gravy all come out together. And it won't make your guests more considerate nor make your children more punctual nor help get your husband onto an early train.

What Hotray *will* do is take the sting out of these events. For example:

Problem No. 1. If the vegetables finish before the meat, take them off the stove and put them on the Salton Hotray where they will stay hot and fresh without cooking any further. Or vice-versa. Ditto for the potatoes or the sauce—you name it, it will stay hot and fresh for hours on Hotray.

Problem No. 2. When your husband or children come home late, when your guests come late or want another drink when dinner is ready, relax; put the entire meal on the Salton Hotray (except the ice cream) and it will wait for hours —as hot and crisp and fresh as when it finished cooking.

And as for the problem No. 3, if you serve your hot meals directly from the Salton Hotray, and leave the remaining food on it, seconds will taste like firsts, and so will thirds and fourths.

How Salton Hotray works.

Hotray puts foods into a state of suspended animation. The temperature is thermostatically controlled right *under* the cooking point. Thus, foods stay exactly as they were when they came off the stove. Or out of the oven.

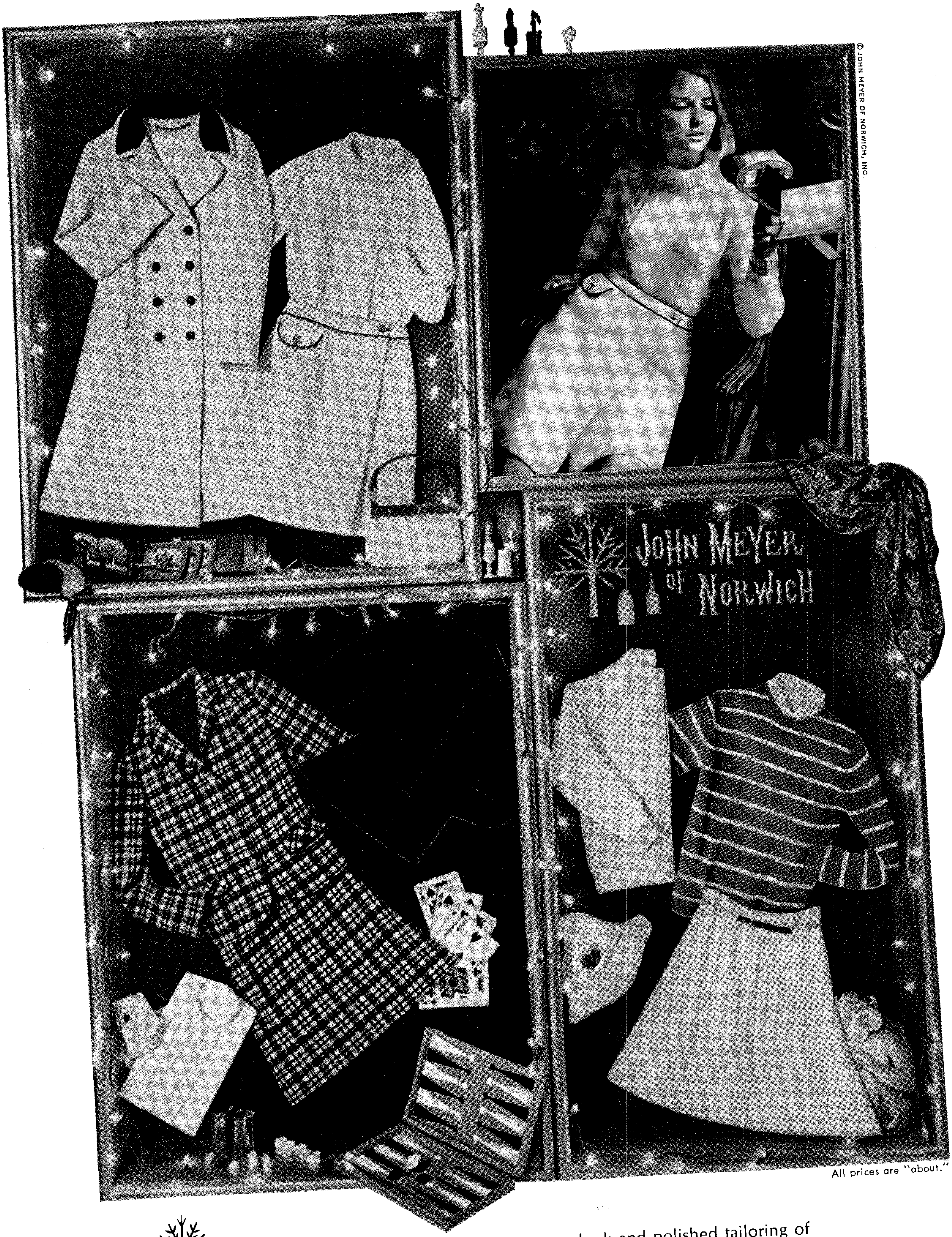
If you are a pretty fair cook, but not a genius at the stove, the Salton Hotray won't lift you to the level of a French chef and it won't get you elected as Hostess of the Year. But it will make all your hot foods taste better.

But more than that, it will help keep your home fires warming, three meals a day, seven days a week, fifty two weeks a year. And in a world where foods and feelings and faces are freezing more and more frozen, that's a lot.

Hotray Electric Food Warmers from $6.95 (for coffee) to $54.50 for big families and people who enjoy entertaining frequently. Shown "Superb", $44.50. Available in U.S.A., Canada, Great Britain and Continental Europe. For catalogue, and Gourmet recipe booklet, write: Salton, Inc., 519Y East 72nd St., New York, N.Y. 10012.

HOTRAY IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK AND INDICATES THAT SALTON INC. IS SOLE MANUFACTURER

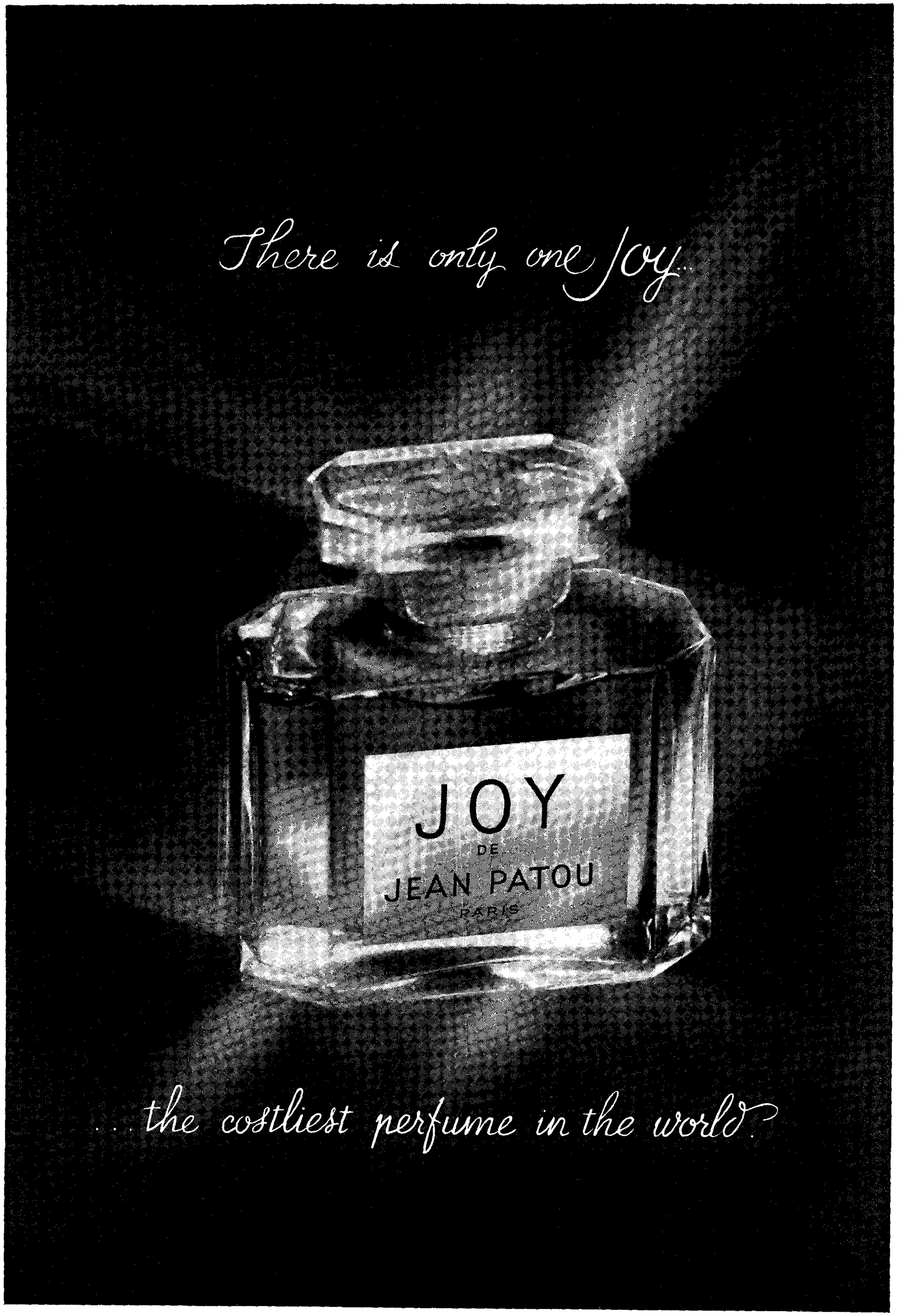
SALTON HOTRAY



© JOHN MEYER OF NORWICH, INC

All prices are "about."

Fair game for the holidays: the great young look and polished tailoring of these John Meyer niceties. In purest wools and gala colors. Crofter's Cloth greatcoat, warmly interlined $60. Snap-wrap skirt, leather-piped, $19. Pony bag $11. Cottage knit bouclé pullover $21. Flag plaid boy suit $45. Creamy lamb's wool pullovers: long-sleeved and turtlenecked $14. Or cable-knit and pocketed $19. Oxford dress shirt $10. Sunbeam flare skirt $19. Key Lime regimental-striped pullover $16. Cardigan $16. Button-down shirt $8. St. Swithin's hat $10. Surah silk scarf $6. At discerning stores everywhere.


There is only one Joy...
JOY
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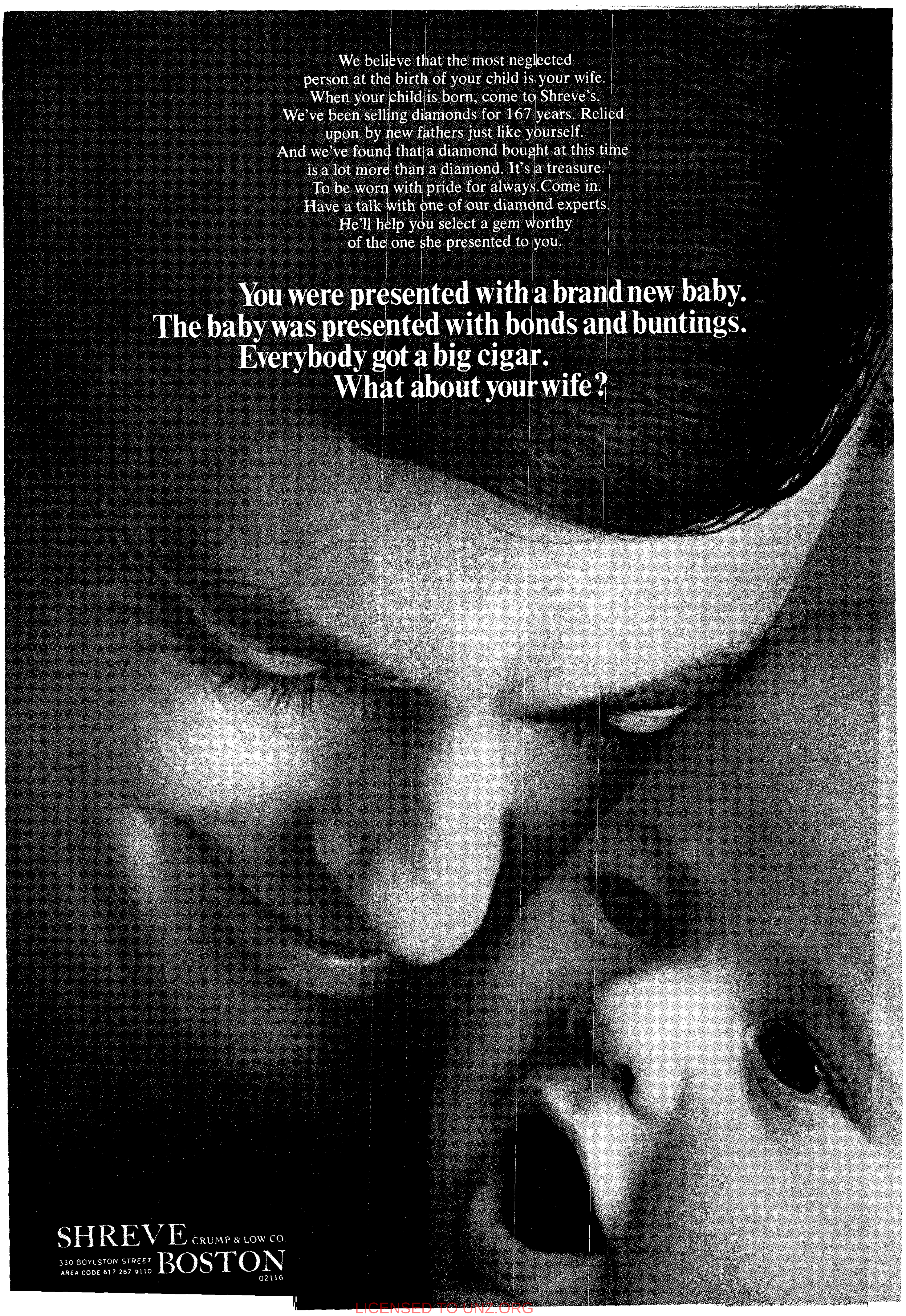
JEAN PATOU
PARIS
... the costliest perfume in the world.



We believe that the most neglected
person at the birth of your child is your wife.
When your child is born, come to Shreve's.
We've been selling diamonds for 167 years. Relied
upon by new fathers just like yourself.
And we've found that a diamond bought at this time
is a lot more than a diamond. It's a treasure.
To be worn with pride for always. Come in.
Have a talk with one of our diamond experts.
He'll help you select a gem worthy
of the one she presented to you.

You were presented with a brand new baby.
The baby was presented with bonds and buntings.
Everybody got a big cigar.
What about your wife?

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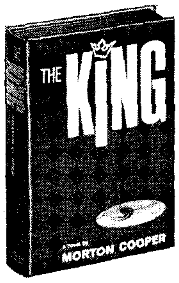
Seventy-four more wonderful


THE KING
MORTON COOPER

THE MANOR
ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

2E. THE KING. *Morton Cooper.* A charismatic singer-swinger-sinner, at the peak of his career, attempts to help a controversial candidate win the Presidential nomination—plus a crown for himself. Geis/N.A.L. $5.95

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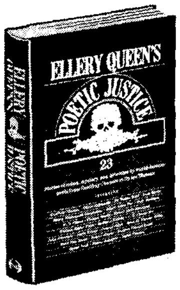
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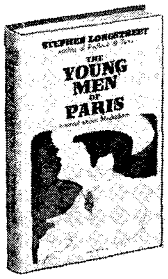
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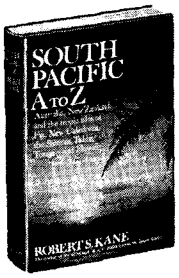
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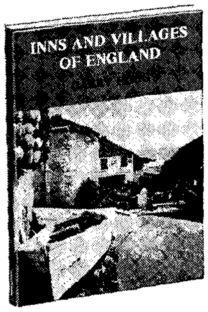
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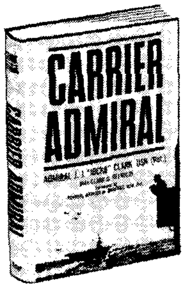
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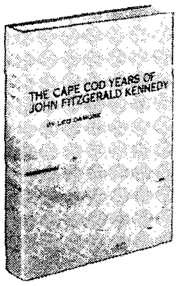
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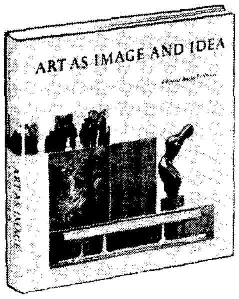
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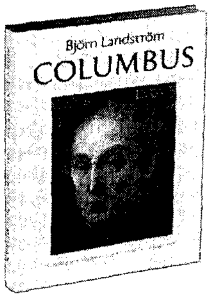
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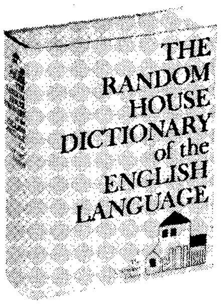
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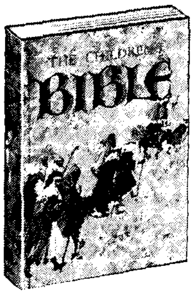
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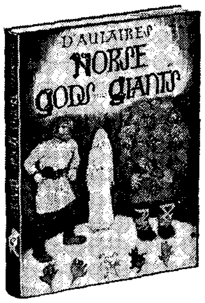
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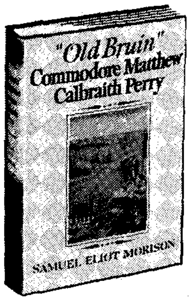
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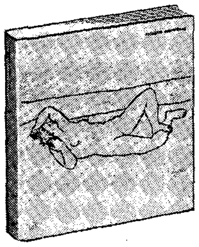

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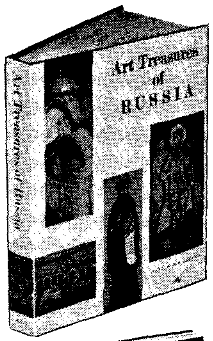
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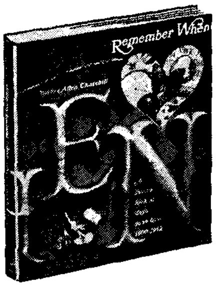
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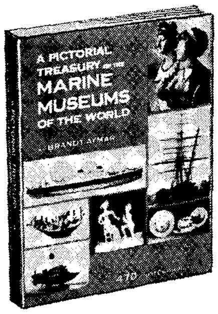
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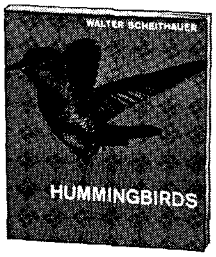
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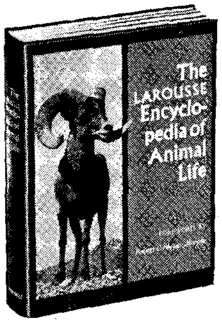
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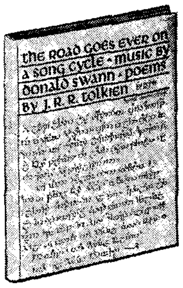
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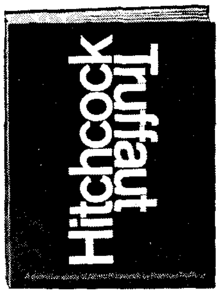
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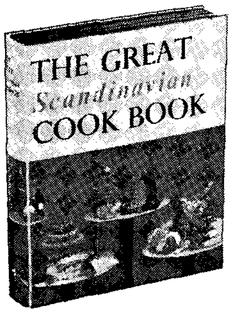
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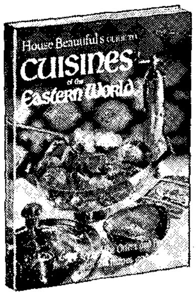
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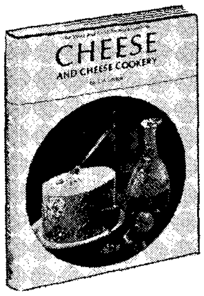
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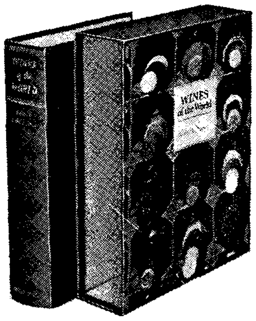
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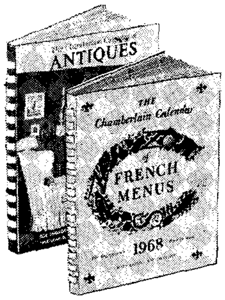
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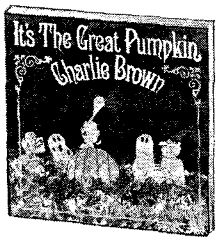
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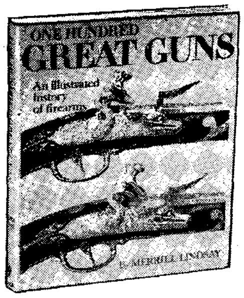
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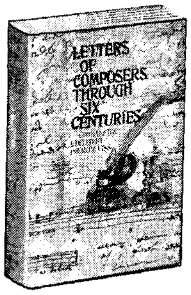
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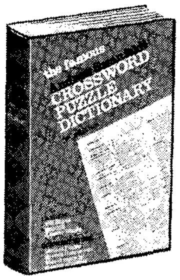
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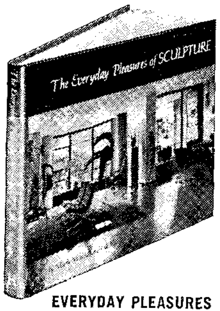
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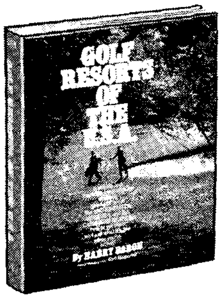
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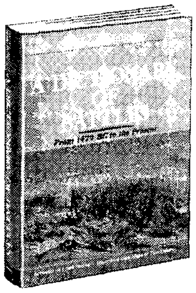
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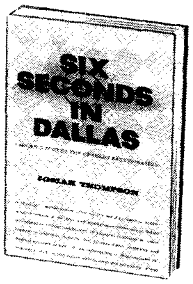
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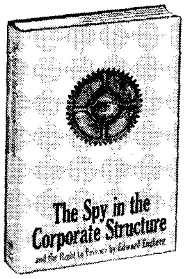
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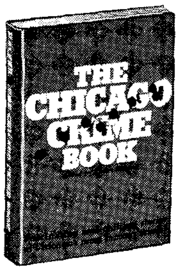
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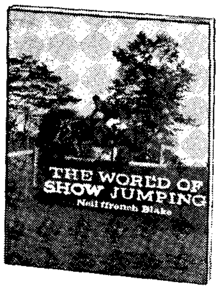
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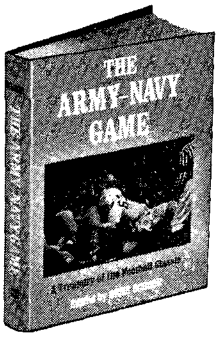
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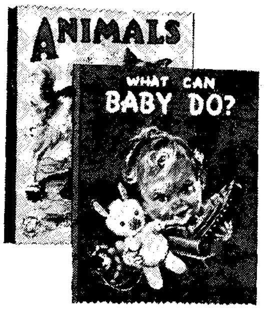
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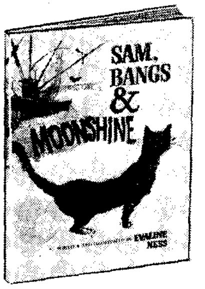
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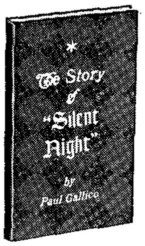
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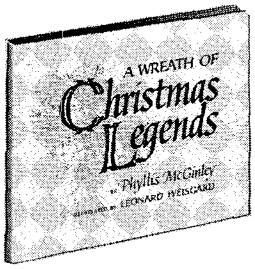
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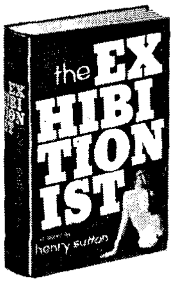
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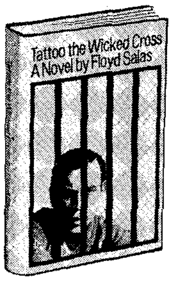
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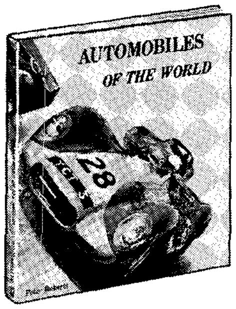
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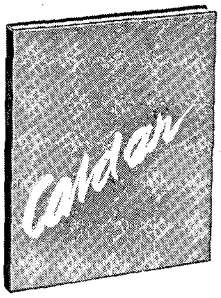
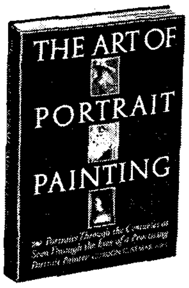
28
Peter Roberts

AURORA
MODEL CAR
RACING HANDBOOK

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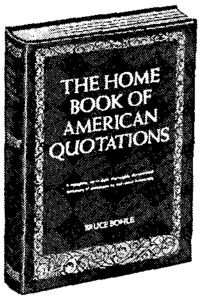
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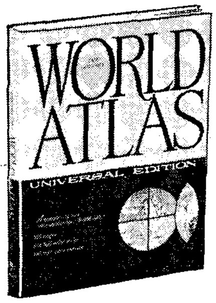
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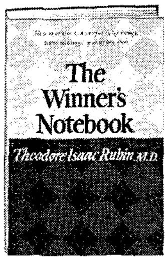
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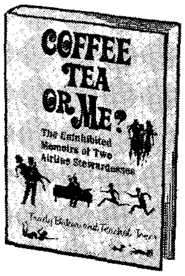
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Trudy Baker and Rachel Jones

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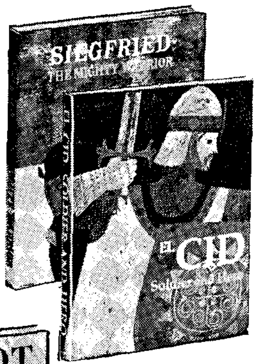
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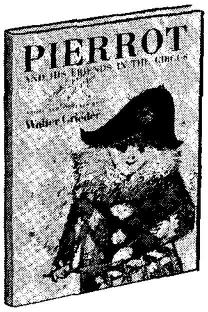
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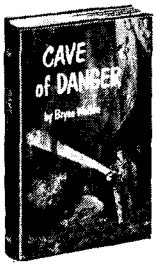
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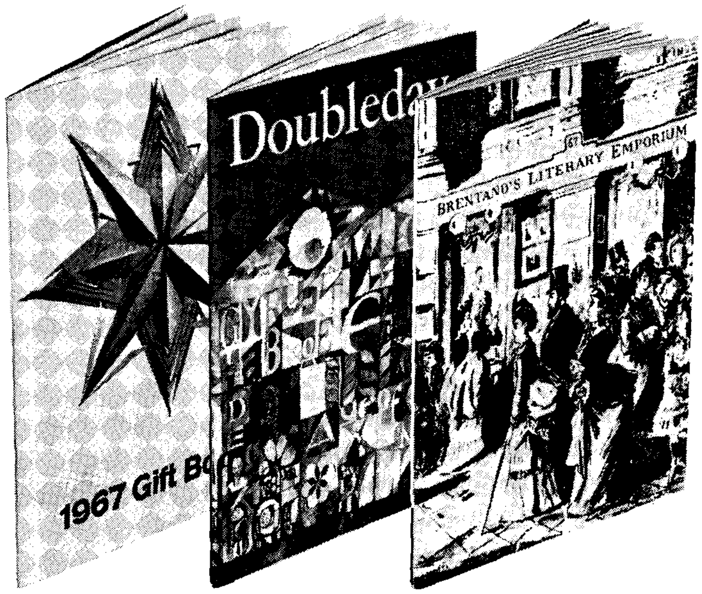

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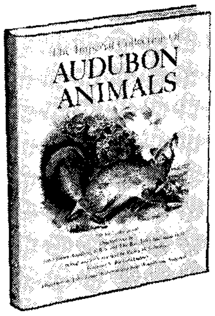

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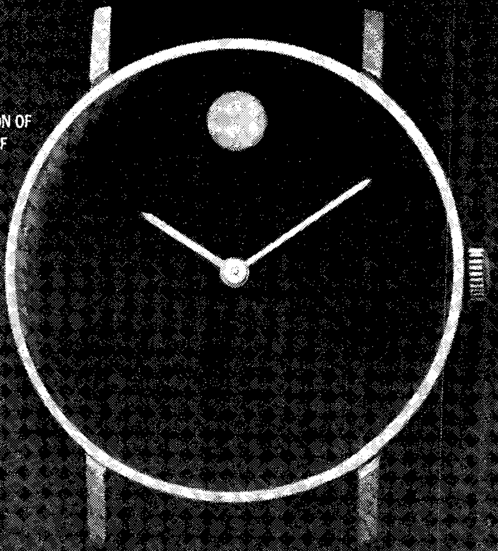

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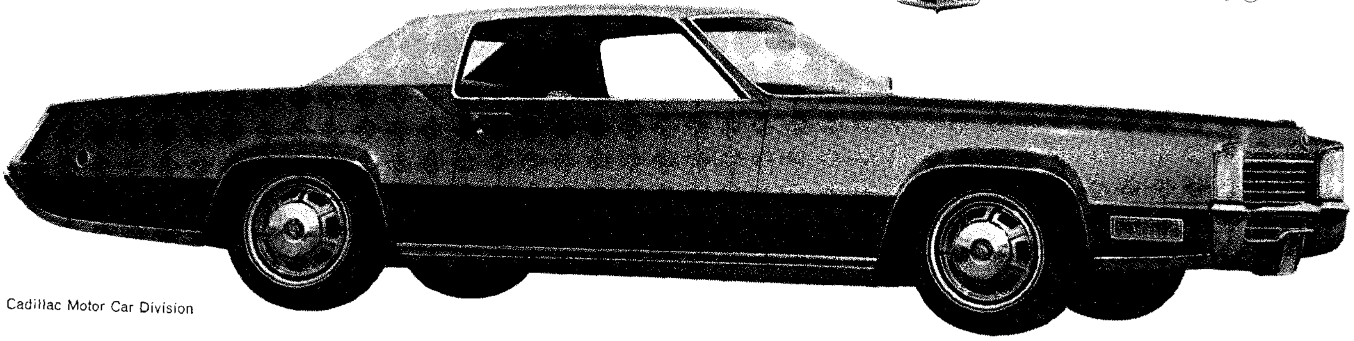

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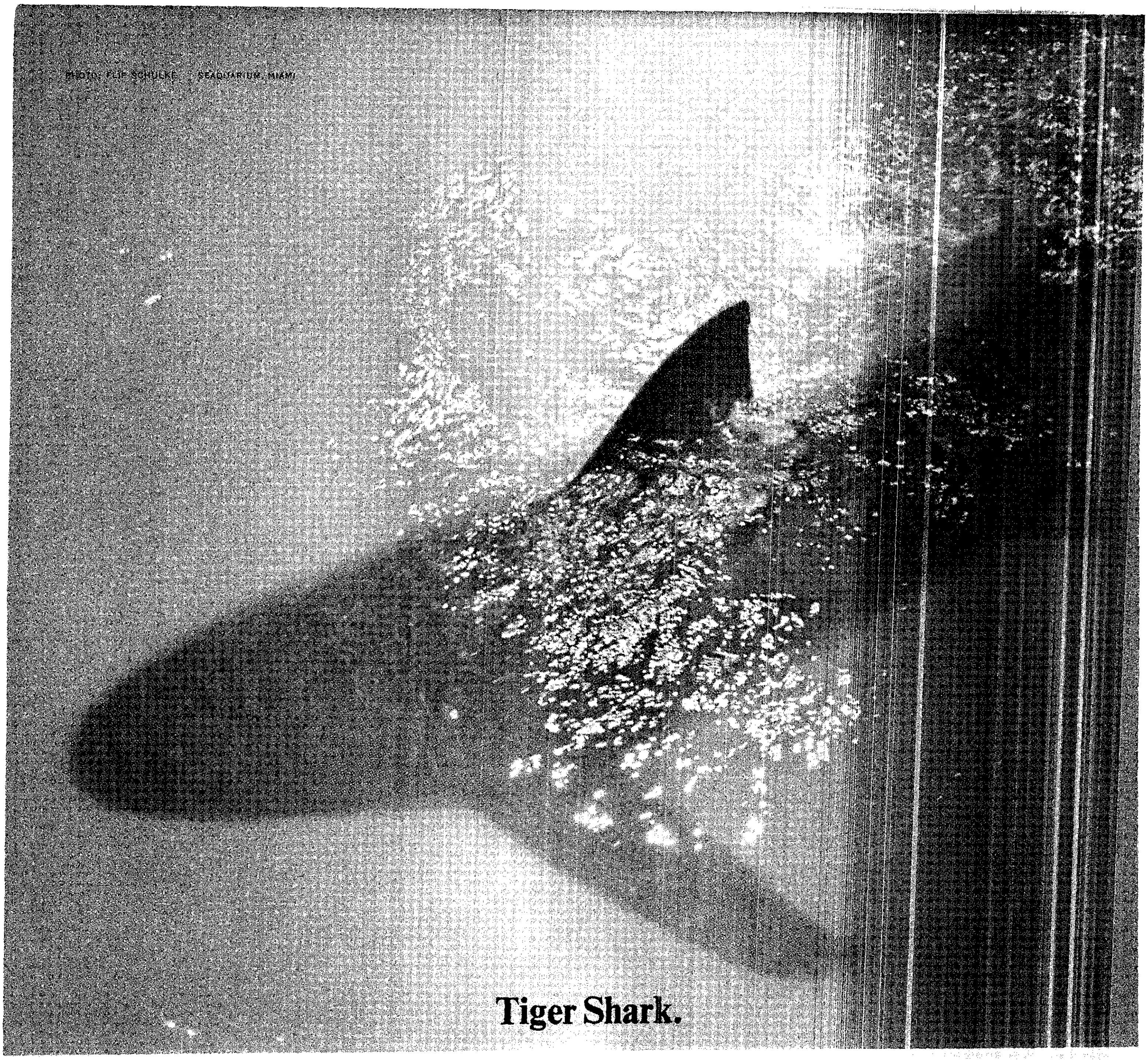
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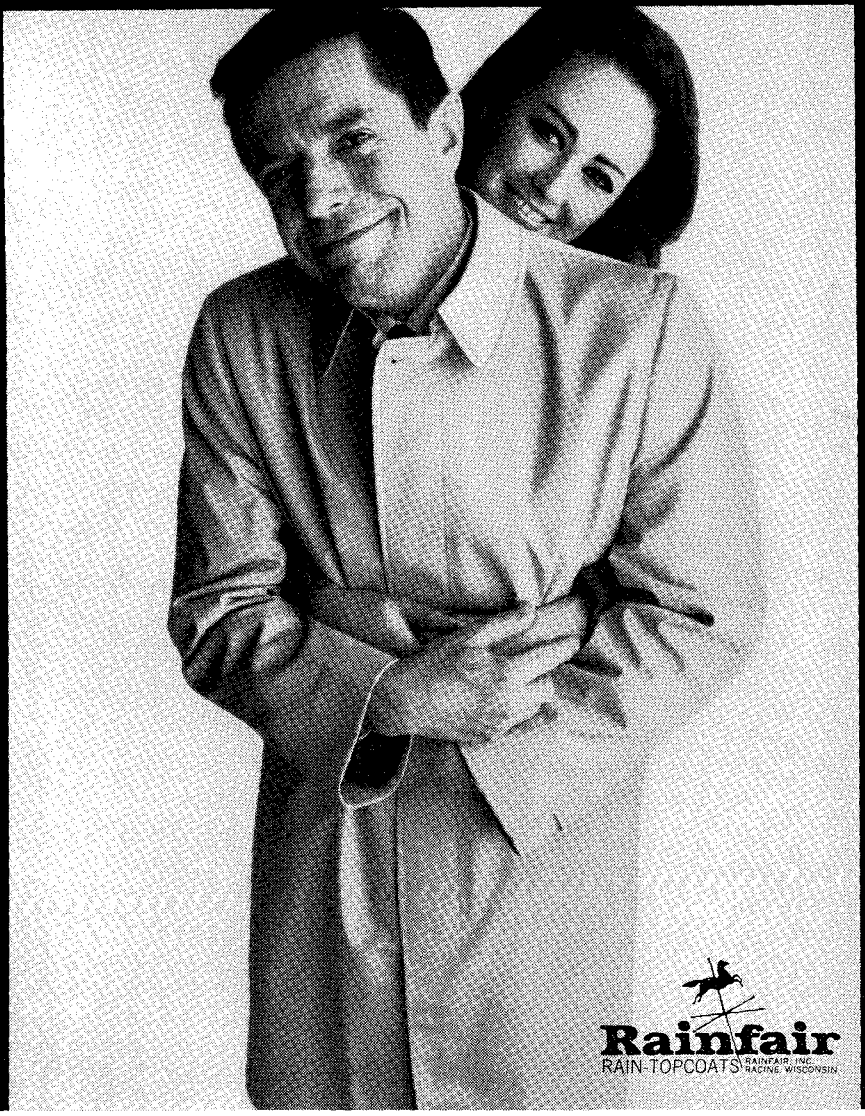

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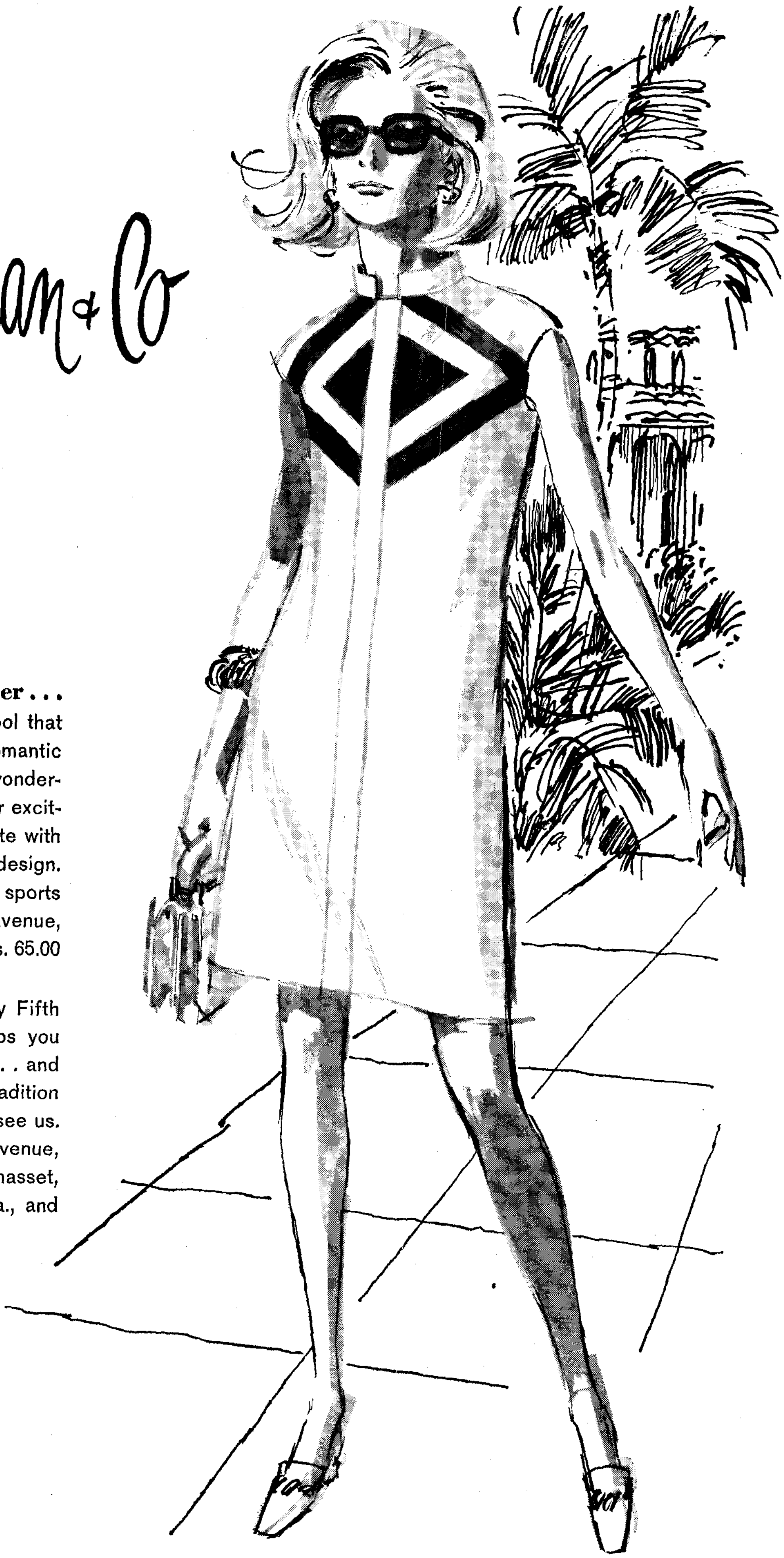

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TRANSPORTATION BOND DRIVE NOTE: An I.R.T. subway conductor recently told his passengers as they were leaving his train at 137th Street and Broadway, “It’s been a real pleasure having you aboard, folks. And we really mean it.”

GASTRONOMIC NOTE: Hammacher Schlemmer’s food catalogue offers “Cheese Sticks au Fromage,” and the label on a can of A. & P. peas announces that the product was “Formerly Reliable Brand.”

Lull

EARLY one afternoon last week, we set out to take a final look at perhaps the most famous block in Harlem—125th Street between Seventh and Lenox—before it is levelled to make way for the much discussed new New York State office building. It was a beautiful day, with a bright sun and a blue sky, and the air, because it was cool and crisp, felt, for a change, clean. Fall, it seemed, had at last established itself. At 110th Street and Seventh Avenue, it was an easy decision to get off the bus and walk. Young boys and girls carrying book satchels and, in some cases, empty lunch pails joined our walk at various intersections. The avenue was filled with the sound of young, high-pitched voices competing to be heard. Soon we became aware of a siren in the distance, and as the shrill sound drew nearer, we encountered other, larger groups—men and women, young and old. Two fire trucks arrived at a corner of Seventh Avenue, and, from the sound of things, others were on the way. When one of the firemen opened a hydrant, great gushes of a dark, oily-looking liquid came spewing forth, and a small boy, who had probably cooled off in the spray last summer, stood staring at the stuff incredulously. After a few minutes, there were five trucks on the scene, but it became apparent that there was no fire. In spite of this, most of the crowd lingered, watching the big, clumsy trucks maneuver their way out of the narrow street.

As we resumed our walk, two boys who looked to be no more than ten darted in front of us.

“You gonna play with your racer set?” one asked the other.

“Yeah,” the other replied.

“Can I play with it with you?” the first one pursued, anxiously.

“Can’t get in my apartment,” said the other. “My mother ain’t home.”

Looking disappointed, the two crossed the street and disappeared.

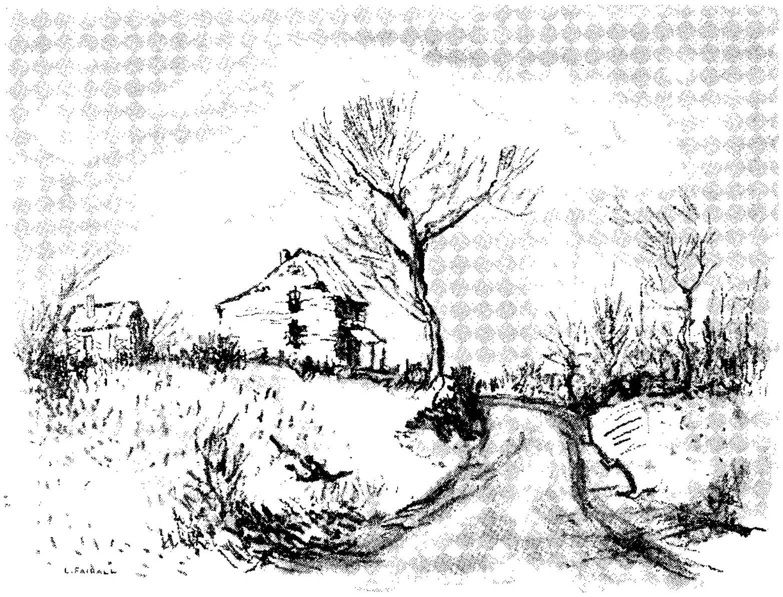
We walked on, passing various groups with various interests—a stalled car drew quite a crowd—and we stopped in front of a small storefront housing the Harlem Revitalization Corps. One of a number of notices in the window read:

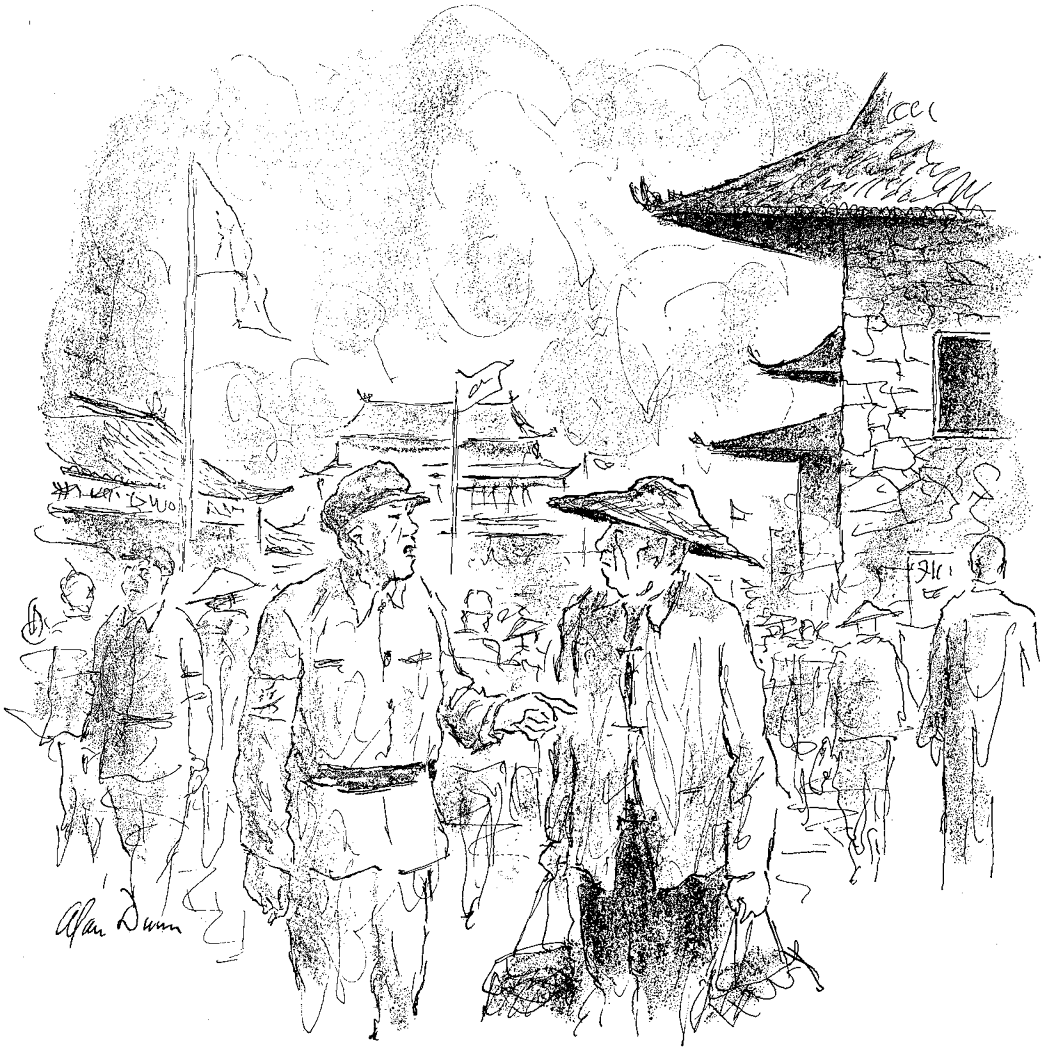
JOIN THE WAR ON APATHY
WINTER IS COMING IN MISSISSIPPI
IGAD
(I GIVE A DAMN)
NEEDS CLOTHES, FOOD, BOOKS ON NEGRO
HISTORY, DICTIONARIES
TO BE SENT TO
IGAD
REV. HICKMAN JOHNSON, CHAPLAIN
TOUGALOO COLLEGE
TOUGALOO, MISSISSIPPI

At the bottom of the notice, John F. Kennedy was quoted: “If a free society cannot help the many who are poor, it cannot save the few who are rich.”

The storefront door was open, so we stepped inside, finding ourself in a room furnished with old chairs and a conspicuously old sofa. Notes tacked on top of notes covered a bulletin board in the center of the room (“From profits made on the fish fry the weekend of Aug. 25th and 26th we will be able to pay the rent.” . . . “Mrs. Smalls reports that the total of the treasury stands at $31.00”). A young woman entered from the rear, carrying a broom, and she told us that the purpose of the Revitalization Corps was to “broaden friendship.” Last summer, she went on, a number of Harlem children had changed places with children from the suburbs. “The experiment worked out beautifully,” she said. “We run the organization out of our own pockets.” We noticed that she seemed a bit impatient to put her broom to use, so, thanking her for her time, we went back outside.

After taking a detour through A. Philip Randolph Square, we passed a building covered with posters and announcements—some out of date (Marcus





"Confucius said, but Mao say."

• •

Garvey Day), others yet to occur ("Naturally '67—The original African Coiffure and Fashion Extravaganza Designed to Restore Our Racial Pride and Standards! Theme: Revolution and Riot in Ghettos or Self-Determination and Repatriation in Africa? . . . We Reserve the Right to Bar Anyone Whose Presence May Cause a Disturbance!"). Then we stopped on a street where a flatbed truck, pulled up to the curb, had attracted a gathering. On the floor of the truck were pumpkins, sacks of pecans and peanuts, and jars of honey. There were also stalks of sugar cane, bundled near the front of the truck, as we noticed when we heard a man, who had just come up, laugh and say, pointing to them, "Back where I come from, they call that uba, or iron cane." He spoke with the lilt of the West Indies.

"Well, where I come from, they make some good stuff from those cane skinnin's," said another man. "Shucks, man, you drink some of that and you'd be high for a month." He spoke in a voice of the Deep South.

By the time we reached the corner of 125th Street and Eighth Avenue, the early-afternoon crowds had broken up, except for a few shoppers around a vegetable stand and meat market. A couple standing in front of an attractive array of vegetables agreed that this was the best time of the year for collards, and a woman carrying an already well-stuffed shopping bag bought some beans, a few sweet potatoes, and some beets. In the window of the meat market were rows of ox tails, turkey wings, and chops, and a sign on the window advertised chitterlings and hog maws at bargain prices.

As we moved farther down the block, we could see smoke and ash rising from what looked like the center of the demolition. One of the stores in that block is Mr. Lewis Michaux's bookstore—the National Memorial African Bookstore—and when we drew near the corner, we could see that it was still standing, and so were most of the other buildings in the block. We stopped in to see how Mr. Michaux was getting along, and found him, as usual, bouncing around the store and keeping up lively conversations with six or seven people at once. "Everything's quiet round here," he was saying. "The Man been pouring a lot of milk in the streets, and milk's what keeps the babies from squealing." Suddenly, he turned to a man in an overcoat, and, taking him gently by the lapels, said, "You know what to do with the black man on the street?" There was a pause, and Mr. Michaux, letting go of the man's coat, laughed and said, "Sell him Heaven, and if he don't buy, give him Hell."

Mr. Michaux told us that he had been promised space in the new building but that so far he didn't know what he was going to do between the time his present quarters were demolished and the time the new building was completed. "I would have preferred to stay here in this place, but the Man say he got to have his office building *here*. Well, I hear they're going to set up a cultural center in the building, and if they do, then they got to have the National Memorial Bookstore, 'cause this is the *look*." Mr. Michaux darted off again, and as we were leaving, one of two young girls who had been having a discussion for some time in front of a group of wall posters that were for sale called out to Mr. Michaux, "We've decided. We want one Rap Brown and one Stokely, please."

Around the corner, the signs of change were somewhat more evident. Fences constructed of old doors replaced the fronts of some buildings, and in other places along the block, where demolition had been completed, were small holes floored with splinters and jagged bricks and dust, from which a moldy smell emanated. A number of the stores carried on business as usual—shoestores, record shops, clothing stores—and others, though carrying on business, were plastered with signs, such as the one in the windows of Vim (VIM for Values; VIM for Discounts; VIM for Easy Terms): "VIM has been in business since 1920 and we will continue to serve you at a new location in this neighborhood! Thank you for your patronage." Near us, a young Negro woman who looked to be in her early twenties stood leaning against a car with a sketch pad and pencil in her hands. After a few minutes, two young Negro men, who seemed to be about her age, walked up to her.

"We'd like to know what you are doing," one of them said.

"I'm a student, and I'm doing a paper for one of my classes on the changing face of Harlem. I thought I'd do a sketch of this block, too," the young woman said amiably. "Why do you want to know?"

Both of the young men smiled. "Any time you write something down in this community, *somebody's* gonna want to know what you're writing," one said. "Especially about the new building. We don't want the wrong thing getting out."

The girl asked what he meant.

"I mean, we want people to understand what this means to some of us," he replied.

"Just what does it mean?" the girl asked.

"Well, let me put it to you this way," the young man said. "The day Governor Rockefeller came up here to signal for the demolition to begin, one of the brothers came on the scene with his bugle and played 'Taps.' Now, believe me, sister, he was speaking for a lot of us. This is the beginning of the end."

At the end of the block, we turned into 126th Street—the northern border of the block, and the only part of it that is residential. We saw the same kind of splotchy destruction as on the side we had left—some brownstones completely vacated and boarded up, and, in the windows of others, curtains and an occasional flowerpot or some other sign of occupancy. Far down the block ahead of us we could see an old woman, in a black coat, moving slowly along the sidewalk. After a while, she came to a stop, rested for a few moments, and then, with a great deal of effort, started to climb the steps of a brownstone. On each step, she stopped to get her breath. By the time we reached her, she had climbed only three steps, and we asked her if she would like some help.

She smiled faintly. "No, thanks," she said.

We asked her how long she had lived there.

"Seventeen years," she said, looking up toward the door, which was still six steps away.

"Will you be moving soon?" we asked.

She said that she probably would. She told us that "the people over on a Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street"—she couldn't remember exactly where—had promised to help her find a place.

We offered again to help her up the stairs, but she seemed determined to make it on her own. We told her as we left that we hoped she would find a place soon.

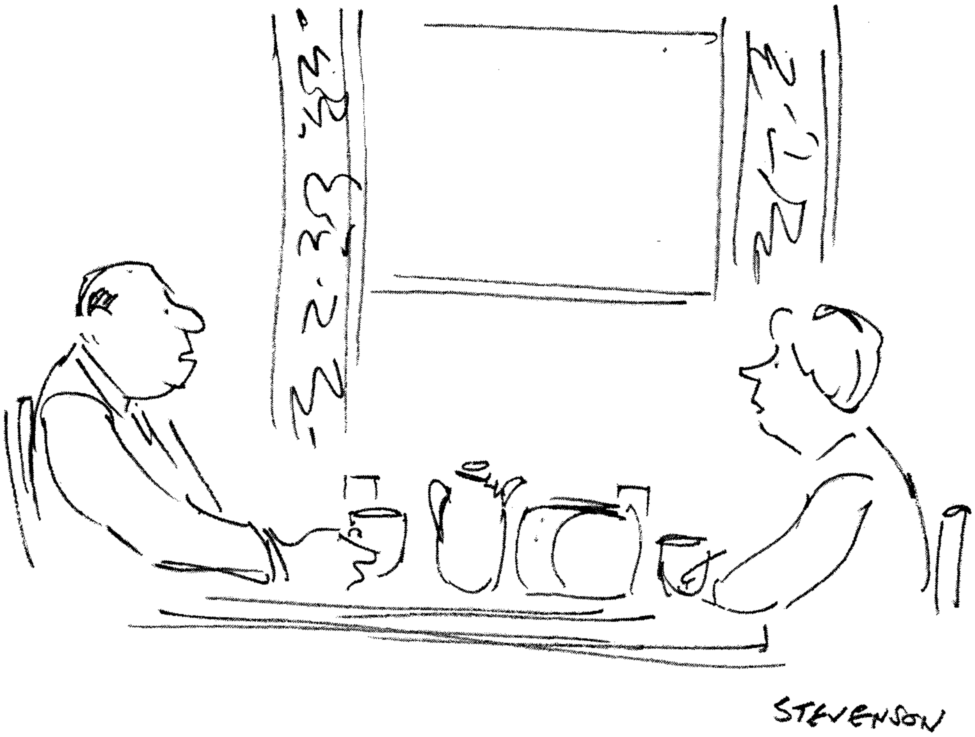
She took another step and, while she was catching her breath, turned to us and smiled. "I'll do the best I can," she said.

High Finance

A LADY has informed us that she received from her local bank the other day a renewal "courtesy card" with an accompanying slip that read, "This will facilitate the encashment of your checks."

Mineral Show

THE American Museum of Natural History's Morgan Memorial Hall of Minerals and Gems is closed for renovation, but a neat, attractive show of some two hundred and fifty mineralogical specimens, culled from the Museum's collection of thirty thousand, opened recently with a small, attractive reception featuring sandwiches, red and white Dubonnet, tomato juice, and the commanding presence of Mr. Cleveland E. Dodge, seventy-nine, a third-generation Museum trustee (now honorary) who has been in the mineral, or metal, business himself—the Phelps Dodge Corporation—for fifty-seven years. A circular exhibit of thirty-four illuminated glass panels, their contents arranged chronologically in terms of three billion years of evolution, comprised, along with quartz, feldspar, mica, and granite, minerals bearing such vocabulary-enriching names as peridotite, diopside, orthoclase, apatite, stibnite, spodumene, idocrase, chrysocolla, zoisite, and cuprosklodowskite. As we strolled around the circle, proceeding chronologically ourself, we were struck by their increasing brilliance, colorfulness, and beauty. We were presently joined by Mr. D. Vincent Manson, the curator who installed them. He said that although his criterion had been scientific rather than aesthetic, a progression in attractiveness was indeed manifest. "A direct consequence of the diversity that exists in nature because of evolution," he said. "What do you think of our abstract sculpture?" He pointed to a geometric structure, sixteen feet high, in the center of the room which might not have been out of place in the Sidney Janis Gallery. It consisted of thirteen linked tetrahedrons—or four-faced pyramids—which Mr. Manson said



"That play last night . . ."
"It was good."
"Good."
"Pinter wrote it."
"Good, wasn't it?"
"I thought it was good."
"It was."
"Yes. Harold Pinter."

symbolized the ordered structure of atoms in all minerals. "I designed it," he said. "It indicates that the internal composition of minerals is not haphazard. Its spiralling appearance reflects how minerals adjust themselves to changes in the environment. We talk of the Rock of Ages, but minerals are very transitory."

Accompanying Mr. Manson back to the entrance to the gallery, we turned to a kind of grace note of the show—a selection of two hundred coruscating quartz crystals, ranging in size from a peanut to a walnut, which had been taken from nine thousand such that were given to the Museum last summer by Mr. Clarence M. Van der Veer, of Glenville, New York. "We call them Herkimer diamonds, after the county in which they were found," Mr. Manson said, and he introduced us to their donor, a lean, handsome man a year Mr. Dodge's senior.

"I started my collection when I was nine," Mr. Van der Veer said. "I was sitting in the little red schoolhouse in Glenville, where my family has had a farm for three or four generations, and as I looked out the window at a farmer who was plowing a buckwheat field, I saw something sparkle. I picked it up after school and showed it to my father. He said it was a quartz crystal, and he showed me where to look for more. I kept on looking for them for sixty or seventy years; eventually I had ten thousand specimens. First, you locate dolomite rock, in which the crystals are found, and then you dig for them. Mr. Langdon Gibson, a friend of my family's who was with General Electric in Schenectady, visited us when I was a kid and went on collecting trips with me. Later on, Mr. Gibson's son, Charles De Wolf Gibson, went crystal hunting with me. Well, he's now a vice-president of the Museum, and a couple of years ago he came up to my place and said, 'What are you going to do with your collection? It'll just be broken up after your death. Why don't you give it to the Museum?' " Mr. Van der Veer fingered a tie clip containing five or six crystal pendants, and went on, "I decided De Wolf was right. I had no one to leave the collection to. My son-in-law, the fellow who married my daughter, has a collection of his own, not as big as mine but pretty big, which he's leaving to *his* daughter—my granddaughter. These crystals haven't much commercial value—the big ones may be worth fifty cents—but they're hard to find today. I don't think there are more than ten acres of crystal-bearing rock in New York State, and there's so much rubbish in the fields nowadays that there's not much point looking. I've kept about a thousand specimens to brighten up my house. I keep them in glass cases, lit up, and I wash them once a year with ammonia. I like them because they sparkle."

Call

A MAN we know who visited Paris last week placed a phone call to his home in New York from his hotel room, and was asked by the hotel operator to please stand by. A few minutes later, she was back on the wire. "I am sorry," she said, in perfect English, "but there will be a delay, as the United States is busy."

Long-Winded Lady

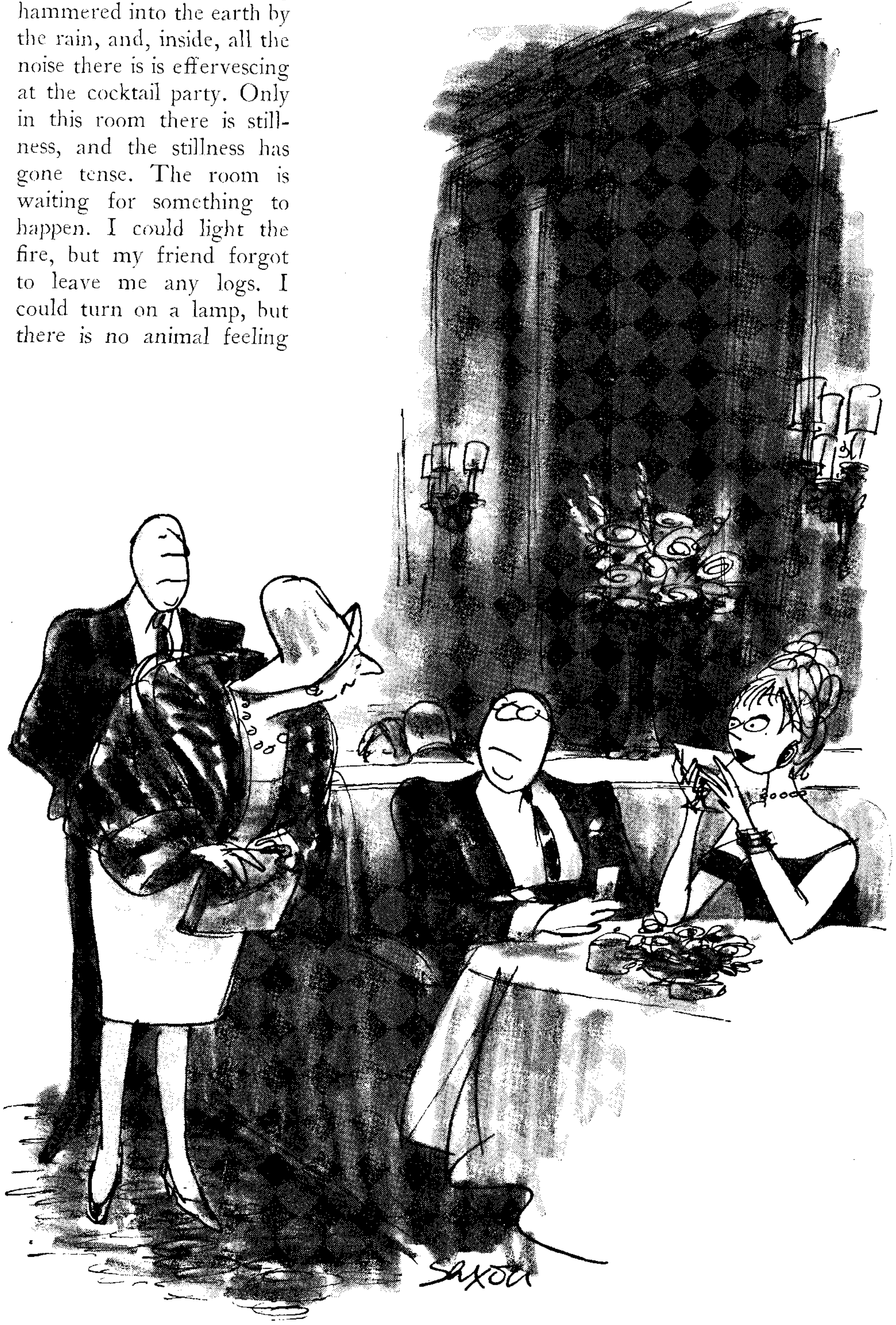
WE recently received a communication from our friend the long-winded lady, who wrote the following:

"I am back in the Village again, spending a few days in the apartment of a friend who is in London. The apartment is small, orderly, and individual—a one-person place that has remained aloof (friendly but aloof) since I walked in here with my suitcase on Thursday. 'We have *no* secrets,' the two little rooms seem to say, 'but we are *his*.' And I think that when I leave, the day after tomorrow, the same toy voice, whispering out of the walls, will cry, 'What has been going on here? Who has been sitting in my chair? Who has been sleeping in my bed?' I know that voice. It is familiar to me, as it is to anyone who lives alone. It is the voice of the Three Bears, echoing one another—the Big Bear, the Smaller Bear, and the Smallest Bear. They start whispering when I open my own front door after I have been away awhile, after I have left my place to itself overnight, or for a week or a month. 'Who has been at my kitchen? Who has been reading my books? Who has been touching my things?' The alarm in the Bears' voices is produced when they put their heads together to prove that they are thinking, and that they are aware, and that they are not sleepy, trusting fools but alert, knowledgeable Bears who know their way around in the world. (In fact, the Bears do not know their way around in the world, and they know that, but do other people know they know that?) At any excuse, they shoulder their cardboard guns and challenge the Darkness. 'Who goes there?' 'A Friend.' 'Pass, Friend.' But wait a minute. 'Who goes there?' 'A Foe.' 'Pass, Foe.' Friend or foe, what does it matter? The Bears have taken their stand, and, very much satisfied with themselves, they go back to sleep.

"My friend's apartment is on Tenth Street between Fifth and Sixth, on the third floor of a brownstone that would delight its architect if he could come back to life to see how serenely his work has weathered the years. This is the rear apartment, and the people in front are giving a party. It is almost six now, and for the past hour I have been hearing their guests come up the stairs. Just as the new arrivals reach the landing, the door next to mine opens and there are shouts of greeting and breathless complaints in male and female voices about the long climb up, and then the door closes again on the party and the party noises. The door is closed now, but there is a new sound. We had a cloudburst a minute ago, or maybe it was only a few seconds ago. The rain poured down. There was sudden thunder, and lightning, and the sky, which had been white, turned black. When the rain reached its full force, which was immediately after it started to fall, the blue wood floor of the terrace outside these living-room windows vanished under a surprised azure mist as millions of drops of water suddenly hit the boards and bounced back before falling down forever. The big, humble sheepdog of an ailanthus tree that leans its shoulders against the terrace became soaked at once and bowed all its heavy heads in its eternal submission to man's low opinion of it. The rain made a great noise, but the rosebushes that edge the terrace held themselves calmly up under the violence, and their leaves fluttered in the rush of clean new air. As the rose leaves fluttered, welcoming the downpour, the ailanthus trembled all over, and the flat red-and-black side of a large apartment building half a block away shone with color. Wherever the rain fell there was color, and the rain fell everywhere. At the first moment of the storm, when the lightning flashed and the rain came thundering down, I stood up from the green velvet sofa where I am sitting and walked across to close the door to the terrace, and when I turned back, the room had become dim—nothing left of the brightness that had filled it all day. Now the room is vague and insubstantial, and shows itself for what it really is—the accidental setting of an enigmatic but not disquieting dream that I have dreamed before, in past rooms, and will dream again, in rooms I have not yet seen. It is a dream without people. The rain has gathered the room and me into the invisible world where there is no night and no day, and where walls and mirrors and trees and bridges are formed of advancing and retreating sound. At this moment, it is easy to see how mountains and oceans are created and erased by a shift in the light, and to understand that the solid earth may shrink without warning to the vanishing point underneath our feet. The rain falls steeply, making cliffs as it falls, and its force has turned this room into a cave that is real only because it is hollow—a sounding place in which there is only one sound. In the profound silence that rises here now, even echo and memory fade away.

"At the moment when I stood up to close the terrace door, the people in the front apartment must have hurried to close their windows. They have no terrace. Their windows look out on Tenth Street, which is quite narrow, and across at a row of houses that share a long iron balcony—a straight tier of openwork iron, like a foreign postmark across their fronts. Every year, the people who live along the balcony can see a miracle on this side of the street, on this house, where a vigorous old wisteria embraces the front wall from the sidewalk to the roof. When it is ready to bloom, the wisteria turns to face the world, offering itself to our eyes with all its strength. Only the sparrows flying up and down the wall can describe the wisteria in full bloom, as they touch it here and there, showing how their perch and refuge has become a tall cloud of purple and green that billows around and above the entrance and then flows royally up the front of the house from earth to sky. The owner of this house lives downstairs, and he regards his big ailanthus tree and his big wisteria as his pets. Anyone seeing him look at them knows he would love to bring them both in every night, maybe even take them for a walk sometimes. He cares for them with fierce devotion, leaning far out of the high front windows and much too far out over the edge of this terrace, watching for the first sign of malaise in the tenacious, bony vines of his wisteria, or in the leaves and branches of his ailanthus. The ailanthus is fortunate, and the wisteria is fortunate, too, and so is this house—fortunate and well loved.

"The rain is falling fast and as black as ever. The windows of the front apartment where the party is must be streaming with rain—frothing, almost—and Tenth Street must be streaming, too, and frothing black. But a cocktail party has to expand, if it can, and now the people in front have opened their door and left it open. What a lot of noise they are making with glasses and bottles and music and voices! They must have hundreds of people in there. Once in a while, over the low roar of conversation, there is a loud laugh, and once in a while a little shriek. Outside, all the noise in the world is being hammered into the earth by the rain, and, inside, all the noise there is is effervescing at the cocktail party. Only in this room there is stillness, and the stillness has gone tense. The room is waiting for something to happen. I could light the fire, but my friend forgot to leave me any logs. I could turn on a lamp, but there is no animal feeling in electricity. I stand up again and walk over to the phonograph and switch it on without changing the record that I played this morning. The music strengthens, and moves about, catching the pictures, the books, and the discolored white marble mantelpiece as firelight might have done. Now the place is no longer a cave but a room with walls that listen in peace. I hear the music and I watch the voice. I can see it. It is a voice to follow with your mind's eye. '*La Brave, c'est elle.*' There is no other. Billie Holiday is singing."



"We'd love to have you come for a visit. And bring your little friend with you."

THE DOLT

EDGAR was preparing to take the National Writers' Examination, a five-hour fifty-minute examination, for his certificate. He was in his room, frightened. The prospect of taking the exam again put him in worlds of hurt. He had taken it twice before, with evil results. Now he was studying a book which contained not the actual questions from the examination but similar questions. "Barbara," he said, "if I don't knock it for a loop this time I don't know what we'll do." Barbara continued to address herself to the ironing board. Edgar thought about saying something to his younger child, his two-year-old daughter, Rose, who was wearing a white terry-cloth belted bathrobe and looked like a tiny fighter about to climb into the ring. They were all in the room while he was studying for the examination.

"The written part is where I fall down," Edgar said dismally, to everyone in the room. "The oral part is where I do best." He looked at the back of his wife which was pointed at him. "If I don't kick it in the head this time I don't know what we're going to do," he repeated. "Barb?" But she failed to respond to this implied question. She felt it was a doomed project, taking this examination which he had already failed miserably twice and which always got him very worked up, black with fear, before he took it. Now she didn't wish to witness the spectacle anymore so she gave him her back.

"The oral part," Edgar continued encouragingly, "is A-O.K. I can for instance give you a list of answers, I know it so well. Listen, here is an answer, can you tell me the question?" Barbara, who was very sexually attractive (that was what made Edgar rap on her for a date, many years before) but also deeply mean, said nothing. She put her mind on their silent child, Rose.

"Here is the answer," Edgar said. "The answer is Julia Ward Howe. What is the question?"

This answer was too provocative for Barbara to resist long, because she knew the question. "Who wrote the Battle Hymn of the Republic?" she said. "There is not a grown person in the United States who doesn't know that."

"You're right," Edgar said unhappily, for he would have preferred that the answer had been a little more recherché, one that she would not have known the question to. But she had been a hooker for a period before their marriage and he could resort to this area if her triumph grew too great. "Do you want to try another one?"

"Edgar I don't *believe in* that examination anymore," she told him coldly.

"I don't believe in you, Barbara," he countered.

This remark filled her with remorse and anger. She considered momentarily letting him have one upside the head but fear prevented her from doing it so she turned her back again and thought about the vaunted certificate. With a certificate he could write for all the important and great periodicals, and there would be some money in the house for a change instead of what they got from his brother and the Unemployment.

"It isn't you who has to pass this National Writers' Examination," he shot past her. Then, to mollify, he gave her another answer. "Brand, tuck, glave, claymore."

"Is that an answer?" she asked from behind her back.

"It is indeed. What's the question?"

"I don't know," she admitted, slightly pleased to be put back in a feminine position of not knowing.

"Those are four names for a sword. They're archaic."

"That's why I didn't know them, then."

"Obviously," said Edgar with some malice, for Barbara was sometimes given to saying things that were obvious, just to fill the air. "You put a word like that in now and then to freshen your line," he explained. "Even though it's an old word, it's so old it's new. But you have to be careful, the context has to let people know what the thing is. You don't want to be simply obscure." He liked explaining the tricks of the trade to Barb, who made some show of interest in them.

"Do you want me to read you what I've written for the written part?"

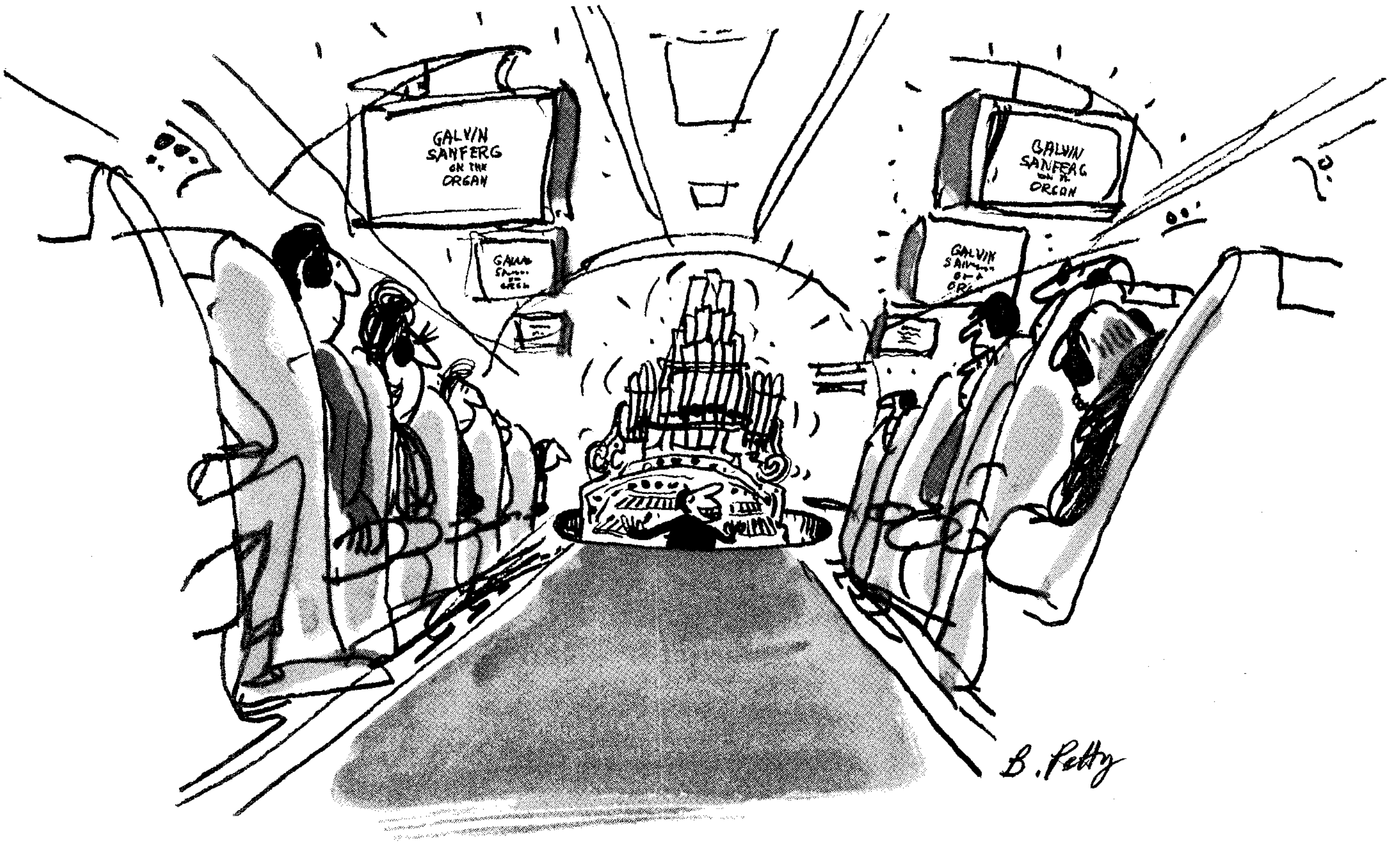
Barb said yes, with a look of pain, for she still felt acutely what he was trying to do.

"This is the beginning," Edgar said, preparing his yellow manuscript paper.

"What is the title?" Barbara asked. She had turned to face him.

"I haven't got a title yet," Edgar said. "O.K., this is the beginning." He began to read aloud.

"Well, keep looking, damn it! I can't go down to the think tank without my shades."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B. Petty

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"In the town of A——, in the district of Y——, there lived a certain Madame A——, wife of that Baron A—— who was in the service of the young Friedrich II of Prussia. The Baron, a man of uncommon ability, is chiefly remembered for his notorious and inexplicable blunder at the Battle of Kolin: by withdrawing the column under his command at a crucial moment in the fighting, he earned for himself the greatest part of the blame for Friedrich's defeat, which resulted in a loss, on the Prussian side, of 13,000 out of 33,000 men. Now as it happened, the château in which Madame A—— was sheltering lay not far from the battlefield; in fact, the removal of her husband's corps placed the château itself in the gravest danger; and at the moment Madame A—— learned, from a Captain Orsini, of her husband's death by his own hand, she was also told that a detachment of pandours, the brutal and much feared Hungarian light irregular cavalry, was hammering at the château gates."

Edgar paused to breathe.

Barb looked at him in some surprise. "The beginning turns me on," she said. "More than usual, I mean." She began to have some faint hope, and sat down on the sofa bed.

"Thank you," Edgar said. "Do you want me to read you the development?"

"Go ahead."

Edgar drank some water from a glass near to hand.

"The man who brought this terrible news enjoyed a peculiar status in regard to the lady; he was her lover, and he was not. Giacomo Orsini, second son of a noble family of Siena, had as a young man a religious vocation. He had become a priest, not the grander sort of priest who makes a career in Rome and in great houses, but a modest village priest in the north of his country. Here befell him a singular misfortune. It was the pleasure of Friedrich Wilhelm I, father of the present ruler, to assemble, as is well known, the finest army of his day. Tiny Prussia was unable to supply men in sufficient numbers to satisfy this ambition; his recruiters ranged over the whole of Europe, and those whom they could not persuade, with promises of liberal bounties, into the King's service they kidnapped. Now Friedrich was above all else fond of very tall men, and had created, for his personal guard, a regiment of giants, much mocked at the time, but nonetheless a brave and formidable sight. It was the bad luck of the priest Orsini to be a very tall man, and of impressive mien and bearing withal; he was abducted straight from the altar, as he was saying Mass, the Host in his hands—"

"This is very exciting," Barb broke in, her eyes showing genuine pleasure and enthusiasm.

"Thank you," Edgar said, and continued his reading.

"—and served ten years in the regiment of giants. On the death of Friedrich Wilhelm, the regiment was disbanded, among other economies; but the former priest, by now habituated to military life, and even zestful for it, enlisted under the new young King, with the rank of captain."

"Is this historically accurate?" Barbara asked.

"It does not contradict what is known," Edgar assured her.

"Assigned to the staff of Baron A——, and much in the latter's house in consequence, he was thrown in with the lovely Inge, Madame A——, a woman much younger than her husband, and possessed of many excellent qualities. A deep sympathy established itself between them, with this idiosyncrasy, that it was never pressed to a conclusion, on his part, or acknowledged in any way, on hers. But both were aware that it existed, and drew secret nourishment from it, and took much delight in the nearness, one to the other. But this pleasant state of affairs also had a melancholy aspect, for Orsini, although exercising the greatest restraint in the matter, nevertheless considered that he had, in even admitting to himself that he was in love with Madame A——, damaged his patron, the Baron, whom he knew to be a just and honorable man, and one who had, moreover, done him many kindnesses. In this humor, Orsini saw himself as a sort of jackal skulking

about the periphery of his benefactor's domestic life, which had been harmonious and whole, but was now, in whatsoever slight degree, compromised."

Rose, the child, stood in her white bathrobe looking at her father who was talking for such a long time, and in such a dramatic shaking voice.

"*The Baron, on his side, was not at all insensible of the passion that was present, as it were in a condition of latency, between his young wife and the handsome Sienese. In truth, his knowledge of their intercourse, which he imagined had ripened far beyond the point it had actually reached, had flung him headlong into a horrible crime: For his withholding of the decisive troops at Kolin, for which history has judged him so harshly, was neither an error of strategy nor a display of pusillanimity, but a willful act, having as its purpose the exposure of the château, and thus the lovers, whom he had caused to be together there, to the bloodlust of the pandours. And as for his alleged suicide, that too was a cruel farce; he lived, in a hidden place.*"

Edgar stopped.

"It's swift-moving," Barbara complimented.

"Well, do you want me to read you the end?" Edgar asked.

"The end? Is it the end already?"

"Do you want me to read you the end?" he repeated.

"Yes."

"I've got the end, but I don't have the middle," Edgar said, a little ashamed.

"You don't have the middle?"

"Do you want me to read you the end or don't you?"

"Yes, read me the end." The possibility of a semi-professional apartment, which she had entertained briefly, was falling out of her head with this news, that there was no middle.

"The last paragraph is this:

"*During these events Friedrich, to console himself for the debacle at Kolin, composed in his castle at Berlin a flute sonata, of which the critic Guilda has said that it is not less lovely than the sonatas of Georg Philipp Telemann.*"

"That's ironic," she said knowingly.

"Yes," Edgar agreed, impatient. He was as volatile as popcorn.

"But what about the middle?"

"*I don't have the middle!*" he thundered.

"Something has to happen between them, Inge and what's-his-name," she went on. "Otherwise there's no story."

Looking at her he thought, She is still streety although wearing her housewife gear. The child was a perfect love, however, and couldn't be told from the children of success.

Barb then began telling a story she knew that had happened to a friend of hers. This girl had had an affair with a man and had become pregnant. The man had gone off to Seville, to see if hell was a city much like it, and she had spontaneously aborted, in Chicago. Then she had flown over to parley, and they had walked in the streets and visited elderly churches and like that. And the first church they went into, there was this tiny little white coffin covered with flowers, right in the sanctuary.

"Banal," Edgar pronounced.

She tried to think of something else to deliver to him. "The middle remains, then, raw possibility," she said, after a silence.

"Pure potentiality," he agreed eagerly.

"Perfect freedom," she said.

"Anything can happen."

"That is what I will not allow," she said. "Anything. Not while I live."

He remembered her well-known allergy to the world. Only by making a vaccine from the contents of her vacuum-cleaner bag had the doctor been able to—

"I've got to get that certificate!" he suddenly called out desperately.

"I don't think you can pass the National Writers' Examination with what you have on that paper," Barb said finally, with great regret, because even though he was her husband she didn't want to hurt him unnecessarily. But she had to tell the truth. "Without a middle."

Edgar was looking at the paper. "It's incomplete," he said. "There is no way to complete it that *I* know."

"You've got to find a middle."

Edgar was still looking at the yellow paper which had ruined him irrevocably. "I don't know where it went, the middle."

"You're not a writer, then, but only a man," she said, hissing the words from demon teeth.

"That's not enough?"

"You came too close," she said. "It changed my way of looking at you. I was ready for victory."

"I wouldn't have been great, even with the certificate," he said.

"Your views would have become known. You would have been something." There was a moment of quiet. Then she stepped close to him and said, "*Victory!*"

At that moment the son manqué entered the room. The son manqué was seven feet tall and wore a sarape woven out of two hundred transistor radios all turned on and all tuned to different stations. Just being near him you could hear Hartford and Nogales, Mexico.

"No grass in the house?"

Barbara got the grass which was kept in one of those little yellow-and-red metal canisters made for sending film back to Eastman Kodak.

Edgar tried to think of a way to badmouth this immense son who leaned over him like a large blaring building. Then he said, "I was hip in 1929. I believed in creative adultery and other advanced practices." This was said with no dignity at all that could be seen. Then Edgar left the room. That night he had a dream in which he was taking Rose to school, trying to find the right room. The teacher was blond and young and they embraced softly as Edgar handed over the kid. This must be the middle, Edgar thought, holding the teacher tight. This must be what was missing, the bloody blue idyll.

—Donald Barthelme

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NOVEMBER THROUGH A GIANT COPPER BEECH

This almost bare tree is racing,
taut in the wind, leaves flaring,
jet fire fed by a hurrying
keen whistling bird, against

hundred-limbed elephant branches
steadied in wrinkled gray molten
antediluvian skin
wrapped tight to stay where it is.

Think of sheer endlessness, beauty
patient in form, forever
uncrumbled between time's nickering
teeth—oh brutal necessity!

Think of the still and the flowing—
Heraclitus's *everything passes*,
the one-eyed conviction against
the rockheaded *everything dozes*.

On this bleary white afternoon,
are there fires lit up in heaven
against such faking of quickness
and light, such windy discoursing?

While November numbly collapses,
this beech tree, heavy as death
on the lawn, braces for throat-
cutting ice, bandaging snow.

—Edwin Honig

GETTING TO KNOW JULIE

BILL ROW sat and thought about the things he knew. He knew that he and Julie were in a Stockholm hotel. He knew what was in his bank account in Oxford—not much. He knew that he probably should have been back working on his thesis but that it was possible to be a slightly aging graduate student—well, twenty-five—and still be romantic. Julie lay asleep. She looked quite beautiful when she was asleep, really. Her face was smoothed out like a child's. Bill knew that over the course of the day it would begin to reflect what Julie thought or what she thought she thought. He was never quite sure what that was. He knew Julie was young—at least, he knew objectively how old she was—but like many of the girls at Oxford she seemed sophisticated just because she spoke with an English accent. There was no doubt that in some ways she was more sophisticated than the American girls he had known. On the other hand, she had shown him pictures of herself in her dark-blue uniform from the school she had been to, wearing a schoolgirl's little round hat. The pictures had been taken only two years before.

Bill had been surprised to find that what he thought was a friendship with Julie to be suspended between Oxford's terms was expected to be carried over into the vacation. Since meeting her early in the second term, he felt that he had been getting to know the English, but the process, clearly, was not yet complete. The year before, his first at Oxford, he and his American friends had tended to stick together. Some of them were in the habit of talking about the impossibility of really going out with the girls there, because they were too young or too bossy or because they didn't know how to dress or had thick ankles. Having met Julie, Bill found himself happy in the private discovery that in many respects the girls at Oxford were thoroughly delightful. You couldn't generalize, but he had enjoyed going out with her and meeting her friends. He had even enjoyed learning the Oxford rituals in the relations between the sexes: the matter of coming to tea or for drinks, who went to whose rooms, when doors had to be closed, and how his scout could be persuaded at last to knock before entering. Not that anything you really would have to knock for had happened between him and Julie that year. But he knew where things could be headed, sooner or later, and that she was aware of it.

In the spring, there had been some talk of their going to Italy during the vacation with a friend of Bill's. Then the friend had been unable to go and the plans fell through. Bill decided to stay in Oxford and work on his thesis, but Julie, who had already gone home to Surrey, had sounded weepy and betrayed over the phone when he told her, and had not known what to do with her summer. It was then Bill realized that what had developed between them could not be repudiated for the duration of the holidays. He had gone down to visit Julie and her family. He and Julie had gone to Wimbledon and Henley. And then they had decided to come to Scandinavia—by now it was the end of August—driving Bill's TR. Julie's family didn't seem to object.

They had taken the car ferry from Harwich to Esbjerg, booking separate cabins in first class because a double on the overnight boat would have been too explicit an acknowledgment of what was happening—too explicit for them, really, rather than for other people. They had both seemed to know that a certain amount of gentleness and circumspection was called for. The Danish boat was impeccably fitted out and restful. They had spent the evening dancing and drinking, and then they had gone to their separate cabins. The next day, they drove quickly to Copenhagen, where they stopped for only a couple of hours. They had both been there before. Then they had crossed to Sweden.

Now Bill sat in the bed beside Julie, not really wanting to think about her. To him her presence was a mystery without a solution—perhaps the mystery of all women or perhaps just the mystery of herself, he didn't know. He reached over and touched her, and then he went across the room to the telephone.

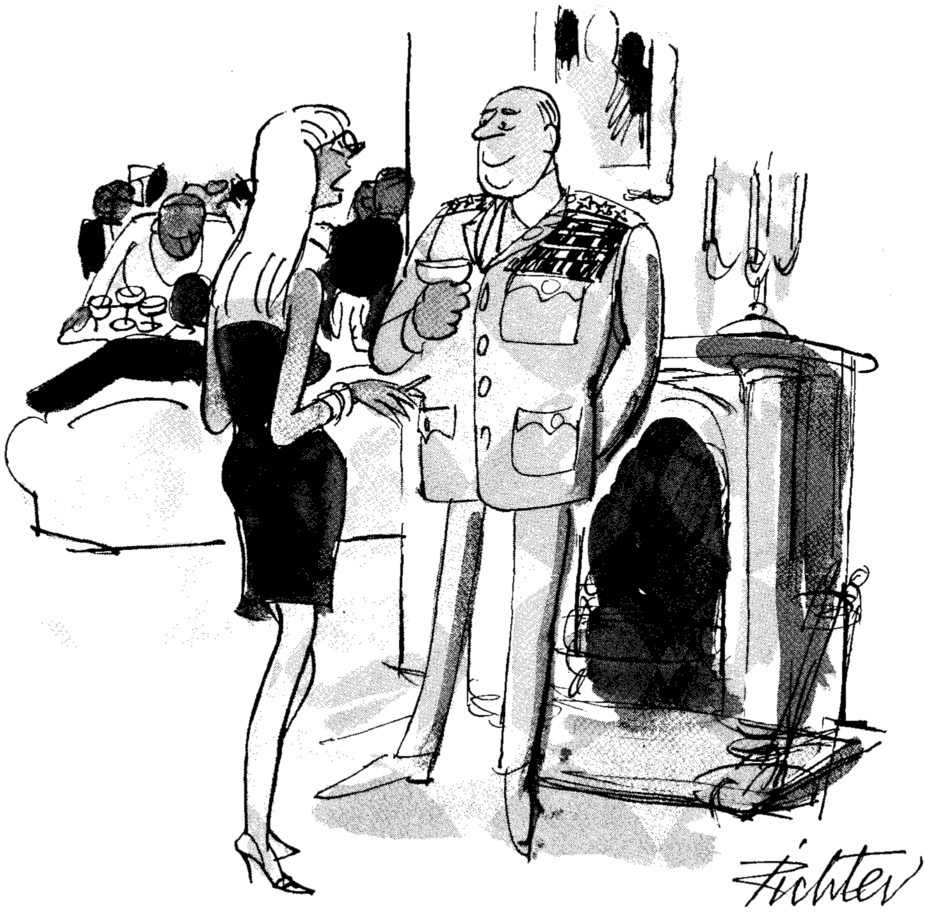
"*Allo.*"

"We'd like to order breakfast, please," Bill said.

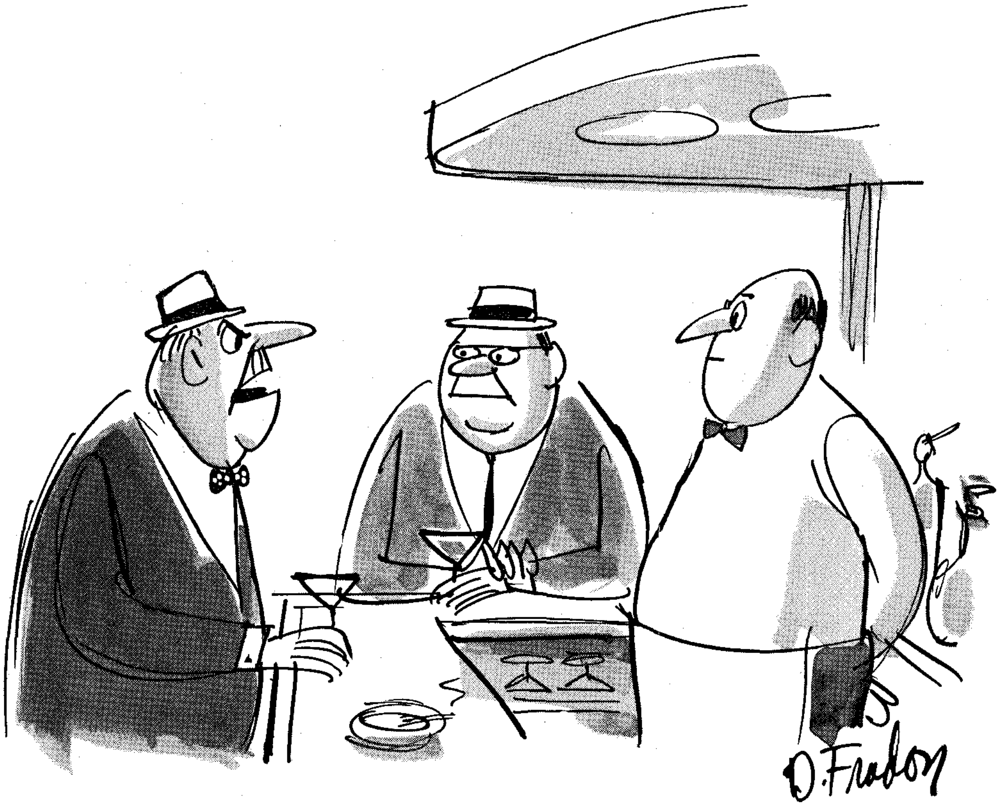
"Breakfast, please," said Julie from under the covers. "I love the way you say 'breakfast.' It's so *American*. Oh, it's lovely."

While Julie was in the bathroom, the boy knocked on the door and brought in a tray of rolls and coffee. The boy backed out of the room looking from side to side.

The night before, they had found



"I suppose you are one of those people who are against violence in principle."



"If Walter Reuther had his way, there'd be a guaranteed annual everything!"

• •

this hotel after driving around Stockholm for only a short time. Bill was uneasy about staying openly in a hotel with Julie and he was equally uneasy about not doing it openly. He hadn't known what the law was regarding staying with a girl like this, or if there was a law at all. Who knew about Sweden, anyway? He had once read about a man being arrested somewhere not for staying with a woman in a hotel but for saying he was married to her. "*Ignorantia legis neminem excusat*," he had said to Julie in the car the night before, but she was thinking about other things.

They had settled for a little hotel behind the Royal Dramatic Theatre. It was Biedermeier. The desk clerk was dark and heavy and wearing a uniform. Bill had gone up to the desk to register while Julie stayed on the other side of the room picking travel folders out of the rack there. Bill had dropped his passport in front of the desk clerk, who grunted. He registered for two. "That is your wife?" the clerk had asked. Bill had half nodded and made a sound that could have been taken for an affirmative. It was funny how you didn't really know how to answer these questions when the time came.

Julie, dressed now, sat down across the table and poured herself some coffee. "Do you know it's eleven-thirty?" she said.

"Umm-hmm."

"What are we going to do today?"

"I don't know. Walk around. That's the Royal Theatre over there," Bill said, nodding toward the window.

"Perhaps we'll see Ingmar Bergman."

"Do you know what he looks like?"

"No."

Stockholm was a city that didn't exist very clearly in their imaginations. They went out into it and found it sparkled. The canals were blue, and the sun danced off them. There were white ships and nice-looking, well-dressed people. They went to the Nordiska Kompaniet and looked on all the floors. "Where's the modern? You don't see modern design in things the way you do in Copenhagen," Julie said. On the way out, she bought Bill a little bottle of Chanel for men. "It smells delicious," she said, and she put some behind his ear.

They had a beer at a sidewalk café. Bill bought the *Herald Tribune*. "If you're going to read the silly paper, I'll get one, too," Julie said. She went off down the street. Bill thought Julie was looking great. She was a girl who sometimes did and sometimes didn't. He liked the way her black hair hung down long and straight to her shoulders and turned under at the ends and the way it swayed when she moved. He liked the way her eyes sparkled when she was happy or mischievous, and he liked seeing her approaching from away off down the street wearing her camel's-hair coat and striding out very leggy and confident. He decided she looked good when she was confident. She smelled nice, too, which was something the other people in the café didn't know.

Julie sat down and read the *Guardian*. "Oh, look. What a coincidence," she said. "Here's an article on the arts page that says the Swedes are slipping out of modern design into their natural heavy bourgeois taste. The modern has only been imposed on them by the design councils here or something and now those are losing their grip on things. That must be why the department store seemed so ordinary. It's sad to think they don't naturally have such good taste, isn't it?"

"I don't know. I think it's sort of comforting. I've always been intimidated by the idea of good taste on a national scale," Bill said.

THEY went for lunch to a famous *smörgåsbord* restaurant they had found in their guidebook. Bill went once around the big table filling his plate and then sat down at a place by the window. Julie went around the table three times before sitting down.

"You eat a lot," Bill said.

"Umm," she said. "My mother says I eat like a little horse."

"It doesn't show."

"Nerves," she said.

It didn't show, either, but her curves were right. She was solid. Bill wondered whether someday this would change. Look at the mother and you'll see the daughter in twenty years, he thought. But Julie's mother was small and blond. So much for old saws.

"Why are you nervous?" he asked.

"I'm not nervous."

"But you just said you were."

"Did I? Well, I don't mean everything I say. I don't have to, do I? But then again, perhaps I am nervous. I mean, after all."

They ate lots of herring. "I could eat this herring every day for the rest of my life," Julie said. "It's the herring season here."

"I didn't know fish had seasons," Bill said. "I thought that was only for things that grew, like strawberries."

"Well, fish grow."

"Not the same."

"Well, perhaps they're away somewhere else other times of year."

"That must be it. Maybe they just allow themselves to be caught in August."

Julie leaned back in her chair. "Oh, God," she said. "Now I know what Susan meant by 'the last stages of sexual exhaustion.' " Susan was a friend at Oxford.

"What?"

"It's a phrase she used once."

"Not at St. Anne's!"

Julie giggled. "Oh, come on," she said.

"One appetite stimulates another," Bill said. "Food, drink, sex, et cetera. That's why you have to be a monk or nothing, à la St. Augustine. Of Hippo."

"I don't really like talking about it much," she said.

"Well, anyway, why are you nervous? What are you nervous about?"

"I didn't say I was."

"You said nerves were involved."

"Well, I didn't mean it. I'm having a super time. Aren't you?"

ON Saturday, they left Stockholm, going north. As they neared the outskirts, the city began to look American. There were more American cars there than Bill had seen since he had left the States. Teenagers were driving them up and down the streets, banging on the sides and playing the radios at full volume.

They went to Uppsala to look at the university. It was almost too chilly driving up in the open car. There would be an early autumn up that far north. Bill thought they'd somehow drive from Uppsala across to Oslo and then maybe take the car ferry to Newcastle.

Uppsala had an empty look because it was out of term. They parked the TR on the square. Bill looked back at it affectionately. It was dark green, with a walnut dashboard. It looked like a good motorboat, and when the engine was idling it made that rich burp-burpy sound that a Chris-Craft makes at a dock when its stern exhaust is slapping in and out of the water. Bill associated the sound with holidays.

"Look. That must be the university up that way," Julie said.

They went up and walked along a park. It looked like Ann Arbor. There were leaves on the ground and various sorts of institutional-looking gray stone buildings, but very few people—an old lady walking her dog. Bill had a thing about looking at university campuses. One summer, he had driven all the way across the States and detoured to see every college campus that lay within fifty miles of his route, and stayed at fraternity houses.

"Now, how do we get back to the car?" Julie asked.

"I don't remember what street we came up."

"Here's one that looks like it," Julie said. "What's the sign say? Orfie Slöts . . . Orfie *Slöts*?"

"It's named after the first female student to attend Uppsala," said Bill.

They had to sit down on the bench to rest from laughing. You couldn't say they weren't off the beaten path of tourism.

When they got back to the car, Bill said, "Where shall we go?"

They looked at their map.

"I'd like to go all the way up beyond the Arctic Circle just to say I'd done it," Bill said.

"Why not?" said Julie.

They drove up the flat, empty highway between the fir trees. Bill felt as if they were headed to the end of the earth on a long tether attached to London, a tether that was about to run out.

"Orfie Sluts," said Julie. "Julie Sluts." She looked sideways at Bill.

"I wouldn't say so," Bill said.

"What would you say?"

"Nothing, probably."

"That's what I thought. Say something anyway."

"It's beautiful up here, isn't it. And you're beautiful, too."

"Am I really?"

"Very."

"As much as—who was that American girl—Laura?"

"Louise. Yes, as much as. More than."

"But not as much as Rosanna."

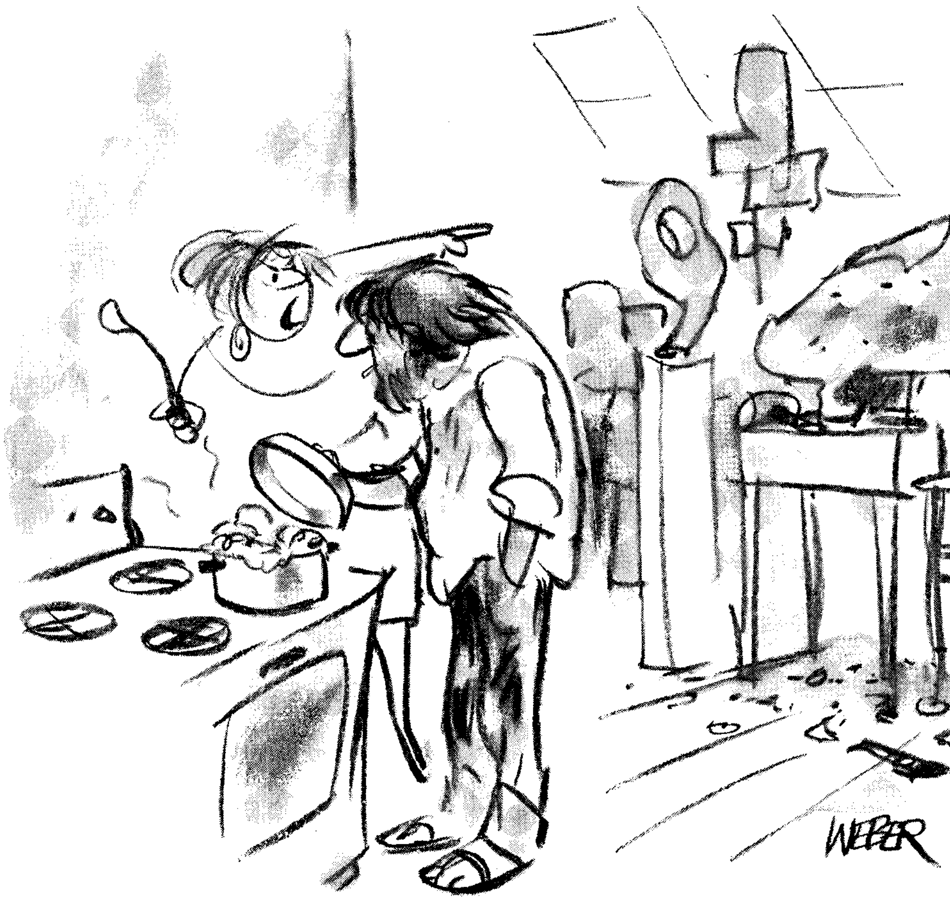
"Look, Rosanna is very conventional English-looking—reddish-blond hair, blue eyes. You're not conventional. You're chic, dark. Sexy-looking."

"Well, I'm glad I'm chic, anyway."

That night, they stayed in Gävle, near the coast, in a modern motel. On Sunday morning, Julie sat up in bed and read the *Sunday Times* and *Observer* they had brought with them from England. The papers were spread all over the bed.

"Those papers are a week old," Bill said.

"I know, but I haven't read them



"Sculpt!"

BALLAD OF THE MOUSE

A mouse the trap had slapped on, but not caught,
stood in the floor,
bloody-whiskered, in the curious light
snapped on from the kitchen door.

Grooved in the gray skull-fur
where the steel spring banged him,
blood from his ears, and one of two bead-black eyes
popped almost out, and hanging,

looking his bad luck, he skeered through doors,
rooms, halls, waddled along walls,
was exposed behind dressers,
hobbling with the load of his pain through falls,

bumps, skids, until the portable (peaches-
can) prison (from the trash sack) fell
into place, changing the hellishly lighted chambers
to a pleasurably blackened cell

as comfortable as his hole, but showing
a scar of light around the rim.
A shirt cardboard slid under—moving floor—
and gathered him

into the lurch and claw-slipping tilt and
ride of air, and bore
him giddy, sloping, and scratching
out the back door

to the yellow-porch-lit and midnight lawn,
and slid free his small terror
into the matty, spiny grass that held him like rails.
Shadowy, his executioner,

choosing (over drowning or crushing)
the doubtful love of a gun,
loomed over him, unready, tall. Unsteadily
he tried to run and the world blurred, un-

til he sat gathering his shakes in the grass blades.
The long-barrelled (.22, target) revolver lowered
to arm's length
from the panting, furred bird-ribs not yet dead,

and aimed, and fired—
six irregular shots
that drove deep their thunderous metal seeds
into the earth in spots

all around the tiny breath
they were meant for, spurting up yellow-brown
fountains of dirt
as before some palace, circus: forest, pillars, a kind of crown

in the noise and light of the murdering storm.
That poor marksman, love,
clicked, quietly
ticked, reloading, far, far, far above

the withered and dumb and dirt-daubled mouse.
Then light and leaden rain
stomped down again, and one blind iron tear
flooded all the sap of his pain

into the earth along with it, leaving—
indistinguishable in the churned-up lawn—
a flattened and sucked-out pelt
of half-buried once-mouse, now mouse-gone.

In the yellow-gloomed arena, death's main drag, beyond
which stars still leaked
the light of heaven onto woods
and hills the echoes had crashed and streaked

and rolled across from farm to farm,
in the ochre fungus of death, gun-handed, stone,
stood the hunter, victor—
tall, foolish, furious; alone.

—ROBERT WALLACE

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through, and, besides, it makes it seem more like Sunday."

"You don't really keep up with the news anyway. It's a ritual."

"No. I read Katharine Whitehorn because she's joky," Julie answered. She was using her county voice. "Ooo. Katharine Whitehorn for Prime Minister."

They drove north from Gävle, and at lunchtime they stopped in Sundsvall and were pleased to find a café open, because the town was very still and obviously enjoying a northern Sunday. After they sat down, they realized the café was full of men and the men were stoned on aquavit. A young man got up from a booth across the room and reeled over to their table. He stroked Bill's head. "I hope you like it here," he said slowly in English. "Do you . . . like . . . it . . . here?"

Bill and Julie looked at each other uneasily. "This is a creepy place," Julie said. "What are all these men doing here drunk on Sunday afternoon? And *why are there only men?*"

"It's a Viking rally," Bill said.

"Doesn't look like it to me," said Julie.

They decided not to go farther north. They drove west across the waist of the country toward Östersund, passing more and more lakes, the land gradually rising. They saw a moose in among the trees.

"The lemmings come down here, you know," Bill said, "running down to the sea."

"Running down to the sea?"

"*On their headlong dash to the sea.*"

In Östersund, they went to the cocktail lounge of the best hotel. A dozen young military cadets were there having a good time. They looked at Bill respectfully when they saw him with Julie. It made him feel older in a nice way. He felt proprietary about Julie. It must, he thought, be the way it felt to be married—anyway, part of the time. Maybe this was what marriage to Julie would be like. It was a question of seeing yourself in that situation.

They were acting out very conventional days. Being in Scandinavia made it seem comfortably bourgeois and respectable. If they had gone to Italy, it would probably have seemed squalid. Here, the fact that they did things like

watch the television news in the cocktail lounge made it seem as if they were getting away with it. But then Bill thought, Getting away with what? Wasn't this what anybody might do? The trip was doing them good.

That night, in the lounge of their hotel, they watched "The Marriage of Figaro" being televised from Salzburg. They had their dinner brought in so they could watch it right through. It was great that they could come to Scandinavia on their holiday and manage to see a Salzburg performance, too. "Oh, I want the wedding march from 'The Marriage of Figaro' played at my wedding," said Julie. "Everybody's having Purcell now. It's boring." Bill found the wedding hard to picture.

Afterward, they went out into the square and found a kiosk, where they bought the New York and London papers.

"What are you going to do next year after you finish Oxford?" Bill said later, when they were in bed.

Julie lay with her head on his arm. "Oh, God. How should I know? What a time to bring that up," she said.

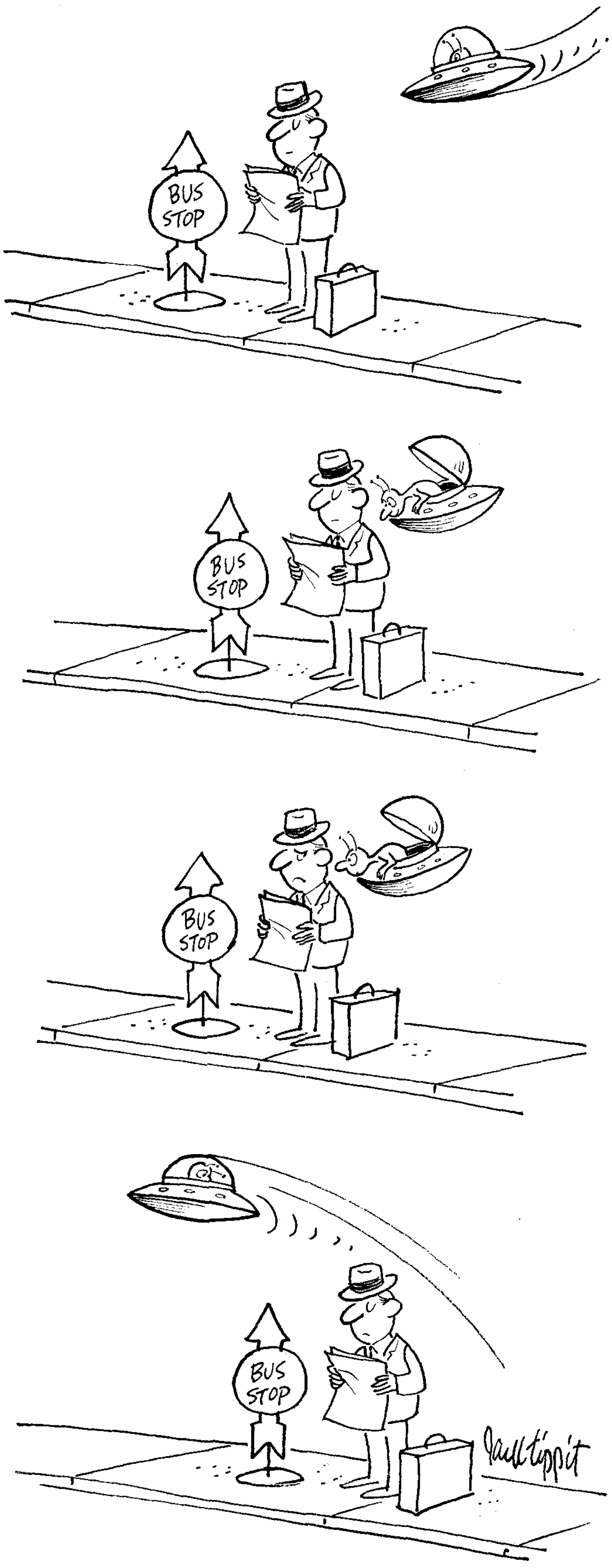
"Well, I just wondered."

"I'd like to work in New York or Vienna, I guess. Not in London. I have to get out of England, get away from me parents, my dear." She used her Cockney voice.

"Why are you so anxious to do that?"

"Well, that should be obvious. I mean, you've met them. If I were even in London, I'd have to be seeing them all the time. What are you going to do? Go back home and be President, I suppose."

"I've applied, but they haven't answered my letter."



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THE next day, they drove on toward Trondheim. They got into the mountains. It was a perfect, clear day. The sun was hot and the air was cool. They sped past green glades in the woods, and flashing streams. The TR was responding perfectly to the curves of the road. It occurred to Bill to stop and make love in the open air, in the sun, on the pine needles, by a lake. The idea of having infinity overhead was almost exhibitionist, he thought.

"Oh, do let's stop," Julie said just then.

But it was like going on a picnic. They kept driving farther on, thinking that over each hill there would be a more appropriate place. Finally, they turned up a side road that ran along the shore of a lake. But when they had walked down to the shore they found there were other people there. They stood for a while skimming stones on the lake. Just then the sun went below the treetops on the other side and they felt the chilly air.

"You know, I think we're basically urban," Julie said.

They went back to the car and drove across the spine of the mountains, into Norway and down into Trondheim. The Trondheim Fjord spread out below and in front of them, blue and rose in the low sun, outlined by the black land. Trondheim was sizable, but the hotels were full. There was a convention in town—gray-suited businessmen and their wives. They managed to find a room. They were tanned from the wind and sun in the open air. Julie took a bath.

"Magic time," said Bill. He got a half-empty bottle of gin out of his bag and one of vermouth. He and Julie sat side by side on the bed drinking warm Martinis out of the hotel's toothbrush glasses. It was a way they had of getting a start on the bar prices.

"Oh, if Susan could see me now," said Julie. "Nobody would believe this, the decadence of it."

"Drunk for a penny, dead drunk for thr'pence," said Bill.

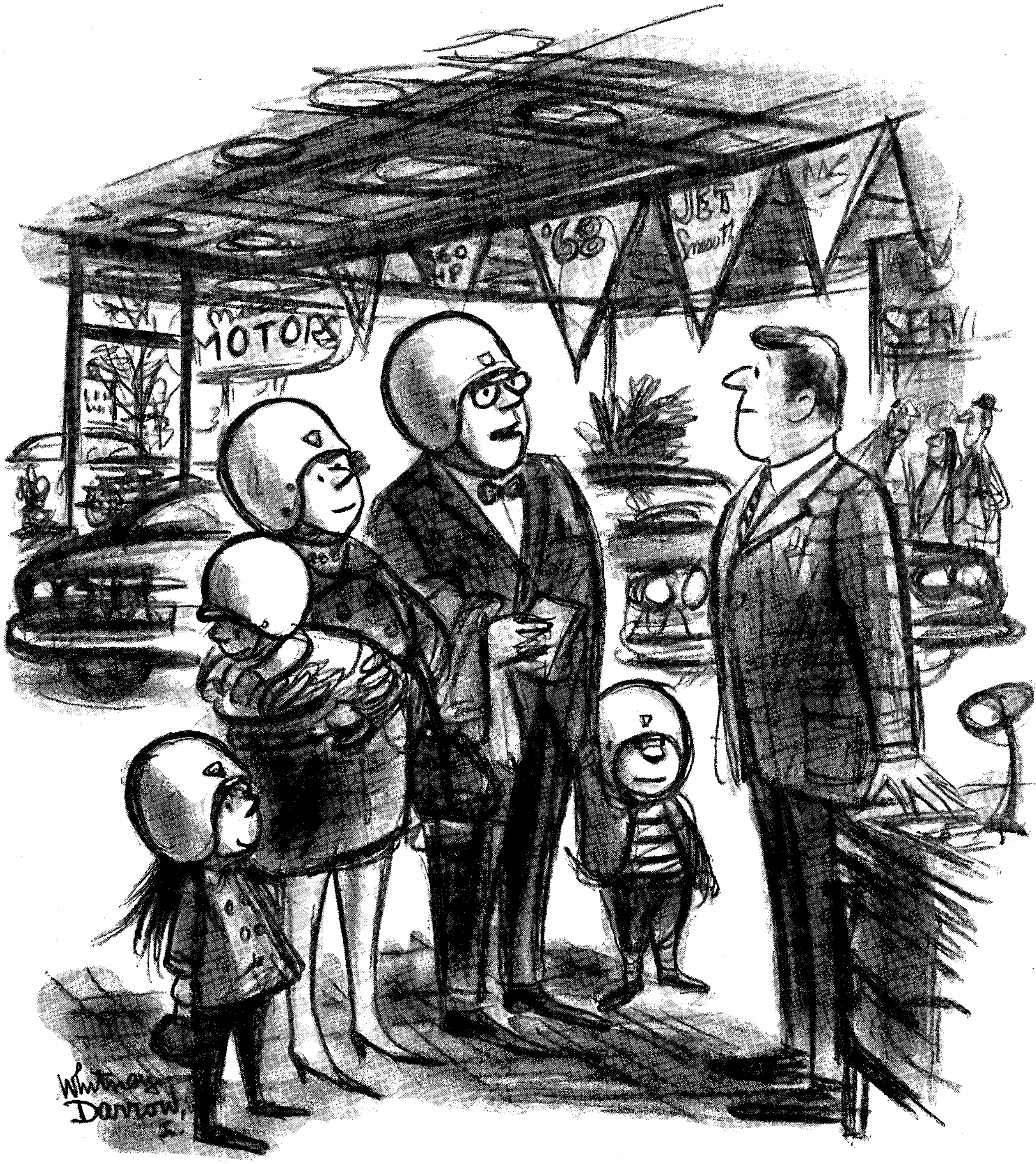
He kissed her.

"Oh, watch it, I'll spill my drink." She put it down and put her arms around his neck. "The wrong time and the wrong place," she said. "What's that song?"

"Not applicable."

"You know, I'm amazed at myself. Before dinner! I could get very used to this. It's sort of frightening."

Just then a band in the ballroom on



“We’re interested in looking at a four-door sedan, and I ought to warn you that we’re a very safety-minded family.”

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the floor below struck up a loud fox-trot, and their floor began shaking as the conventioneers and their wives started to dance. Julie giggled.

“Mirth is the death of sex,” Bill said. “At least on the tactical level.”

“We may as well go have dinner,” said Julie.

“WHAT I’d really like to do is stop travelling around every day and find some quiet little place on one of the fjords and stay there for a few days,” Julie said the next morning.

“Do we have enough time?”

“Well, why don’t we see if we can find a place and then we’ll decide whether we do or not.”

They drove south and out along the fjords to the end, to Molde, where they sat in the sun at a sidewalk café and had lunch.

Julie picked the bread off the top of her sandwich. “Oh, there’s no mustard,” she said. “*Why* didn’t they put any mustard on it?”

Suddenly she got up. “I’m just going off for a minute. I’ll be right back,” she said.

“Where are you going?”

“I just have to go off for a minute, that’s all. I did so want mustard on my sandwich.”

“I did want a little bit of butter for my bread,” Bill said softly.

Julie walked down the street and turned the corner.

Bill wondered where she could be going. He sat at the café table in the sun. Twenty minutes passed and she did not come back. He began to feel uneasy. They had been getting along too well. The trouble was it was so natural to be together. I like her very much, he thought, but I don't love her. That's the trouble. Or maybe I love her very much but I don't like her. "Oh, shut up," he said to himself, and realized he hadn't been talking. Julie wasn't entirely rational. She still hadn't come back. Perhaps she had flung herself into the fjord. Bill had a vision of this and realized she was capable of it, and for a moment he had a clear picture of what their situation might look like if Julie did something rash like that. "OXFORD GIRL STUDENT FLEES AMERICAN ABDUCTOR."

Just then Julie sat down at the table.

"Where were you?"

"I just had to go away by myself for a few minutes," she said.

They crossed the fjord on the ferry and drove east along its southern shore. As it was getting dark, they came upon a small hotel on the shore that seemed to promise the quiet they were looking for. It was close to the water and they were given a room with a window that opened onto the fjord. Under the window there was a boat dock with a rowboat tied to it. They could hear the boat slapping against the waves.

They went downstairs to get some dinner. The hotel was rustic, panelled in knotty pine. The only person there was the old woman who had shown them their room. Bill thought they could stop there for a few days and not be disturbed. There would be no question of communicating with anyone else, and curiosity would be turned back at the language barrier.

The old woman came up to their table. "What can I do for you?" she said, in perfect English.

Julie's face fell.

"We'd like to order something to eat," Bill said.

"I'll show you the menu. We have hamburgers if you'd like them. Are you an American?" she asked Bill. "Is your wife American, too?"

"No, she's English," Bill said weakly.

"I used to live in America," said the woman. "I lived in Pittsburgh all during the war, with my children. That's where I learned English."

"You speak it very well," Bill said.

That night, they thought they could hear the old woman outside in the hall, listening to them.

"The bed squeaks," said Julie. "So much for our retreat."

THEY left the little hotel the next day, drove inland to the main highway, and turned south. The road was high up and ran through the mountains. The air was thin. Bill drove very fast. He pressed the accelerator right down to the floor. They were doing eighty-five or ninety, and the rush of wind past them submerged all other noises. Bill remembered reading somewhere the phrase "travel as an aphrodisiac," or "the aphrodisiac of travel." Speed and travel both, he thought. But when a trip ended, it should end. He wanted to be back at Oxford right then. It was like a party. When you were ready to go home, you wanted to be home. He and Julie were turning into pumpkins or mice.

There was a large hotel off to the right, up under the base of a mountain. Bill turned off sharply and drove the quarter mile up to it and stopped.

"Are we stopping?" Julie said.

"I've got to have a drink," Bill said. He was cold and his hands were shaking.

"You shouldn't ever have to have a drink. Certainly not at eleven in the morning."

"I don't usually, but for some reason I do now. You don't mind too much, do you?"

"No," she said.

The hotel was in a ski area, active in winter but empty now. They went in and saw no one. They walked into a lounge on the left, and Bill rang a little bell on one of the tables. A girl appeared from the back of the hotel.

"Could we get a drink?"

"Yes."

"What would you like, Julie?"

"I don't think I really want anything. Oh, I'll have a Coca-Cola."

"I'd like a double whiskey, please," Bill said.

The girl brought the drinks, and Bill took a large swallow. He could feel it relax him immediately. It wasn't like having a social drink at all.

"I needed that badly," he said.

"Did you really?" said Julie. "Why?"

"I had the strangest feeling out there on the road, as if we were about to take off into the sky, as if we were about to disappear. I've never felt that before. Look, I'm still trembling." He held his drink out at arm's length.

"That's sort of the way I felt yesterday," Julie said. "It's too bad we can't get our feelings coördinated."

They sat for a minute in silence.

"What is there to say about man in this century?" Bill said. "He fornicated and read the newspapers."

"Oh, that's horrible."

"It's Camus. He says it in 'The Fall.' Or he has his character say it. I never could figure out whether Camus was speaking for himself or whether that character was some sort of joke. And I never will know, I guess. Have you read any Camus?"

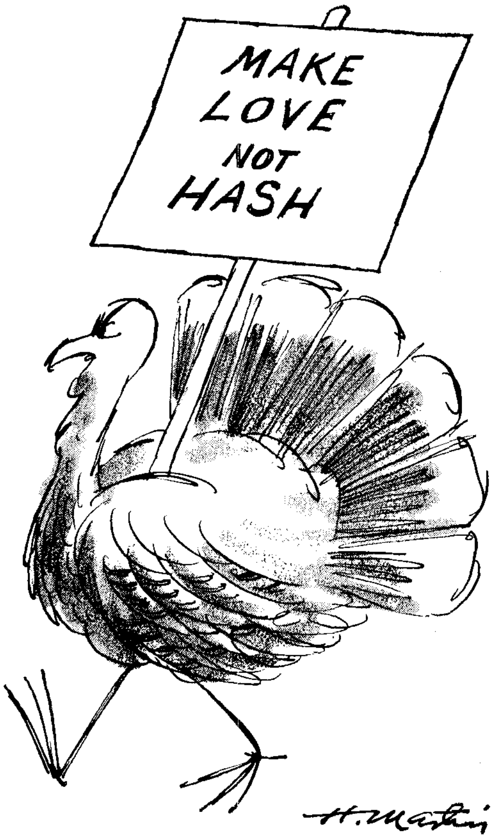
"I failed French prelims," said Julie, "as you know."

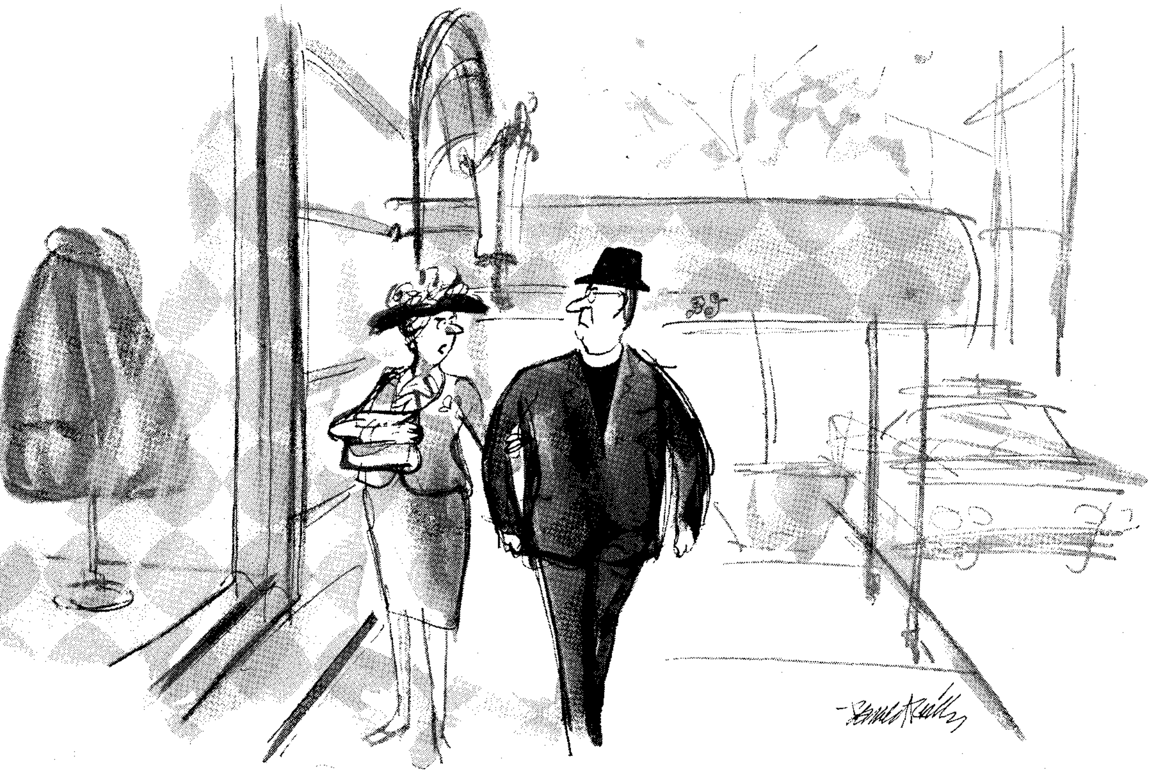
"You ought to read it anyway. A girl sent me that book a few years ago. She didn't sign it or send a letter, but I knew who it was from because it was sent from Wanamaker's in Philadelphia and I only knew one girl in Philadelphia. It was very intense of her, but I didn't know whether it was supposed to be an indictment or a joke. Someday I'd like to look her up and find out, but she got married and I don't know her married name."

"I sympathize with her," said Julie.

"How do you mean that?"

"Oh, I don't know, but I'm sure





"*It's not my neighbor's goods. It's Bergdorf Goodman's goods.*"

• •

she had her reasons. Besides, I believe in women of the world unite."

"Oh?"

"You know, I think I'd like a drink," Julie said.

She ordered a whiskey, and the girl brought it.

"You know," she said, "I think you're not really very responsible, Bill. You're not really very mature."

"*I'm* not mature, for God's sake. You're only twenty."

"I don't think age has anything to do with it. I mean, you just don't seem to be focussed on anything. You ought to be back in Oxford working. You really ought to have done that instead of coming on this trip."

"Don't judge me. I don't like to be judged. How do you know? Look, I suppose we ought to go back now, don't you?"

"Oh, yes. I should do *some* work before term, shouldn't I. I think I'll go right up to Oxford, though. That way I'll avoid seeing Roger in London."

"Who's Roger?"

"Oh, a friend. Well, more than that. This time two summers ago, we were engaged. You know, he's the only other man I've ever been to bed with."

"When was that?" Bill hadn't known about any past on her side.

"Well, it was before. Anyway, we were in love—or something. I was in love. Or I thought I was. I hadn't got into Oxford the first try. Roger was doing quite well in London. We got engaged. I wasn't quite sure, but it seemed like the logical thing. He was a friend of my brother's and all. Then for weeks he didn't call and no one knew where he was. One day I was in the car and stopped at a traffic light and he pulled up beside me. I blew the horn and we rolled down the windows. He yelled out, 'Julie, I've been seeing a psychiatrist. Can't talk now, but I'll ring you.' I went home and he did. He said his psychiatrist said he wasn't ready to be married. Well, it was a blow, of course. I didn't know what to do. All my friends had gone up to Oxford or Cambridge. So I started seeing a psychiatrist, too. He didn't help me much. I didn't really have any problems we could get our teeth into. That winter I did get into Oxford and went up and it's all been as if it never happened."

"You know, I thought I was the first," Bill said. "The first since you got out of school."

"Well, you're the first for all practical purposes, the first person I've felt anything about since Roger. Does it matter?"

"Well, no, I don't suppose so," Bill said. He didn't know whether it did or not.

WHEN they got to Oslo, they were unable to get space on any of the car ferries leaving from Norway. They drove on to Göteborg and took the ferry from there. They sat on the top deck bundled up in their deck chairs and watched the low Swedish coast.

"When we get back to Oxford," Julie said, "I'll give a drinks party. I simply have to give a party. You know, I owe so many people. Besides, I've been to all those little ginny parties Joanna Tilton-Spencer has on Sundays."

"Her parties are a bore," Bill said.

"You seem to have been to enough of them."

"She keeps that damned Teddy bear on her bed and then serves gin. It's always seemed so contradictory. I mean, she should do one or the other, but not both."

"I'll give my party at night," Julie said. "I can wear my new long skirts from Quant's. Susan will go in on it with me and you can be host."

That night in the ship's bar, Bill said, "There's something I should say to you."

"What?" Julie didn't look at him.

"You don't think anything can come of this, do you? I mean, I don't think I can be host at your party, for instance. I have to go back to the States next year and all. And after all, I'm not the first and so I won't be the last."

"Don't say it. How could that make any difference to you? No. . . . I didn't think anything. . . . I mean, what should I be thinking?"

"Oh, I don't know," Bill said. "This was just a trip, wasn't it? I mean, you didn't have anything to do for the vacation and we had sort of planned to do something."

"Yes, that's right," said Julie. "It was just a trip."

—MICHAEL McNEVIN

•

Perhaps to show that he can play music written before 1900, Peltzer also played Schubert's posthumous Sonata in B flat ("posthumous" means he wrote it after he was dead). Curiously, this was the least interesting work on the program.—*Samuel L. Singer in the Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Not to us.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

AMERICAN DIARY

JANUARY 20, 1966. NEW YORK. America reached by sea. This situation is in a sense similar to that of Christopher Columbus, and one should not penetrate America too far or too deeply but imitate the celebrated discoverer. A slight touch on the edge produces the best results. If one only stays on the fringe, people will remember one and give one's name to universities.

JANUARY 21. Down to Washington, D.C., by car. I am terribly occupied with adjusting my sense of distance. The vastness of this continent makes me think with excessive sympathy of the nice, cozy, secure claustrophobia of Europe.

JANUARY 22. WASHINGTON, D.C. Here, in this huge city, I am more than ever frightened of the world called "wide" by common folk and optimistic philosophers. More intelligent people know that it is just round. But my problem is how to find myself (Leopold Tyrmand, of Warsaw, Poland) in an absolutely new notion of dimension. The hugeness swallows a human being. Nothing can be reached with God-given members only; it is necessary to get something more, from Ford or General Motors. But how many members, and what kind, can we get from even the most powerful industry in the world? Such prospects are rather limited, thank God.

In the afternoon, a ride to Accokeek, Maryland. The name and the landscape might well have come from the tales of Fenimore Cooper. "Read the classics, boy," one of my uncles used to repeat. It's good that America already has some classics. One feels immediately at home with a classic.

JANUARY 23. A large proportion of Washington's policemen are Negroes. They patrol the streets, watch federal buildings and most neural centers of administration; Negro policemen regulate the traffic and issue passes to important executive offices and points of political significance. Of course, they are well armed; revolvers, clubs, and other symbols of a policeman's authority and strength hang loosely on them.

It's these simple, sometimes overlooked facts that amaze a European. I said to an American friend, "But look, he is armed"—pointing at a Negro policeman.

"Obviously, a policeman is armed," he answered.

It's not so obvious to Europeans, considering that the policeman belongs to an ethnic minority group that is regarded as persecuted, oppressed, or, at the least, deprived of equal rights. Europeans have for centuries had minority problems, too, and no one ever saw a Ukrainian or a Jewish policeman in prewar Poland, or can see today an Italian policeman in the French Savoy, an Austrian policeman in the Italian Tyrol, or a Hungarian policeman in the Rumanian Banat. There are certain "mistakes" Europeans never make. A minority group gets arms only when it is no longer a minority or when its feelings of persecution and injustice—so dangerous in moments of anger and revolt—are beyond any doubt rooted out.

But maybe I don't really know anything about the Negro problem here?

JANUARY 25. The roads are cleaned up and neat, but the sidewalks are covered with ice and snow. I nearly break my ankles with every step. But on the road are many cars, and on the pavement there's only me. I alone try Connecticut Avenue by foot.

JANUARY 26. A huge ad on the back of a bus shows a gentleman looking with concern at his watch: "What do you do when your chauffeur quits? Ride D.C. Transit. Comfortable—Convenient—Economical."

JANUARY 27. Mr. S., from the Experiment in International Living, wants me to speak on television—"educational" TV. An interview. I wonder what I could say on an educational program. E.I.L. is an organization devoted to rather Y.M.C.A.-Boy Scout ideals, and Mr. S. does not seem to be well informed about my books, my involvement in jazz, or the political intricacies of Eastern Europe. He is a quiet, nice middle-aged New Englander who does not react enthusiastically to what I say. But I agree to an interview in two days.

JANUARY 28. "We Americans are simple," someone said to me.

A bit too hastily, I answered, "It is a very noble virtue in the contemporary world, which sickens us with its complexity. Your pragmatism considers simplicity an advantage, not a drawback—that if something can be simplified it works better . . ." I saw that my enthusiasm for American simplicity did not please my companion. "But—" I floundered. "You tend to every kind of simplification. When you look at life in Communist countries, you see societies either as full-blooded Communist societies or as societies fully enslaved by the Communists. But reality is more complex, and afterward you wonder why you did not understand what was going on. . . ." At this point, I felt he had lost interest in our conversation. His reply was merely polite.

JANUARY 29. In the morning, on the bus, a girl sitting next to me pulled a book from her bag and started to read it—"Three Ways of Thought in Ancient China."

The TV interview. What a surprise! Mr. S. metamorphosed himself from a somnolent Boy Scout into a whimsical *causeur* whose perverse remarks made every answer easy, a man of sophisticated opinions on jazz, political conformity, and striptease. The interview winged its way. There's something terribly American in the transformation of Mr. S.

JANUARY 30. No complaints about the blizzard from Washingtonians; they are now one up in their perennial competition with New York. New York recently had an electricity blackout and a crippling transportation strike, which plunged Washington into a deep inferiority complex. With the biggest snowstorm in forty-four years, Washington regains its feet.

JANUARY 31. Americans are ferociously exact, especially where a man's name and profession are concerned. They don't enjoy the gradual discovery of another person. They ask straight out.

"What is your name, please?"

"Tyrmand."

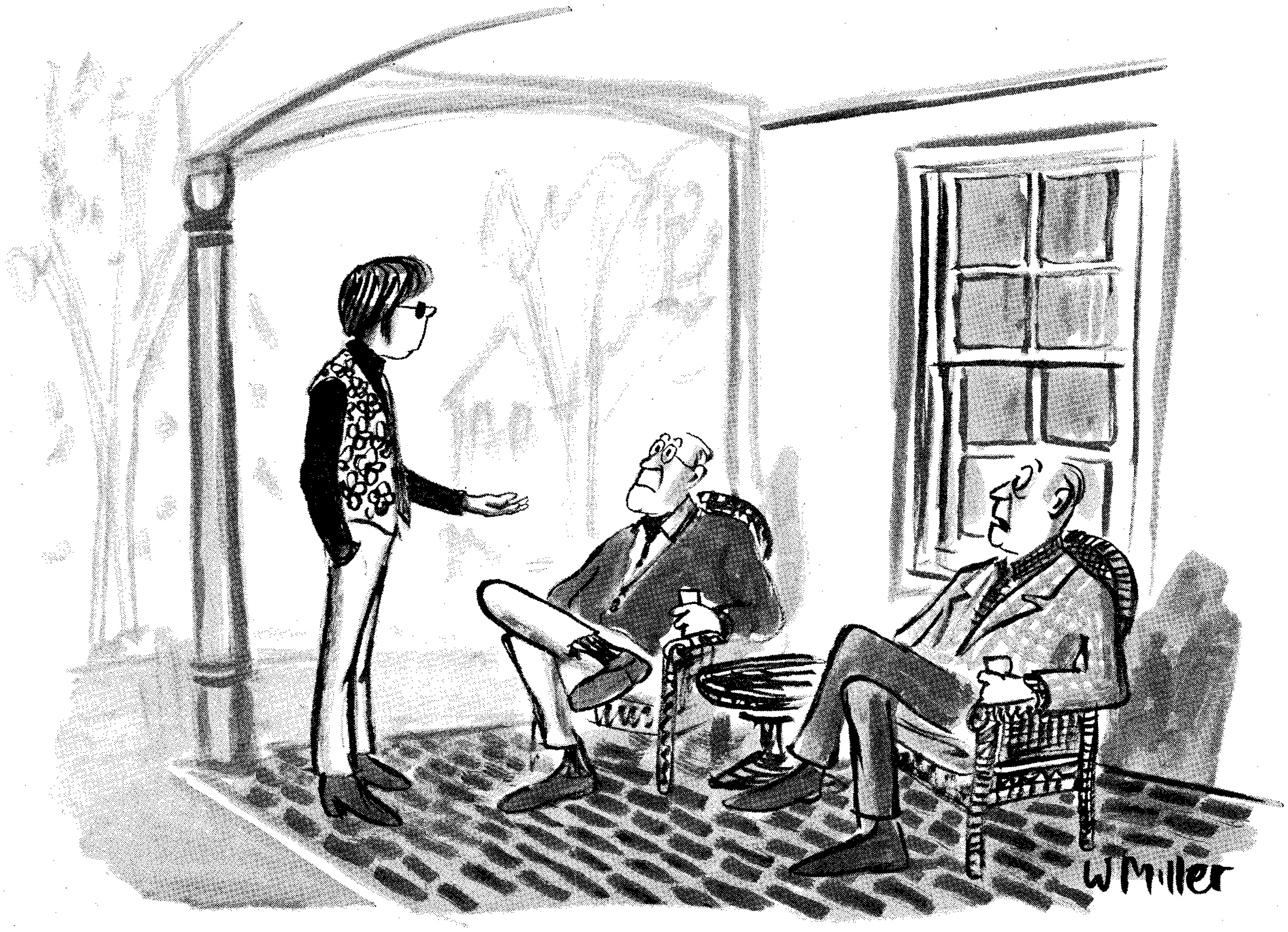
"Would you be so kind as to spell it?"

I spell it.

"How do you pronounce it?"

I pronounce it. And so on, the whole evening long.

In Europe, when a name is indis-



"Good Lord, no! He isn't my kid! I thought he was yours."

• •

tinct, we do not insist. We assume if someone does not make his name clear enough he must have a reason. After all, we can always ask the host, if it is really important. But here in America the name has some mystical appeal. An amazing number of novels, plays, movies have plots built on the fascinating intrigue involved in the changing of a name.

"What is your name?" asks the decent hero, having the murderer at gunpoint.

"Wardsworth Cullough," answers the villain, with trembling lips.

"You liar!" shouts the hero triumphantly. "Your name is Moriarty McClapham!" And he kills him. Everyone nods approvingly—on the screen and in the audience—for what a sin and what incredible abjectness it is to change one's name! It's astonishing how strong the aristocratic mythos of a name is in this democratic society.

"You are a writer, aren't you?"

"Oh, you might say so."

"Well, are you, or aren't you?"

"In a sense."

It's always most embarrassing to explain that in Europe writing is considered more a vocation than a profession. If someone is entirely sure he is a writer, we have some doubt as to whether he really is. Here the art of conversation without the burden of exactitude is little known; Americans ignore the pleasure of remarks that are of little concern to anyone. I had to elaborate a method of defense.

"What do you like best in America?"

"America."

The odd inaccuracy of that statement clearly impresses every collocutor. He or she smiles but does not withdraw. "And what do you dislike most here?"

"America."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Let's make it more precise—too much of America."

His or her face expresses a certain discomfort. He or she asks if I would like another drink, and disappears into the crowd. I hear from a remote corner, "What a strange fellow . . . so difficult to converse with . . ." But in my opinion I was unquestionably accurate.

FEBRUARY 2. Dinner in a suburban home. Marvellous old Persian pottery, old Persian rugs, and old Persian miniatures. Diplomats, congressmen, lawyers. Open-minded, liberal, enlightened, democratic, anti-segregationist, and wealthy. But not embittered. Bitterness has always seemed to me a special privilege of every social élite, and lack of it a sign of superficiality. But I may be wrong; there is nothing more deceptive than the appearance of superficiality. One guest entertained me with a long speech about elective monarchy in seventeenth-century Poland. He knew much more about it than I.

There are no monuments to Kosciusko and Pulaski in Warsaw, but there are monuments to them in Washington.

FEBRUARY 3. Washington's monuments: One exemplifies a most significant defeat of the European scale of values. It's an unimpressive slab of stone, a memorial to one of the United States' greatest Presidents. The words inscribed are:

In September 1941 President Franklin Delano Roosevelt called his friend, Su-

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Germaine Monteil

preme Court Justice Frankfurter, to the White House and asked the Justice to remember the wish he then expressed:

> "If any memorial is erected to me, I know exactly what I should like it to be. I should like it to consist of a block about the size of this (putting his hand on his desk) and placed in the center of that green plot in front of the Archives Building. I don't care what it is made of, whether limestone or granite or whatnot, but I want it plain, without any ornamentation, with the simple carving, 'in memory of—' ".

A small group of living associates of the President, on April 12, 1965, the twentieth anniversary of his death, fulfilled his wish by providing and dedicating this modest memorial.

The virtue of modesty is not as rare among great statesmen as many believe. Yet I can imagine the discussions and arguments should someone like to commemorate Gladstone, Bismarck, Clemenceau, or Lenin in the same way. He would be swept away in a storm of indignation. Evidence of one more facet of American simplicity: the greatness of simplicity itself.

FEBRUARY 4. NEW ORLEANS. To New Orleans by air. In a full bus, on Tulane Avenue, a Negro girl remained standing rather than sit next to me. I felt segregated for the first time since the Nazis left Poland. *Le racisme à rebours*? And who, in this case, was the victim? I, whose admiration for the New Orleans Negroes and their contribution to the culture of the twentieth century led me to write a book about them. But how could this girl know of that? The whole history of racial persecution and collective responsibility applied to me as well.

Le Vieux Carré, on Friday evening. Beauty and genuineness are canned. Originality, stylishness, and the picturesque were given by history and nature, but the Americans could not check themselves from editing them, making them up. This city has a real treasure—something the rubbish guidebooks call "romantic" or "pictorial." Now it has been made false. In its carefully prepared and preserved authenticity, a unique, colorful tradition has been packaged and wrapped like some delicious food.

FEBRUARY 5. Not all is canned beauty in New Orleans. Last evening, I took part in something truly touching, something trueborn and unstained. Some sexagenarians played jazz in Preservation Hall, on St. Peter Street. *Sheer joy and sheer serenity!* Meet the Legend! The characters in

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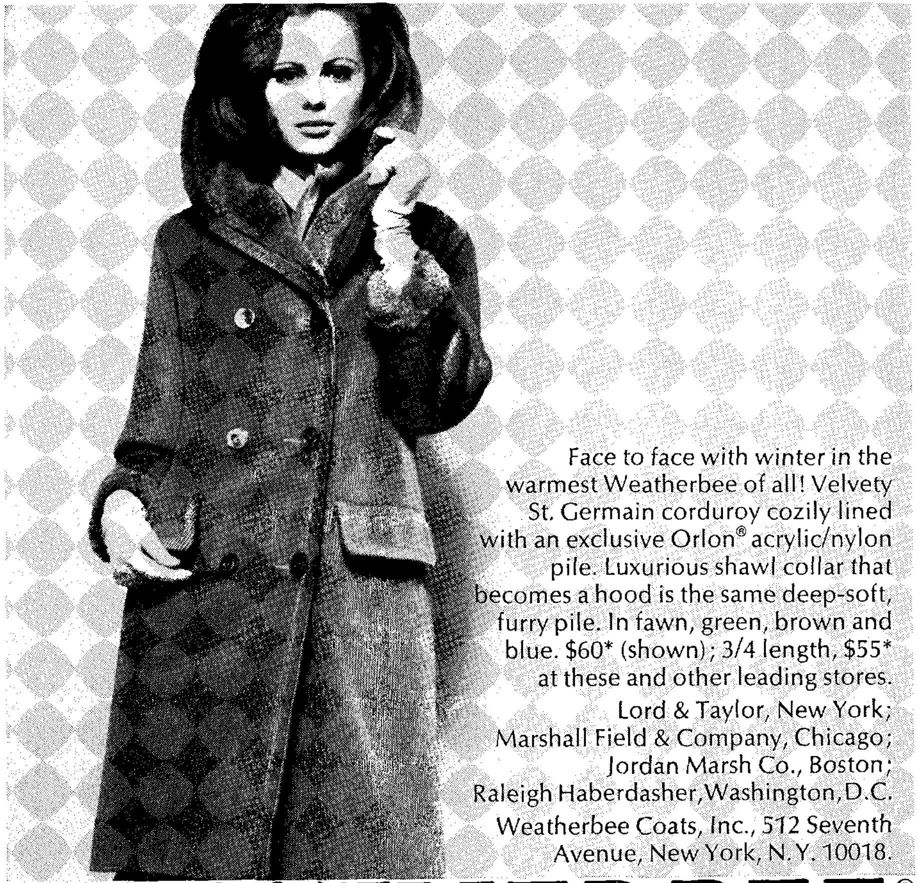

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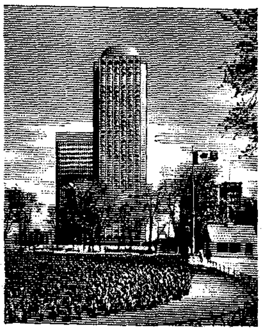
The place is built to last, in the fashion of such fine old inns as the Plaza in New York, Claridge's in London, the Bristol and the Plaza-Atheneé in Paris. The bar, called Les Mariniers, is deep in old-club wood, brass, and leather. Off the main lobby, Le Tournebroche, into which I stumbled one night, is a marvelous creation of the French provinces—whole hams roasting in chains, waiters in white cook's coats, and bakers rolling out dough for bread served individually to each table.

Sleek, slender, and lofty as it is, Le Château Champlain is [illegible] highest of the new [illegible]

Horace Sutton, Travel Editor, Saturday Review



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the Legend—George Lewis and others—blow their clarinets and cornets with dignity and wisdom. They produce simple and noble music, pure in its intentions, and, if not always inventive and immaculate in phrasing, then always magical in its elemental artistry, tenderness, and wit. I'm helpless when I want to describe it; it is not possible to describe sincere emotional experience. "Just a closer walk with thee . . ." brings tears into everybody's eyes. Aged ladies in minks sit with effort on the dirty floor as the band breaks into "Jada."

FEBRUARY 6. Strange feeling of familiarity! I wander along North Rampart Street, admiring the warm beauty of daub in the church of Our Lady of Guadelupe, and stroll through Congo Square, Canal Street, and Basin Street, and around St. Louis Cemetery. I wrote a book about this city, never having been here. Now I recognize well-known places never before seen. A burying ground and the ruins of Storyville, with its memories of bygone pleasures, lie side by side. Jazz, which in Europe is a symbol either of passion or of joy or of spiritual freedom or of cultural independence, is here like oxygen. Or like the Creole gumbo I ate with Sandra and Allan Jaffe, the owners of Preservation Hall and real appreciators of the spell of this city. Here jazz and gumbo alone are superb, unique, and natural. Of course, now the big stream of progressive creativity in jazz is far, far away—and replaced here by bad, suspect painting, dull galleries, and boring, second-hand artistic *bohème*. But what was done in this town in the last eighty years will never pour out of it; the names of the French Quarter, Bourbon Street, and St. James Infirmary echo in the consciousness of our century. And, last, there are very few museums in the world where part of a brothel is proudly exhibited. A carriage stone from Mme. Lulu White's *maison de tolérance* decorates the New Orleans Jazz Museum and evokes nostalgia. If we note that Miss White's house was torn down but a few years ago, the unique importance of New Orleans in contemporary civilization strikes us with force.

FEBRUARY 8. Everyone smiles at you in America; it is a social feature. Everyone, with the exception of the hotel staff. They grin sometimes, but this grin makes people shiver.

FEBRUARY 9. HOUSTON. The most exhausting feature of America is the manner of communication. Americans ignore our general European

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principle for communicating important matters—the rule that not all is to be said. There are things—mainly wishes—that we do not express but, rather, make felt. To Americans one has to speak directly. Allusion, which constitutes the only possible means of accepting before being asked, or without having to be asked, is unknown. If you want to be invited to an American's home, you must tell him so—something that in Europe is unthinkable.

FEBRUARY 10. Luncheon in the Hotel Rice with the Houston Rotary Club—the largest branch of International Rotary, I'm informed. Splendid hall, some three hundred people, choral singing, speeches—all around, the specific accent of American heartiness and valiant joking. But . . . The lights go down slowly, the star-spangled banner streams proudly, encouraged with unsophisticated efficiency by a silent fan, the audience sings the anthem. At once, I have the impression of facing an organized, enormous strength. An almost military power emanates from these middle-class, suburban, downtown-minded executives, associate managers, assistant directors—a conscious, disciplined, social might, differently constructed from that in totalitarian regimes but probably the only kind that could successfully resist any encroachment from right or left. I thought: How fascinating to see middle-class executive directors looking dangerous and fierce although standing in rank! Even under Communism, a director looks miserable out of his office.

One of my table partners asked if there were Rotary Clubs in Poland. I answered, "No, for today Poland is ruled by Communists."

He said, "Ah, I see." After a while, he asked, "What, then, is the substitute for Rotary?"

"Look . . ." I started, but I took pity on his helpless devotion to the Rotarian cause and wanted to comfort him, so I said, "We had a Polish Y.M.C.A. for a while after the war. But it was liquidated in 1949."

His brow was marked by intense reflection. "And now," he asked pointedly, "what is the substitute for the Y.M.C.A.?"

I had to withdraw.

FEBRUARY 11. On the University of Houston campus, I saw a group of students in passionate discussion in the middle of a lawn. I approached. They were speaking about God. Under Communism, even anti-Marxist students (except theological students, of course) never discuss God. Not because it is

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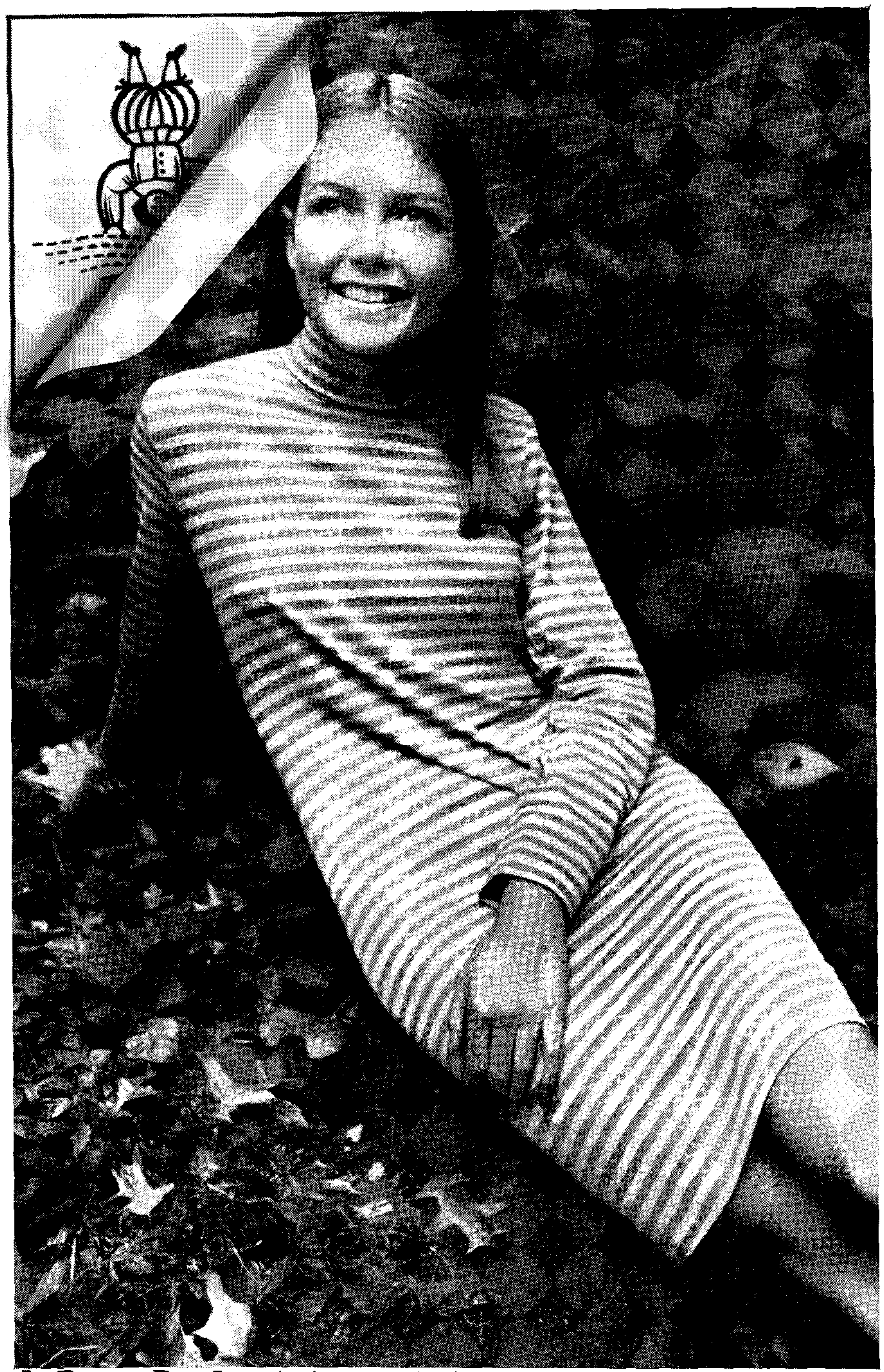

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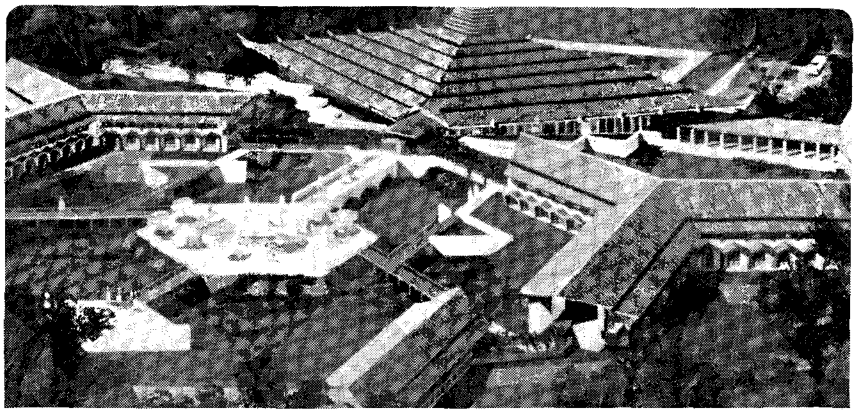

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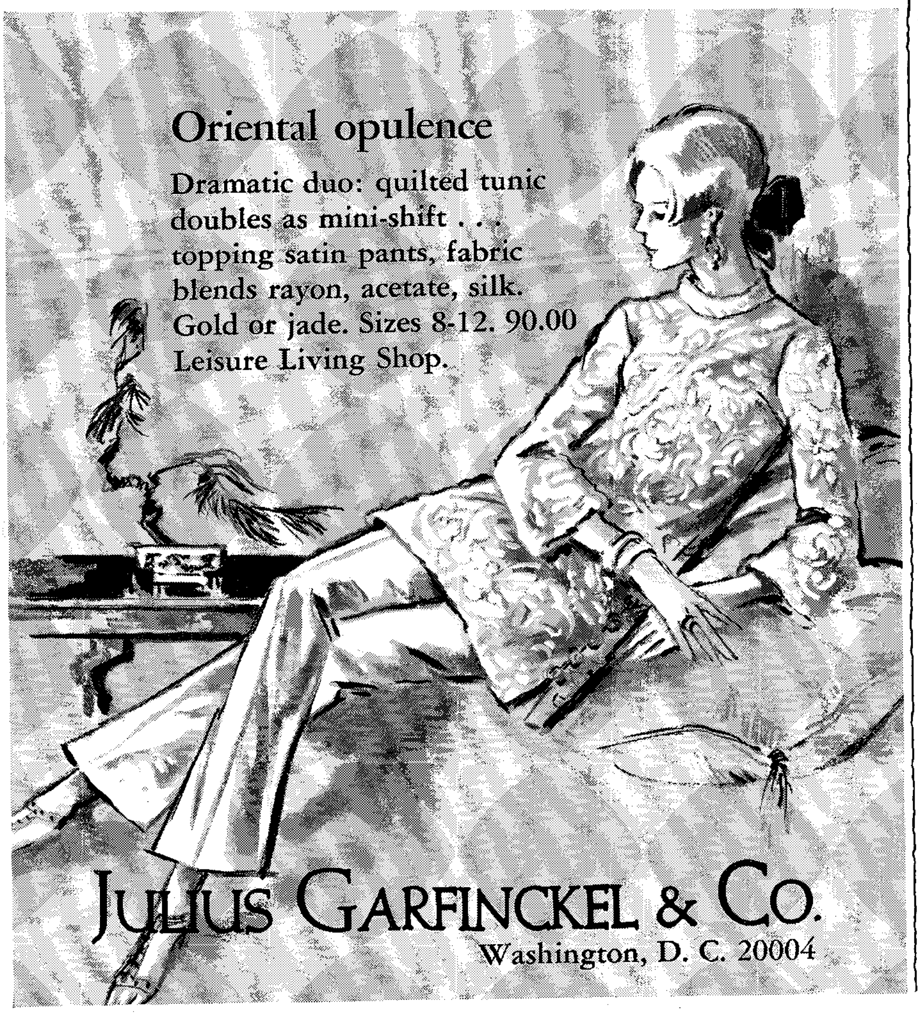

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forbidden but because they think it's a waste of time. God is not an immediate need for them; they need freedom, jazz, independent literature, and a pair of blue jeans.

FEBRUARY 12. In Houston, the past tense is out of use. The present tense is avoided. Everyone speaks only in the future. For example, trying to flatter my host, I say, "This steak is delicious."

"You have to come next year," he assures me. "You'll see what steaks we have in Texas."

In the Astrodome—the biggest covered room in the world—the guide repeats, "In our space age . . ." One must admit that it applies here much more than in Warsaw, Paris, or New York.

I attended the theatre in Houston. What a surprise! I saw Pirandello's "Right You Are If You Think You Are," presented by the Alley Theatre, on an arena stage, in such a delicate, inventive, and imaginative way, with such an exquisite balance of directing, acting, staging, and lighting, that even Jean Vilar, Peter Brook, and Warsaw's Contemporary Theatre might feel deep, corrosive envy.

FEBRUARY 14. Manned Spacecraft Center in Seabrook. What fascinates me is not the lunar landscape of the training grounds, or the rockets and equipment. I do not grasp much of it, and I am too immersed in what I don't understand on this globe to get involved in non-understanding the cosmos. When we drove through a suburban residential area—full of canned architectural beauty—my host pointed out to me a good-looking man who was in the middle of a bitter fight against a garden hose. "That's McDivitt," said my host. "From the Gemini flight." I don't know how Colonel McDivitt performed in space, but I can confirm beyond any doubt that he had serious difficulty mastering the mystical, fundamental force of a garden hose. We arrived at a private cocktail party. There were scientists (with wives), engineers (with wives), and wives (without astronauts). This was a real revelation. One may see a living Russian astronaut at press conferences, or in parades, but no one sees the living wife of a Russian astronaut (except in the newsreel); the wives are extremely well guarded, because, as women, they are obviously more inclined to boast of their husbands' space exploits than the astronauts themselves are. But what struck me most was that all these physicists and specialists in rocketry and gravitation spoke to me about films, the

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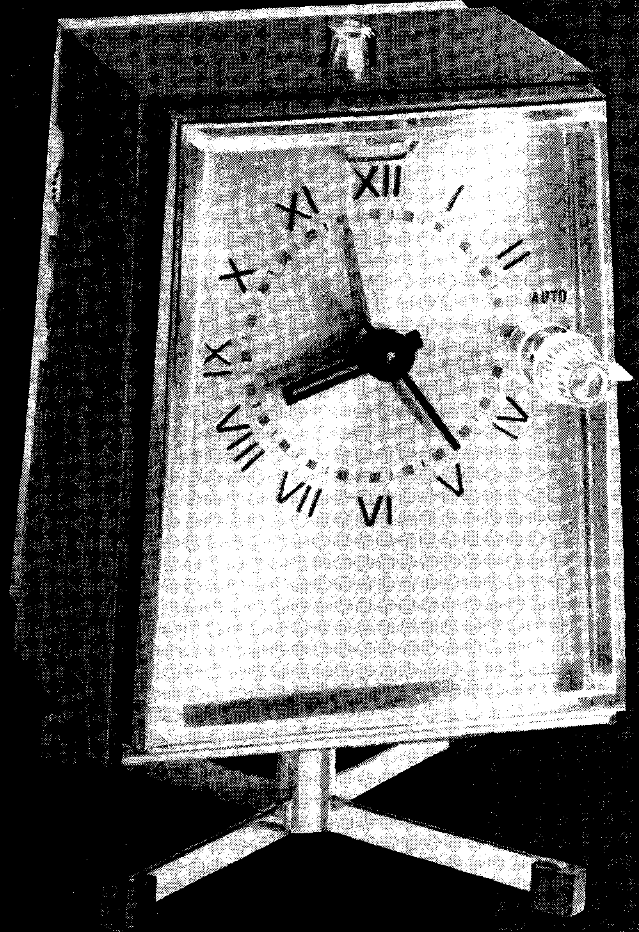

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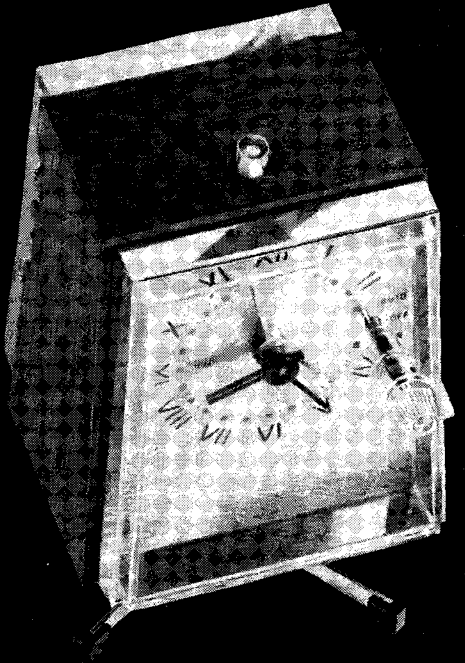

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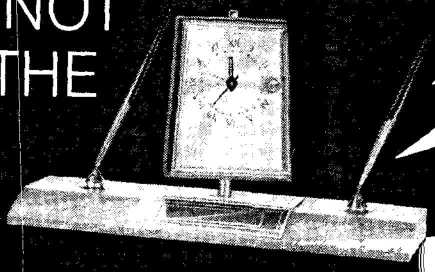

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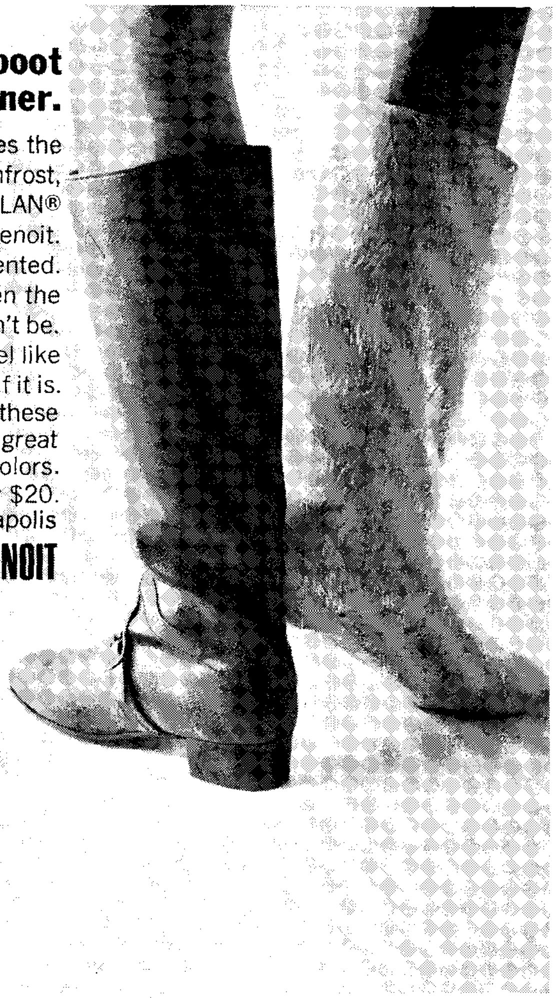

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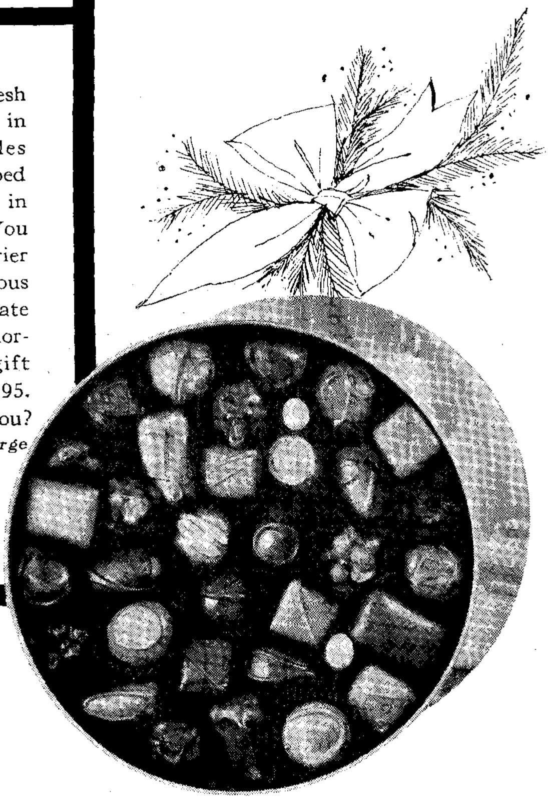

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theatre, the latest books of Bellow and Capote, and were better oriented vis-à-vis Cardinal Wyszyński's affairs than an average newspaperman in France. In Europe, for years, we have been discussing the intellectual limitations of scientists; they complain that they are barely able to follow all that concerns their own specialties, so how can they *know about Kafka? But these Americans* can. Every one of those wives is probably drowning in the maelstrom of bringing up six kids and still is damnably lettered. How do they manage? When do they get time?

FEBRUARY 15. SANTA FE. In this best of civilizations, the hotels are true ulcers.

As I was sitting on a bench in Santa Fe Plaza, in front of the old Spanish Palace of the Governors, an elderly gentleman in a black Stetson asked me a question. When I answered, in my underpolished English, he said, "You're from the North, aren't you? Illinois, or Michigan—right?"

I was flattered, as any foreigner is who is taken for a native.

FEBRUARY 16. I don't like stylization in architecture or art, but I have to admit that what has been done in Santa Fe makes sense. With time, it may create a new style, or a new art. The role of the Indians in this creative process reminds one of the Negroes' role in jazz. The wonderful, rich Indian sense of color, whose roots are genuinely imaginative rather than technological, brands all that is painted, carved, and woven here with the mark of *fresh inspiration. The churches* of San Miguel Mission and Cristo Rey are treasures of North American iconography. The symbiosis of primitive wood painting and naïve holy-figure carving with modern techniques has already had a novel effect on architecture and handicraft. With time, this may become the cradle of enormously valuable invention.

FEBRUARY 17. TAOS, TESUQUE, SAN ILDEFONSO. Four weeks in the United States convinces me that I am in the midst of the mightiest matriarchal society in history. American women are a frightening social, political, and moral force of a still undetermined range of influence. But in the pueblos I understood that this state of affairs might be reason for optimism. The Tewa Indians, once the powerful masters of the boundless Rio Grande Valley, forbade their women to enter the kiva—a place of honor in the middle of the pueblo, where men sat and smoked their pipes. And now where

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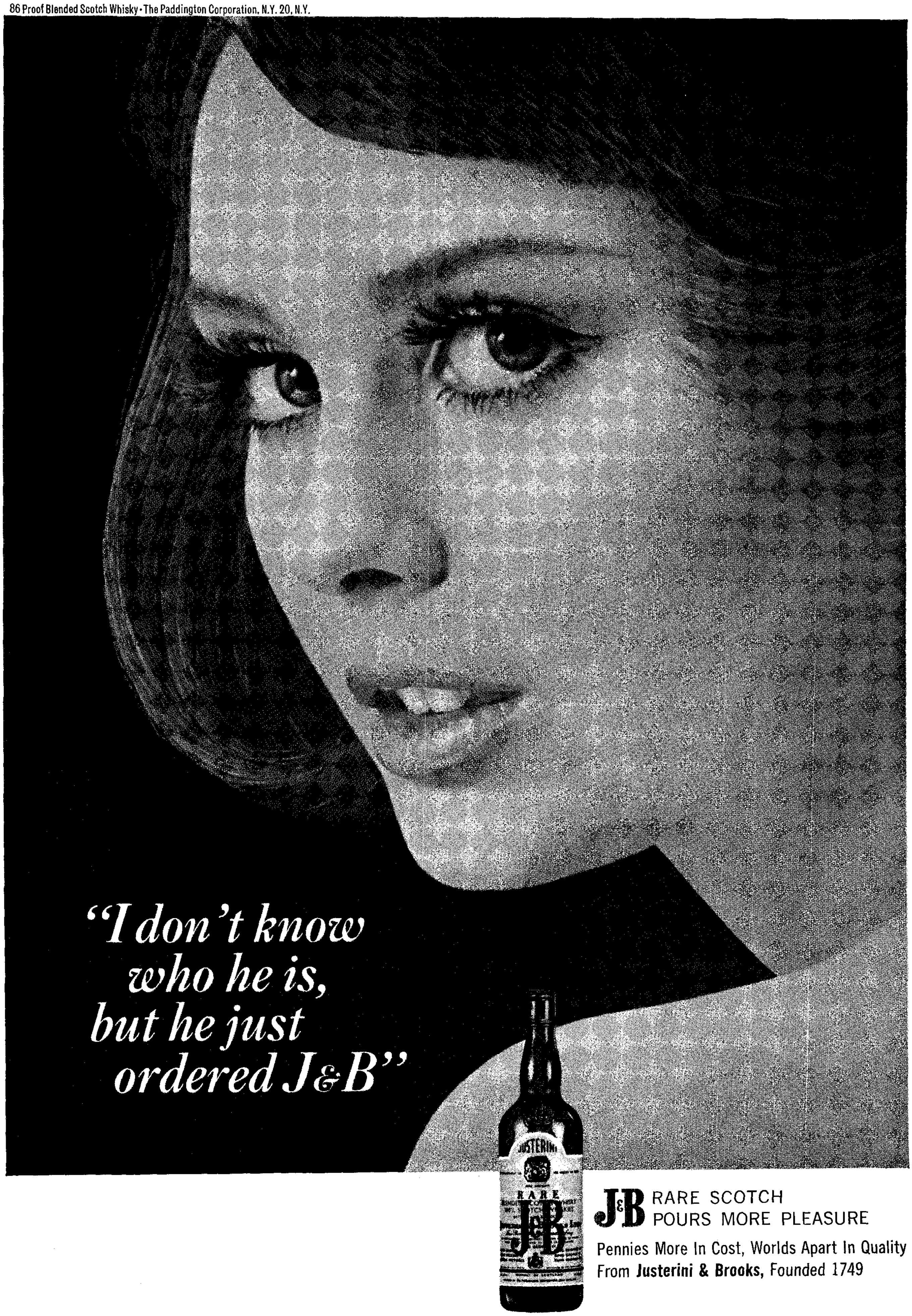
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are the Tewas? And where are the Americans, who humble themselves in front of every woman entering an elevator, and on the occasion of every divorce? The Muslims, once the rulers of half of Asia and Africa, considered (logically) a woman to be inferior; the Europeans considered her (quite idiotically) superior. The totally illogical result of the story is well known—and rather sad for the Muslims. In Zanzibar, women were not allowed to handle money, because it was believed that their touch made it dirty. In America, people (stupidly) give their salary to their wives. And who now has the Chase Manhattan Bank? The Zanzibarians?

FEBRUARY 18. I always believed that Texans were terribly anti-Mexican. It is not true. Everyone, a dedicated Birchite included, repeated to me in Houston, "You should go to San Antonio. There you really feel Mexican. Mexican food, Mexican women, Mexican atmosphere. Not like here." I felt saturated with pro-Mexican snobbery. For a while, I took pride in my own dark hair.

In Santa Fe, there's an analogous attitude toward the Indians. "His parents were real Pueblo Indians," a Waspish lady said to me during a party, indicating a handsome young painter, dressed in the best Greenwich Village style. The lady's voice was full of snobbish awe. I had an impression (maybe totally superficial) that "pampering" would be the right word to describe the non-Indians' treatment of the Indians. I may be wrong, and it would be enlightening to hear what the Indians have to say. Anyway, in Europe, and especially Eastern Europe, people believe that today's Indians are human wrecks filled with melancholic dignity as they squat in front of their miserable adobe huts, wrapped proudly in old blankets, or starve or get nostalgically drunk. The reality is, rather, what I saw in the lobby of La Fonda, the most elegant hotel in Santa Fe: an old Indian woman, not very well washed, lolling in the best leather armchair in the middle of the hall; in front of her, on the floor, a dirty (but stylish) cloth, and on it some tourist folk souvenirs; around her, wealthy ranchers in ten-gallon hats, smiling forbearingly, conciliatorily, and apologetically, as if visibly trying to forget what the woman's ancestors did to theirs, and vice versa. The Indians are the big fashion in the Southwest: they are referred to as "our forefathers;" their architecture and art are considered "our American art heritage;" women

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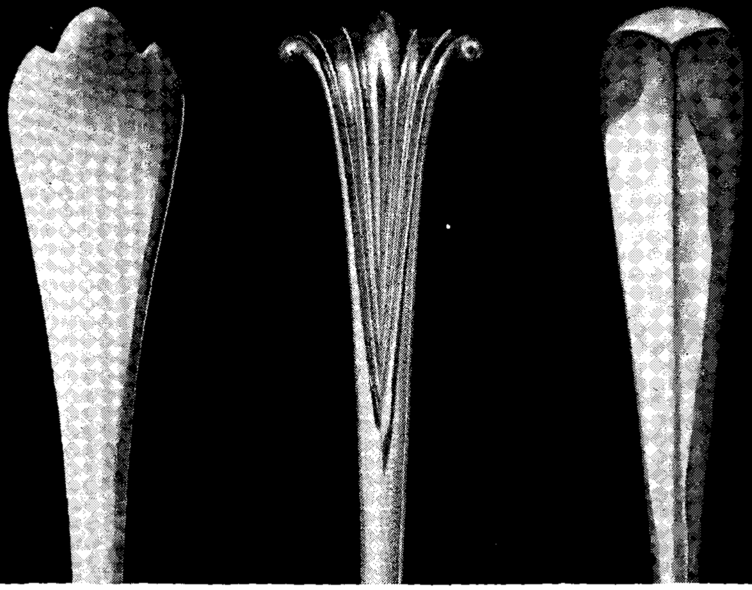

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FEBRUARY 20. PHOENIX. A dinner-party conversation.

A LADY: Are there cacti in Poland?

I: No. But we import them.

SHE: Why?

I: We use the needles for the sewing machines.

SHE: You're kidding.

I: Not at all. We are a small, backward, underdeveloped country.

SHE (*after serious thought*): Where do you get them? From Arizona?

I: No. From Soviet Russia, of course.

SHE: Have they cacti? In Russia?

I: No. But they manufacture them. Industrially.

SHE: Well, why not? Today, anything's possible.

We both had a slight touch of madness in our eyes after a while. But we learned something from our talk.

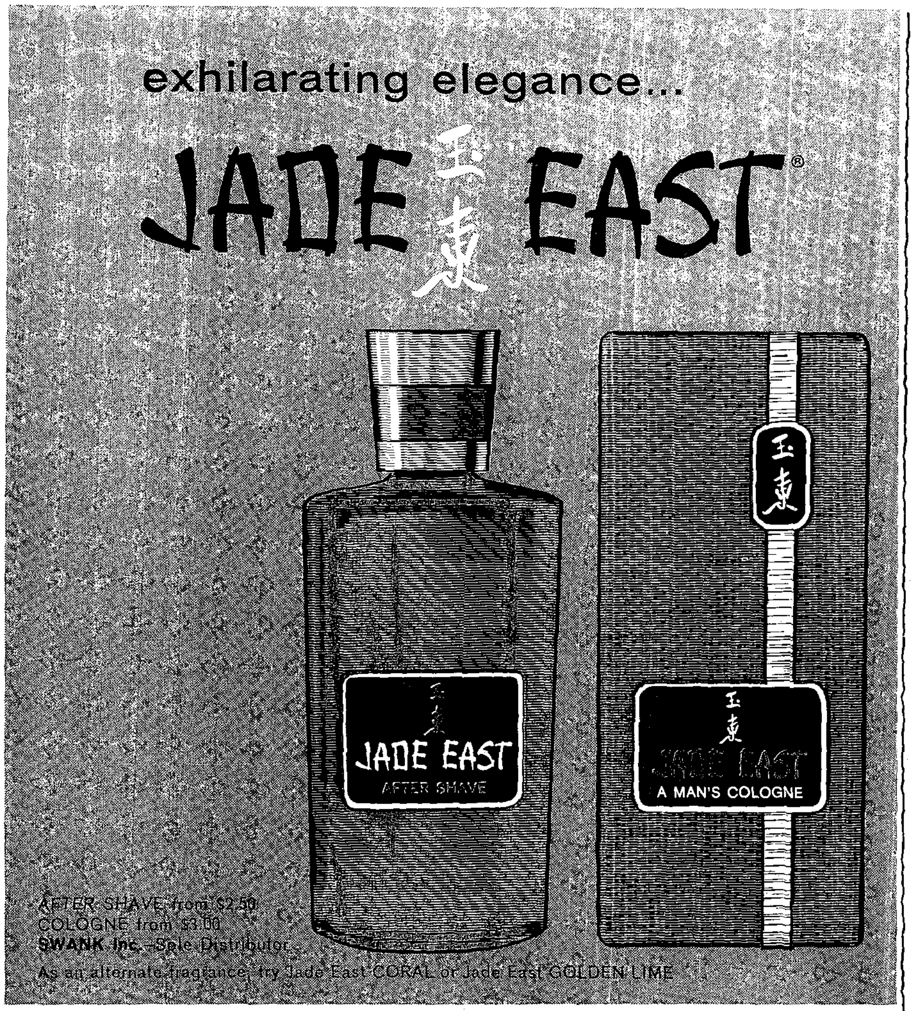
FEBRUARY 21. FLAGSTAFF, GRAND CANYON. I saw several interesting things. To enumerate:

(1) A TV broadcast of the discussion on Vietnam in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. I'm not a historian, but I can't recall a similar event in the world's political history: the leaders of a grand nation speaking simply and openly about the most crucial and complicated problems of the moment—as if they wished to feed the enemy propaganda. But in the United States you may say everything against the government, and it does no damage, whereas in a Communist state you can say nothing against the government, which harms it extremely.

(2) I went to see the Grand Canyon; it took me a day of travel by air and car to reach it. It is said that the Grand Canyon is Arizona's main tourist curiosity. One must admit it's a good-looking chasm, but generally I am not interested in nature for itself; ten minutes of admiration is enough for the greatest marvels, and then nature can be interesting only as a background for something else.

(3) I saw Hopi Indians dancing. The Indians may be the only race totally shaped by literature. Is there a better example of mendacious embellishment than what literature has done for the Indians? In reality, they are fat and funny, and have terribly thin arms; if that's so now, when they eat well, how must they have looked in the times when they ate poorly and were tubercular? Yet literature describes their statuary features and members.

(4) In Flagstaff's Greyhound station, two drunken Indians annoyed



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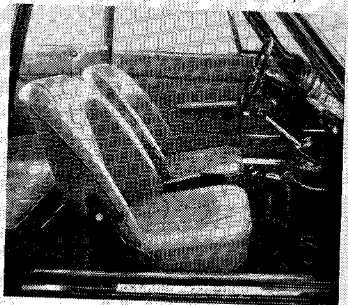

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everyone around but were nice to me; probably, in some metaphysical way, they recognized that I belong to another nation with a powerful alcoholic tradition. The principle works in reverse with the buses, which never stop where I am waiting; probably the drivers sense that I have the passport of a Marxist country in my pocket.

FEBRUARY 22. As I was about to leave Phoenix, a man I respect remarked, "You have found people here sympathetic because you belong to a struggling intellectual minority in your country, and we, too, are an intellectual minority struggling for something better." I agreed, with a sigh. The difference is that here they at least have a chance to win.

FEBRUARY 23. LOS ANGELES. In one of Émile Zola's novels, the hero stands at a window of a train approaching Paris; the hero contemplates the roofs of the capital and vows to master the city, to conquer it. He was fortunate not to come to Los Angeles. How could anyone hope to conquer a city where even decent sightseeing is impossible? Just leaving my hotel, I feel lost; the distance to the nearest drugstore is the same as that between two villages in France. One's helplessness in such vastness is paralyzing.

In a car with an attractive girl, I said, "Let's go somewhere out of town."

"But where?" she asked.

"Oh, no matter where," I said. "Where the city ends."

"Los Angeles never ends," she said firmly.

FEBRUARY 24. During a discussion of different social and political systems, a native Californian observed, "At last, we, the intellectuals, know that there exists neither the ideal nor the absolute. Every human construction is marked by human imperfection. The same applies to the political and social structures. This knowledge makes us philosophical."

I agreed. "Of course," I said. "One political system is no better or worse than the next. All are marked by human imperfection. Only, in some it's better not to mention it."

FEBRUARY 26. At a dinner party last evening, a distinguished Negro writer asked me what per cent of the population would vote anti-Communist if there were free elections in an Eastern European country, like Poland. I answered that in my opinion elections in a totalitarian state could never be free but that if conditions for free voting were created—if all, not only Com-

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munist, points of views were presented on radio and TV, and if the average person did not fear any aftermath of persecution—about eighty-five per cent of the population would vote anti-Communist.

"That's impossible!" he exclaimed. I did not want to contradict him, being unsure whether he might not know better than I what the political situation is in Poland; life has taught me that the world is full of perfectly oriented intellectuals and students who know much more than I do about what is going on in my country, even if they live comfortably on the French Riviera or in California.

But he continued, in a most astonished tone, "It's impossible that such a tiny minority runs the vast majority!"

I must admit that this manifestation of political freshness and naiveté was unexpected. "Look," I argued. "We in old Europe are accustomed to the simple fact that there are a lot of extremely useful scientific instruments that allow even the tiniest minority to suppress every majority, even the largest. Such instruments as machine guns, tanks, wiretapping, secret police, prisons . . ."

He started to shout. "I don't agree with you! It's impossible! It's against all logic!"

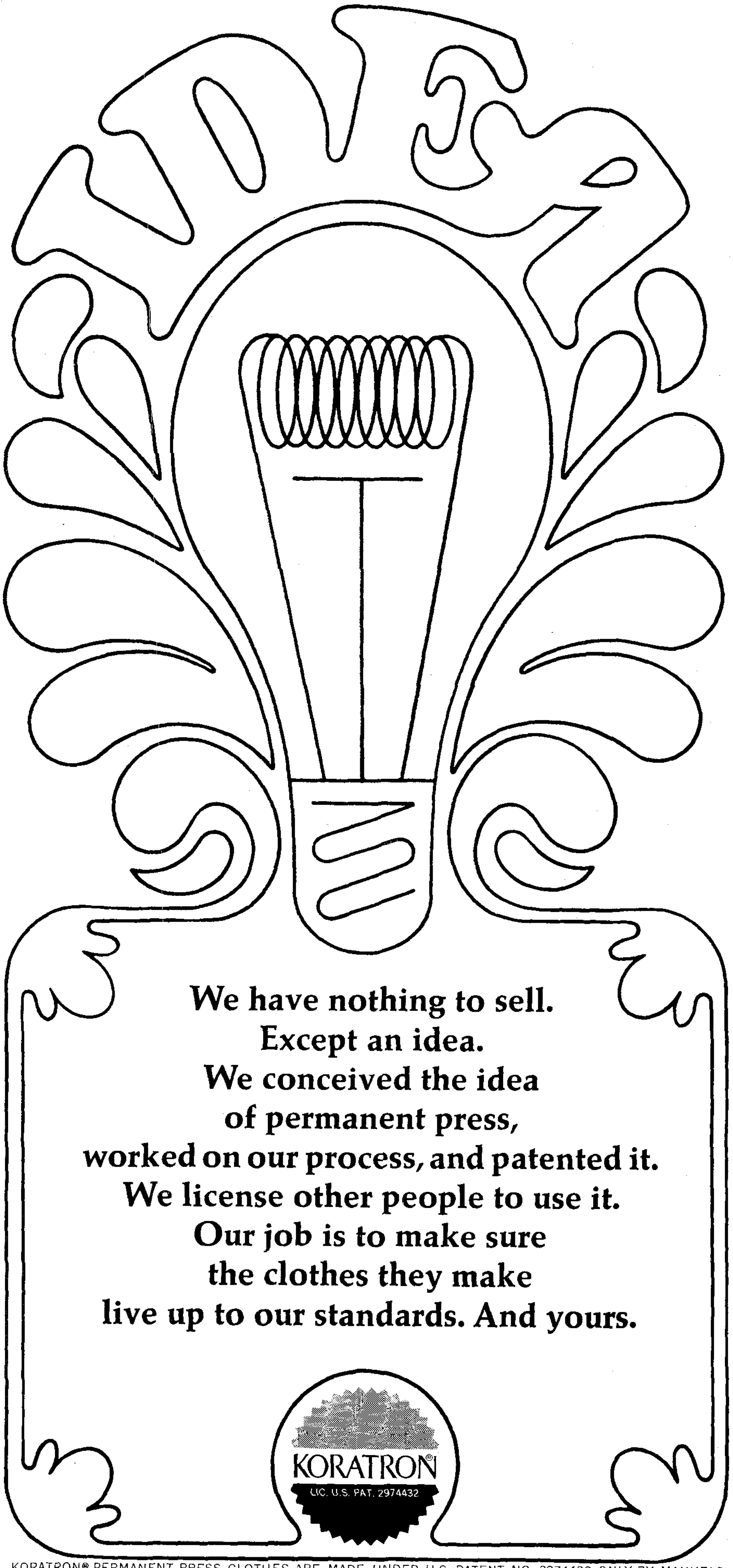
A young woman sitting next to me tried to calm him. "Listen—" she began.

"You shut up!" he shouted at her.

"You see," I slipped in, "what the *best* method is if the minority wishes to run the majority. It's very easy, if one only chooses to use it."

On the other hand, it's some comfort that there are still believers in moral symmetry in politics.

FEBRUARY 27. I met in Hollywood an intelligent gentleman who happens to be a vice-president of the Motion Picture Association of America. There's nothing terribly exceptional in the existence of an intelligent vice-president, but when I add that among the functions of the high officials of the M.P.A.A. are those of almighty censors for the film production of this country, one must admit that it is very hard for a writer to say of a censor that he is intelligent, for a natural emotional relationship exists between censors and writers, as between cruel hunter and hunted deer. Despite that relationship, I had a delightful talk with this gentleman. We spoke about the idiocy of portrayals of Russia in the Western movie industry. He asked if I had seen "Dr. Zhivago," and I replied no, but I'd seen Julie Christie's photographs,



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which were enough to make me take a firm decision never to see the movie. He said he understood me. I added that the funniest thing is that when Miss Christie, an excellent actress, tries to look like the Lara of Pasternak's novel, one is aware only of her hopeless effort; she just looks like Miss Christie disguised as Lara with the help of Christian Dior. We agreed that Russia and America are such enormous and complex entities that the truth about them can be perceived only by their own writers. Why do the Faulkners never write about Siberia, or the Sholokhovs about Florida? In this vice-president I found someone who understood what makes me laugh when I watch a "Brothers Karamazov" produced in Hollywood, or a Russian movie about American spies and the degenerates of Wall Street.

MARCH 1. Disneyland. I think that Disneyland is a consequential defeat of positivism; like every philosophical system that claims to be capable of explaining everything, Mr. Disney's attempt to show everything fails miserably. In today's world, there is no place for the philosophy afraid of pronouncing the words "I do not know." After the German concentration camps and the self-destructive madness of Communism, we cannot live without metaphysics. Mr. Disney is probably the last deist; in the eighteenth century he would have been acclaimed by the Encyclopedists as a genius. Today, trying to visualize (or symbolize) everything, he makes everything—or, more precisely, the American universe—appear impoverished and superficial.

MARCH 2. I have seen the Watts area. One must admit that racism is imposingly erratic. The Germans hated and exterminated the Jews because the latter were (presumably) more capable, more intelligent, better organized, and so on. The Negroes are hated and persecuted in the South because they are (allegedly) illiterate, less intelligent, anti-social, and so on. Probably racism is simply the most primitive human hatred, that of complexity, for what can be more complex than someone's being different from us?

MARCH 4. SAN FRANCISCO. I have wished to know this city since my early childhood. San Francisco has the most widespread legend of any American city: its landscape, its gold rush, its harbor, and its pleasures—and Jack London. The last is perhaps the most powerful element of San Francisco's fame. London may be considered a second-rank writer here, yet

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Uncommon fashion.
At a common price.
For example,
suits from $100.
For every man
who wants to live
a little.

Made in America.
Now on the East Coast
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Roger Kent,
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ROGER KENT
In New York: 50 Rockefeller Plaza,
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HARDY AMIES

Who are all the people who are always asking for a Beefeater Martini?

Each year, you hear more and more people ask for a Beefeater Martini rather than just a martini. Why do they do it? Why do they willingly pay more for Beefeater?

Some people think it's "in", or smart, or sophisticated to specify Beefeater. They may be faddists in the beginning. But Beefeater devotees in the end!

Why? Well, let's face it. Beefeater *does* taste better. It's dry. Extremely dry. It has a delicate bouquet. A certain softness. You know, people *do* drink martinis for the sheer joy of drinking them. These are the people who are always asking for Beefeater.

Which proves what we've been saying all along. That London-distilled Beefeater Gin has it all over the domestic varieties. Incidentally, watch out for gin that labels itself "London dry". That doesn't mean it comes from London.

In the case of Beefeater, though, London is the only possible place it could come from. Because only in the Lambeth section of London will you find the old family distillery where Beefeater is produced according to a closely guarded recipe—the same one used by James Burrough way back in 1820.

In all these years, no one has been able to duplicate Beefeater's delicacy and dryness. And chances are, no one ever will.

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BURROUGH'S
BEEFEATER
LONDON DISTILLED DRY GIN
KOBRAND CORPORATION

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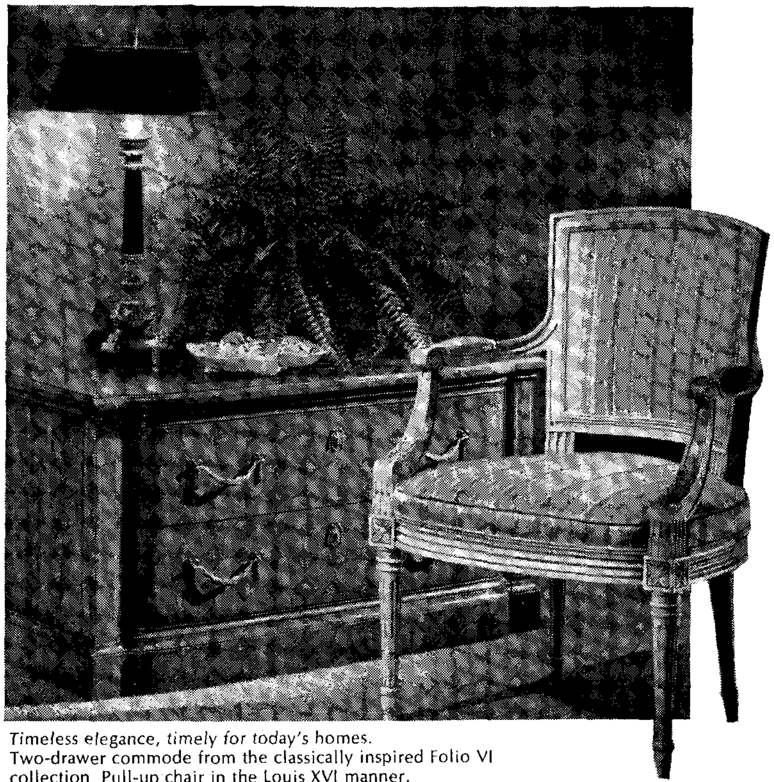
The crème for the martini

FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, N.Y. · 94 PROOF · TRIPLE DISTILLED · 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS



Timeless elegance, timely for today's homes.
Two-drawer commode from the classically inspired Folio VI collection. Pull-up chair in the Louis XVI manner, finished and covered as you like it.

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fine furniture

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Sterling
Do you own a Gorham Original?

he did more for America—contributed more to timeless American propaganda—than all other American nineteenth- (with the possible exception of Fenimore Cooper) and twentieth-century writers combined. The force with which he ingrained his own dreams and desires in the minds of several generations has no comparison in American literature; it is an unusual literary achievement that has made the names of Golden Gate, Sausalito, and Oakland the property of fourteen-year-old boys around the world. On my arrival, I went to Fisherman's Wharf; there are old ships lying there as museum pieces. My God, what magic Jack London had! It was the recapitulation of my most intimate boyhood. San Francisco Bay, the deck of the Wapama, an old schooner named L. A. Thayer—how strangely a child's dreams fit reality here! It all came back to me at once: the simple combinations of words, landscape, and smell of seafood; the modern versions of the legendary Greek oyster pirates in the rich Greek restaurant owners along the Embarcadero. How deep Jack London is in all of us, with his uncomplicated world of simple emotions and simple glory!

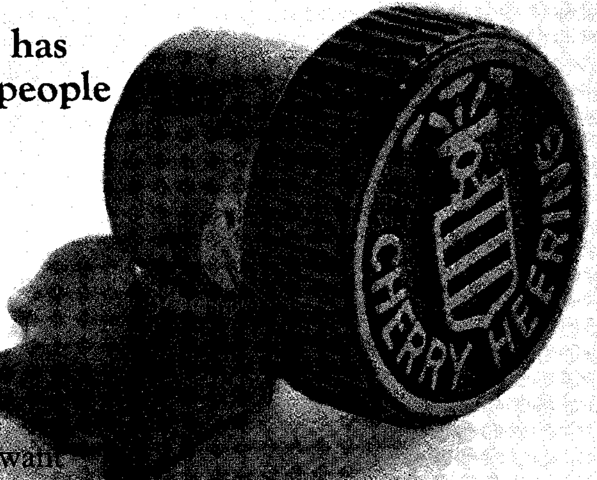
MARCH 5. Europeans know that human needs are flexible. Americans don't. Americans think that human needs are stiff, sacred, and settled once and forever. It is a great idea indeed—one that has a big future.

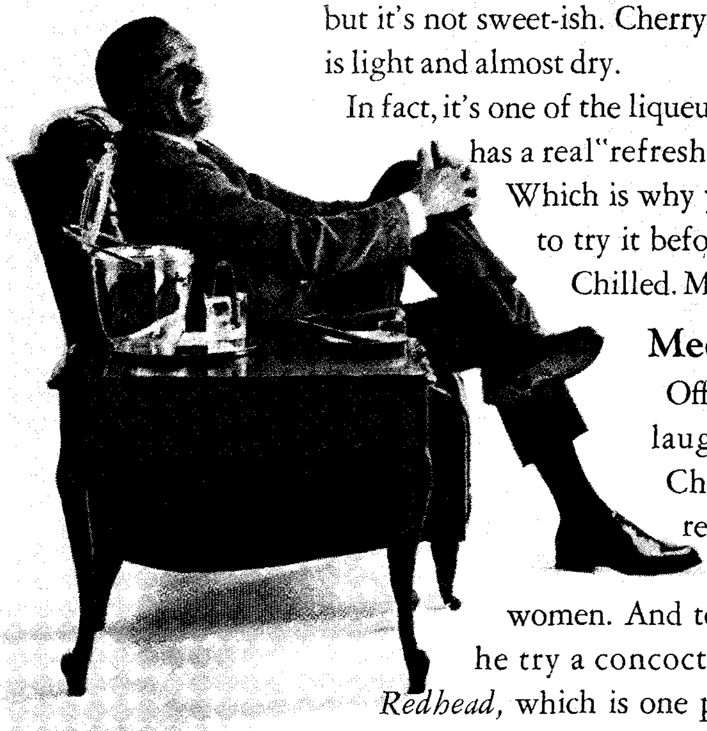
MARCH 6. An evening with American friends at their home on Lake Tahoe. We had met one another in Warsaw, and now we drank vodka in the Polish way, paying careful attention to each other. We spoke about Third Communism, or Eastern European Communism, which has differed so from Soviet Communism and Chinese Communism. Ordinarily, if I talk to Americans about this, it is like speaking about integral or differential calculus to people who have just started to learn algebra. Americans can't understand that Mr. Gomulka did not come to save Poland, or to make life better there, but to save Communism in Poland and to make the Communist structure of power more solid. If I tell them there is a modern Monroe Doctrine that creates a sphere of indifference east of the Elbe, they stare at me with disbelief.

MARCH 7. SACRAMENTO. I've read in the Sacramento *Bee* that Sacramento ranks eighth "among cities which in 1964 were most dangerous for women in the number of rapes per capita." Why per capita?

MARCH 9. I have been meeting

The most misunderstood drink in the world.





Just because Cherry Heering has the word "cherry" in it, some people think it's a too-sweet liqueur. Which it isn't.

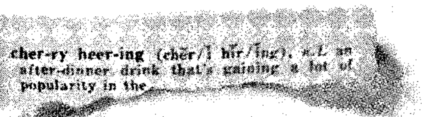
Cherry Heering is different. It's sweet, but it's not sweet-ish. Cherry Heering is light and almost dry.

In fact, it's one of the liqueurs that has a real "refreshing" taste. Which is why you might want to try it before dinner. During dinner. After dinner. Chilled. Mixed. On-the-rocks. Anywhere. Any way.

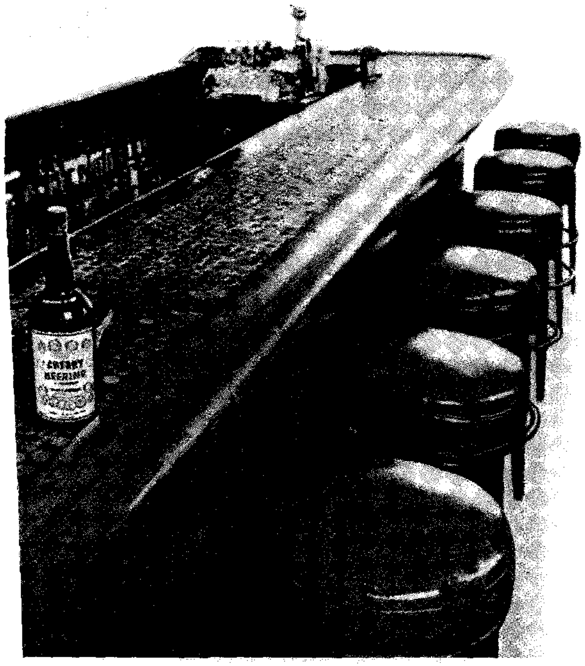
Meet misunderstanding #2

Offer Cherry Heering to some guys and they laugh. They figure: because women like Cherry Heering they won't. They don't realize that women like Cherry Heering because it's good. Not because they're women. And to any man who doubts that, we suggest he try a concoction that's gaining notoriety called a *Redhead*, which is one part Cherry Heering to two parts Courvoisier Cognac served on-the-rocks.

How do you pronounce the words "Cherry Heering"?



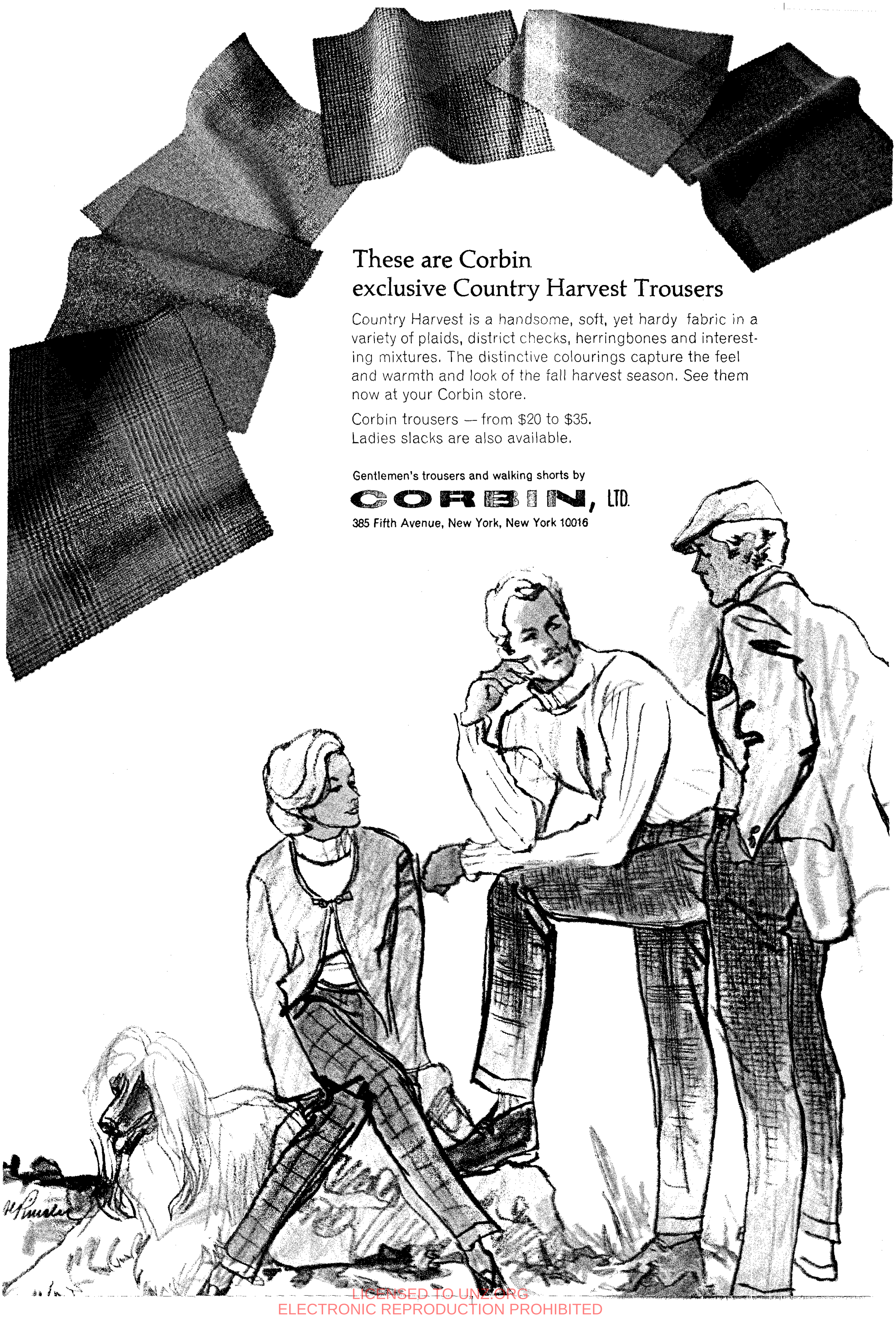
cher-ry heer-ing (chĕr/ī hir/ĭng), *n.L.* an after-dinner drink that's gaining a lot of popularity in the



CHERRY HEERING
LIQUEUR
PETER F. HEERING

That's misunderstanding number 3. Our name is pronounced Cherry H*ear*ing, not "herring." If we're not the most misunderstood drink in the world, we're surely the most mispronounced.

CHERRY HEERING. 49 PROOF. COURVOISIER COGNAC. 80 PROOF.
BOTH IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.



These are Corbin exclusive Country Harvest Trousers

Country Harvest is a handsome, soft, yet hardy fabric in a variety of plaids, district checks, herringbones and interesting mixtures. The distinctive colourings capture the feel and warmth and look of the fall harvest season. See them now at your Corbin store.

Corbin trousers — from $20 to $35.
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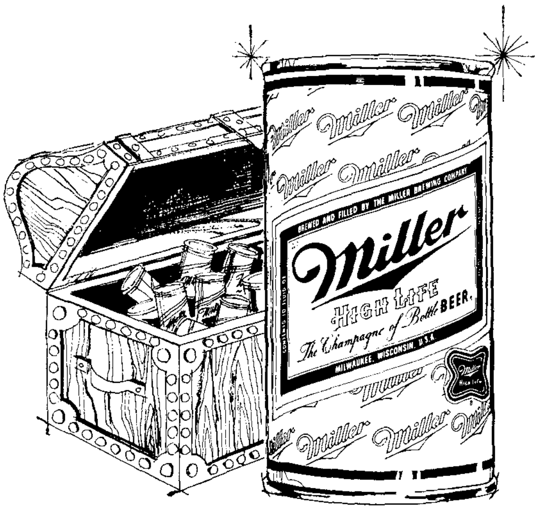
with professors from the English Department at Berkeley, among them a well-known California poet. They complained of the lack of a concentrated literary "milieu" in America, the lack of literary "cafés"—an institution in Europe. They feel dissatisfied without contact with other writers, without discussion. They find the so-called "literary life" stimulating and creative. I told them I don't miss my fellow-writers at all, and I don't think any contact with them necessary for me. American writers should thank God every day that they are so far away from one another. Generally, where there is enough space, and writers have little in common (or never meet), there grows and flourishes great literature, as in the last century in Russia. In Warsaw, we have literary "cafés" and literary discussions, but neither Dostoevski nor Faulkner was born there. The professors seemed unconvinced.

MARCH 10. Even among trained Kremlinologists in this country, there persists a belief that the upper class in a Communist society is made up of Party members, government officials, high-ranking military people, and industrial managers. Nothing could be more mistaken. These people are the rulers—overburdened with work, gross, coarse, very limited, "half or quarter" intelligent (as we call them), undemanding where a better life is concerned. They live modestly, work fourteen hours per day, are early victims of heart disease. The real upper class is made up of those who serve them—the cynical intellectuals, writers, artists, and journalists who sell a preparedness for every lie in return for money and lack of responsibility. Such an attitude is highly profitable under Communism, for what they get includes material prosperity, extensive travel in the West paid for by the state, and an intensive sexual *dolce vita*, made possible by their exceptional social position. What is funniest is that Western Kremlinologists consider them open-minded, progressive allies and the future threat to Marxian orthodoxy, and interpret their cynicism as liberalism, their vulgar search after worldly wealth as intellectual refinement. Innocent, naïve Westerners! They can't understand that the upper class under Communism is the most embittered foe of freedom, of the West, of America, simply because it would be unable to exist in a world of free competition.

MARCH 14. The American cultural output has not been very kind to Amer-


Miller
BREWED AND FILLED BY THE MILLER BREWING COMPANY
Miller
High Life
The Champagne of Bottle BEER
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.

Our Can Became Jealous of Our Bottle

It was color really. There sat our crystal clear bottle with all that gleaming golden Miller High Life showing through. Our can first developed a *gilt* complex.

Everyone liked our other can, you understand, except that it was hardly descriptive of the hearty, robust beer flavor of Miller High Life. So when this jealousy thing cropped up, we decided to create a champagne-golden can.

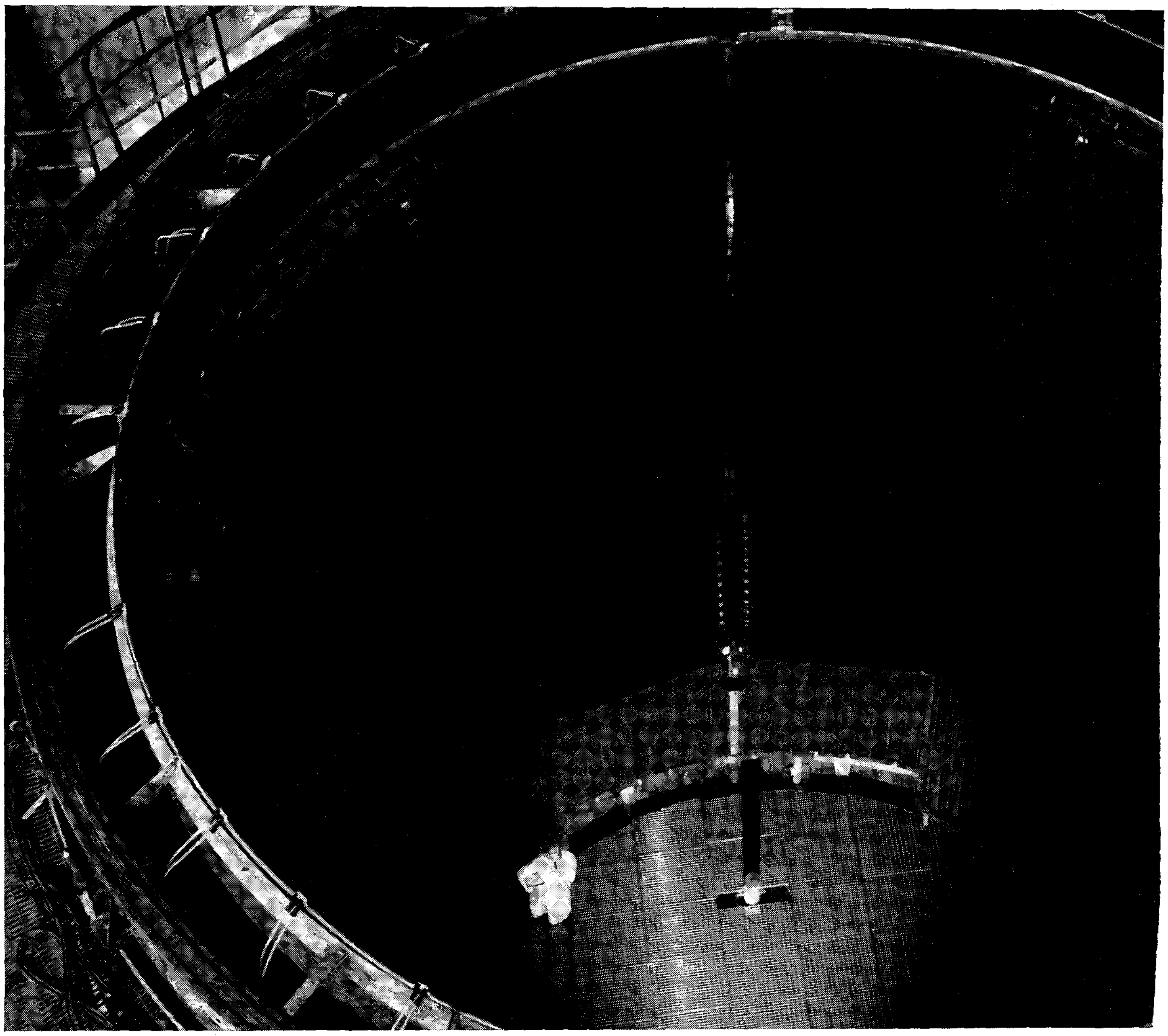
Look for it the next time you shop for beer. Look for the proud gold cans containing Miller High Life. Distinctive. Gold. Good. Miller High Life.

The Champagne of Bottle Beer

Miller High Life

© MILLER BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE

Outer space is in here.



This giant chamber near Denver simulates the hostile environment of deep space, with its prodigious vacuum, minus 320°F cold, and relentless sun that never sets. Recreating space is the kind of technological feat that has become almost routine in the space program, where every day scientists and engineers turn science fiction into science fact. And now a good deal of the work they're doing is beginning to improve our daily life.

In 1958, U.S. space hopes were centered anxiously on lofting a satellite the size of a grapefruit.

Now, just nine years later, three men prepare for a voyage to the moon.

Our penetration of space has been an extraordinary adventure of mind and spirit, but it is also producing some very down-to-earth benefits that affect all of us.

Long-range weather forecasting is one. Pictures taken by satellites 450 miles above the earth are transmitted daily to ground stations for analysis.

They show the birth and growth of weather systems spread over great areas of the globe. Forecasts based on these pictures are saving agriculture and business hundreds of millions of dollars annually. Even the weekend vacationist has come to depend on them.

Communication by satellite—including extended live TV broadcasts—has now become commonplace. Someday we may watch programs on a world TV network.

Ships are plotting their courses through signals beamed from satellites hanging in space, the prelude to international navigational systems, which might also guide world air traffic.

Less obvious, but no less important, are the dramatic advances made in such basic technologies as electronics, metallurgy, energy conversion, nonmetallic materials, power generation, aerodynamics, optics, and information retrieval and control.

Furthermore, new methods and techniques have been developed in problem analysis, project management, materials substitution, quality control, testing and manufacturing.

Some of these advances are already being planned into products and services we come into contact with every day.

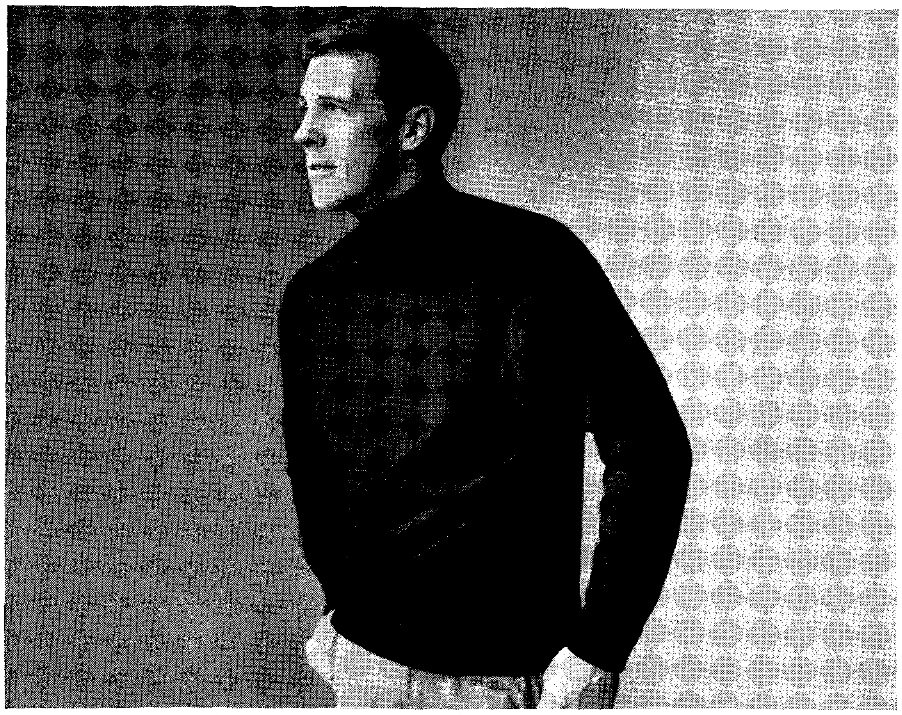
So it is predictable that we will have, for example, faster and safer airplanes and trains, more efficient and reliable TV sets, washing machines, automobiles (run by chemical-electric power, perhaps).

Plans are going forward, also, to apply the knowledge and techniques learned in the space program to problems of air and water pollution, slum clearance and urban transportation.

Some of the most important things happening in the space program aren't happening in space at all.

The several divisions of Martin Marietta produce a broadly diversified range of products, including missile systems, space launchers, nuclear power systems, spacecraft, electronic systems, chemicals and construction materials, Martin Marietta Corporation, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

MARTIN MARIETTA



A bit of excellence from another shore.

Our extremely well styled sweaters are superbly crafted in Scotland of the very finest yarns. From the collection, the Cashmere turtle neck, in 22 colors, about $40 at distinguished stores everywhere.

We are also makers of the finest lambswool and Shetland sweaters in crew neck, V-neck and cardigan stylings.

Peter Scott & Company Limited of Hawick, Scotland
Two West Forty-fifth Street, New York, N.Y.

Villa D'Este has a masculine, foresty kind of smell. That lasts. We blend it from rare wood oils, ferns and mosses. Most people we ask like it. Maybe you will, too. After Shave $4 and $7. Cologne $5 and $9.

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AFTER SHAVE
COLOGNE

For a sample bottle of Villa D'Este, send us 50¢.

it smells good

MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTHVALE, NEW JERSEY

ican women. The American novel during the last fifty years has pictured her as egoistic, stupid, power-thirsty, and frigid. American movies make her an idyllic idiot, unrealistically beautiful, terribly sweet, Girl Scoutish, probably without ovaries, and suspiciously energetic. The American theatre sees in her the inexhaustible source of all possible neuroses, mental deviations, and sexual abnormalities. By contrast, Europeans of my generation still have in mind an American woman with a flavor of sugarlike puritanism about her, à la Louisa Alcott. Whereas the American woman is—like every woman in the world—the way her men want her to be. The enormous mistake of the American male until recently was that he liked to go to bed but did not like to stay there. This simple circumstance made American women frigid, idiotically beautiful, and neurotic. The last twenty years has changed the situation a lot. Coming here, I was sure I would fall into a mixture of obsolete puritanism and neurotic restraint of the instincts and passions. What nonsense! Everybody here has an affair with the wife of his best friend; triangles and rectangles multiply all over the country. I immediately felt at home.

March 15. "What *is* the Third Communism you speak so much about?" an American journalist asked me at a dinner party.

I reflected a bit, as it is often difficult to explain very simple things to American journalists; they do less harm when they have to deal with complex problems. "You see," I said, "when an innocent citizen is arrested, or murdered by secret police, in Russia or China, he disappears without a trace. In a country like Hungary, Poland, or Yugoslavia, an innocent man can still be jailed or murdered, but he is not lost in the unknown. Everyone speaks of him. That is Third Communism."

March 17. Berkeley is full of comic (in Eastern European eyes) Marxian fans, or *Communist aficionados,*

Just Suppose:

A daring publisher decided it would be no sin to make business news enjoyable to read.

Suppose he decided that instead of depending only on lifeless statistics, he would report the high adventure of business and the people who make it go?

Suppose he decided that instead of emphasizing graphs and charts, he would report the suspense, the conflicts, the triumphs, the defeats, the resourcefulness, the problems and the opportunities which are the real essence of business?

Suppose he decided to discard the clichés of business journalism—in favor of a lean, sprightly English prose that might sometimes leave a reader either shaken or relieved, but never confused or indifferent?

Suppose he decided this new kind of business news publication should reach readers nationwide with the news still fresh and useful—even though this would require eight printing plants at strategic locations, for one of the fastest production-and-distribution systems in publishing history?

That daring publisher would have created a medium known as The Wall Street Journal.

And everywhere, the men who keep getting ahead in business would read it every business day.

The Wall Street Journal has increased its adult audience by 444,000 since 1966:

AVERAGE-ISSUE ADULT AUDIENCE

*SIMMONS STUDY**	*NO. WSJ READERS*
1965	*2,515,000*
1966	*2,840,000*
1967	*3,284,000*

**W. R. Simmons and Associates, Inc.*

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
What's News—
Washington Wire
Business Bulletin

BASIC
TO BUSINESS ADVERTISING

BECAUSE IT'S
BASIC
TO BUSINESS THINKING

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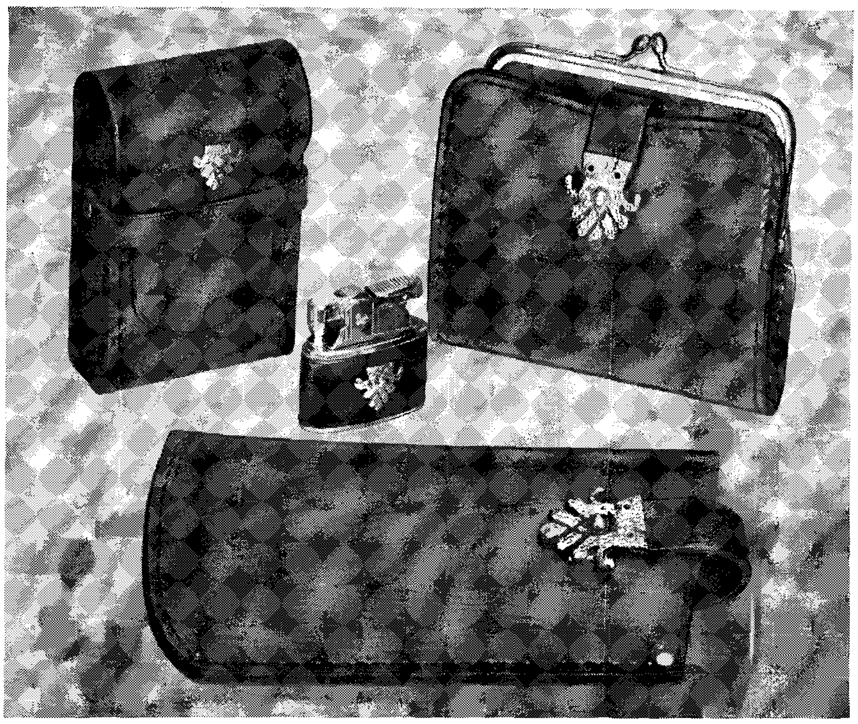

Hand-stained, hand polished hide with bravura accents of antiqued clasp and polished gold. Leather lined. Purse $10.00, lifetime lighter $7.50, cigarette case $6.50, glasses case $6.00 at fine stores.

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350 Fifth Ave., New York 10001

Social Swirl
important on the new blacks—part of being pretty—our burnished gold or silver plated accent pin with ear gleam to match. $5 each.

R.Mandle

Peck & Peck, all stores; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; City of Paris, San Francisco; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Hovland-Swanson, Lincoln, Nebraska. For the store nearest you, write R. Mandle, 389 5th Avenue, N.Y.C. 10016.

who form a strange school of dialectical idealism—probably under the pressure of the name of the place. One of those St. Beatnicus' First Church disciples said to me, "Communism is a wonderful, noble idea, pure and deeply human in concept. Ultimately, it can be reduced to the simple and beautiful demand that all men be brothers."

"Maybe that is the trouble with it," I said. "Maybe it would have been wiser to demand that men be cousins—at least for the first years after every revolution. Brothers are more informal, and find it easier to kill each other."

March 18. Aboard the California Zephyr—Nevada, Utah, Colorado. When we sit in a cinema in Europe and watch a Western in Technicolor, we are inclined to mock the artificiality of the colors. Utah and Nevada seen from Vista-Dome cars are entirely in Technicolor, proving that even Hollywood movies have some realism.

The haphazard meetings in dining cars are very difficult to handle. They always start with enthusiasm.

"Where are you from?"

"From Poland, in Europe."

"Oh, how wonderful!" (Or "interesting," or "exciting," or "fascinating." It depends on the individual predisposition to enthusiasm.)

"Not so exceptionally fascinating, Madame. A country like many others."

"Really? Is that so? Tell me, what sports do they go in for?"

"All games, Madame, known in the civilized world."

"Do they play golf?"

"No, Madame, rather not."

"Do they play baseball?"

"No, I'm afraid not, because of—"

"Do they play football?"

"Yes, but it is another football, called soccer."

"You see, I always thought that Poland must be different and strange."

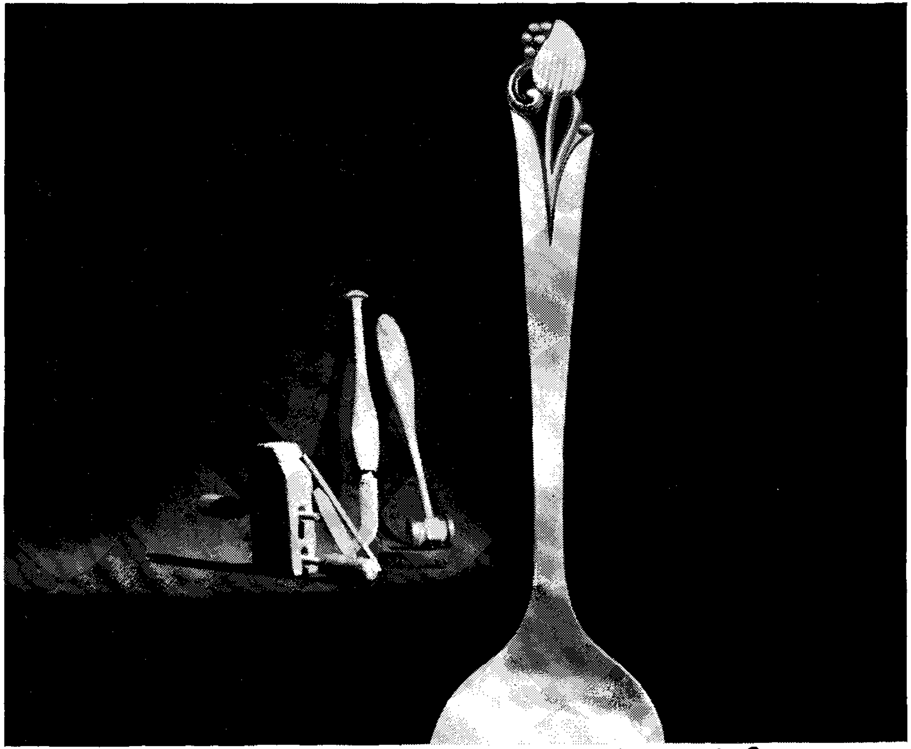
March 19. Chicago. New York is opulence, decadence, and culture. The Southwest is grandeur, space, and future. California is wealth, epicureanism, and luxury. Chicago is strength. Dark strength and real power. Here in Illinois I have first understood exactly why the Confederacy was doomed to lose the secession war. The reasons are still perceptible a hundred years later. This is America as Europeans of my generation have imagined it to be—a genuine American urban landscape, an immense wilderness of fire escapes, engraved deeply in our memories during the twenties. Tough, filthy, and great. One can imagine the

We have a double-knit shirtdress. Only we double-knit ours in cashmere.

We subdued the styling and put emphasis where it belongs. On softness. The result is a tasteful understatement in 100% cashmere. Fully lined. Mauve, aluminum, chamois, red, yellow, pink, 8-16. The Hadley Corporation, 1407 B'way, New York, N.Y. 10018.

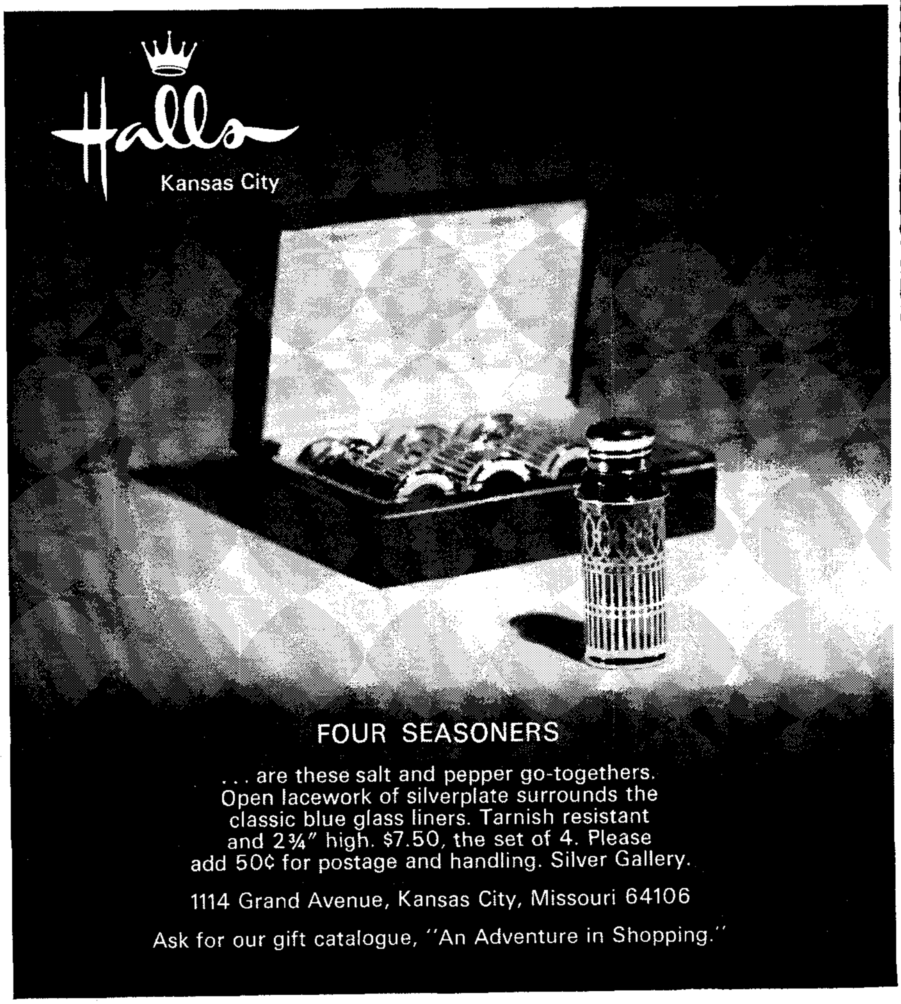
Hadley. We give the latest rage just the right amount of neglect.

Once you had to inherit it



Today you can find the beloved form of Woodlily in Frank Smith Sterling

Charles Willis Jewelry, Atlanta; Charles E. Warren & Co., Detroit; Tilden & Thurber Corp., Providence; Rider Jewelry Co., Baton Rouge; A. Bourgeois Jeweler, Jackson; George C. Birlant & Co., Charleston; Bromberg & Co., Birmingham.
The Webster Company, creators of Frank Smith Sterling, North Attleboro, Mass. Silversmiths since 1896.



Halls
Kansas City

FOUR SEASONERS
. . . are these salt and pepper go-togethers. Open lacework of silverplate surrounds the classic blue glass liners. Tarnish resistant and 2¾" high. $7.50, the set of 4. Please add 50¢ for postage and handling. Silver Gallery.

1114 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri 64106

Ask for our gift catalogue, "An Adventure in Shopping."

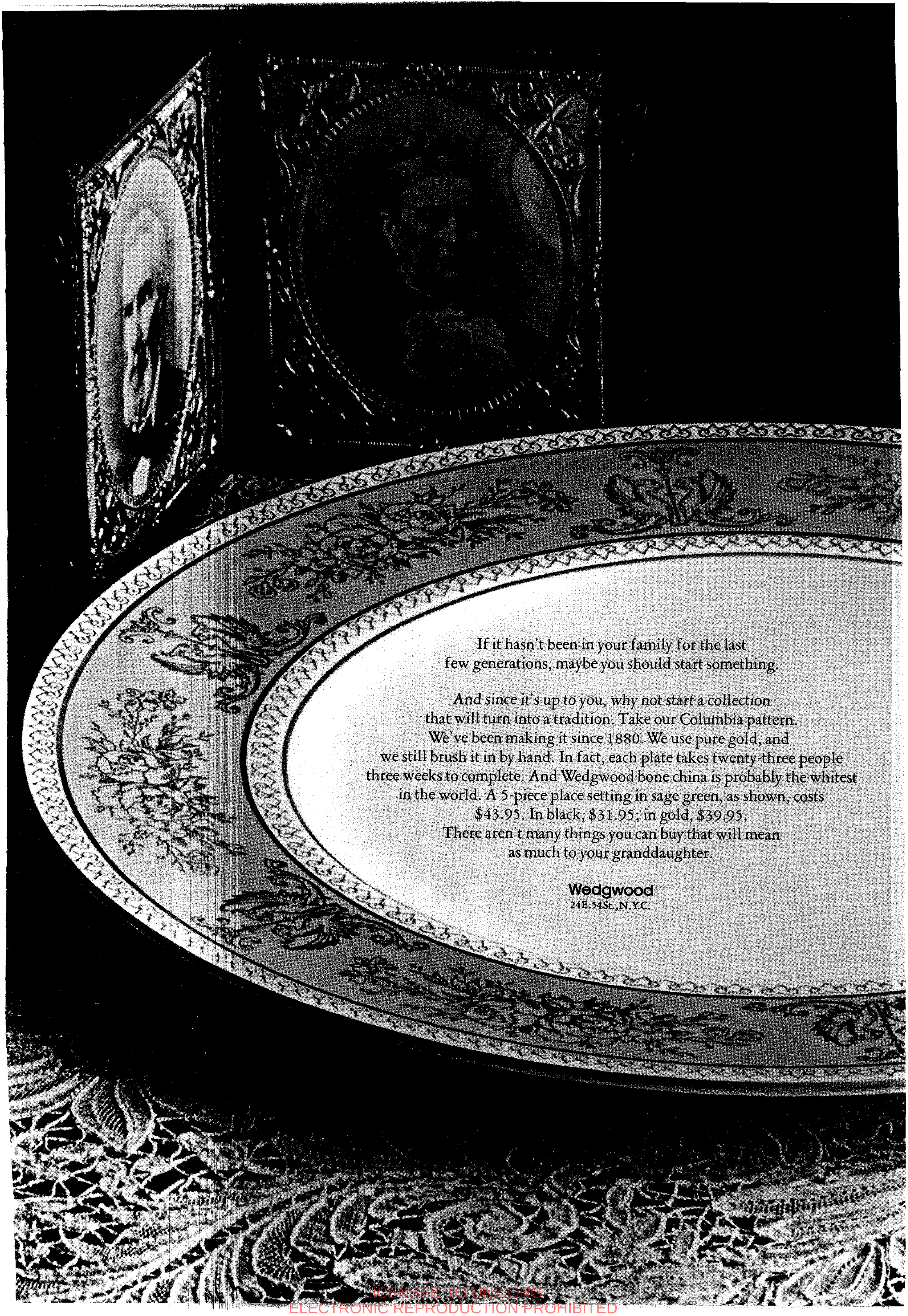
merciless and heroic struggles when this city was the stake. It must be the only place where all that happened here in the twenties *could* have happened.

MARCH 21. Hotel Atlantic. I would have missed something of Chicago if I had not stayed here. The plushy shabbiness, the bygone splendor of the twenties bring to mind all the heroes of the dirty and brutal struggle for power, headed by Al Capone. Chicagoans do not like any mention of the twenties; they consider this period shameful. They are wrong. What actually counts is the impact of a legend; its moral background or implications are secondary. Whether the Chicagoans like it or not, their city remains a symbol of the bloody facts of the twenties, and it would be better to turn that legend into a cultural value—though taking care not to slip into the opposite extreme of pride. Such pride would be more shameful than today's ambiguous discretion; shops would stock Al Capone skull ashtrays.

MARCH 23. If I have to explain to an average American what Communism is, I deliberately use a technical simile, to appeal to his pragmatic, engineerlike imagination. "Communism," I say, "is like a damaged engine or plumbing installation. No one knows how to repair it. But it runs and people are obliged to use it."

"Oh!" the American says. "It must be pure horror."

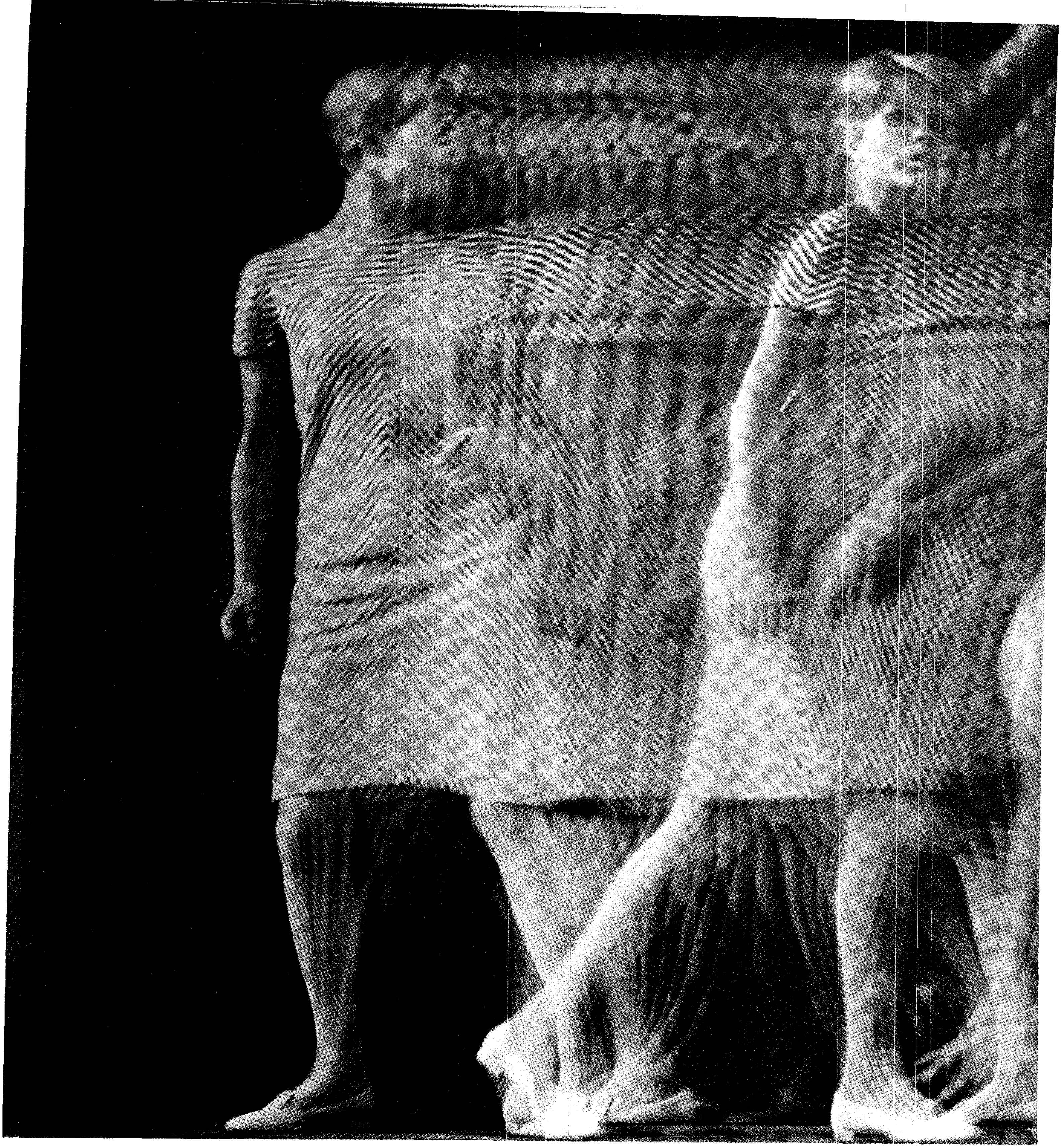
MARCH 24. DETROIT. The name Ford is today as familiar to every living man as the name Moses, Columbus, or Beethoven. Even someone who does not know what Columbus or Beethoven did has surely heard his name; these men have a timeless place in the human consciousness—a place reserved for creators and discoverers. It is the same with Ford; he created a new world, a world of production. Visiting Ford's River Rouge plant, I wasn't sure whether he created a world or a Hell. I have always imagined "Hell" to be a synonym for inhuman precision, like what happens here, where blue or red plates arrive with a second's exactness at the only point in the universe where they are strictly needed. This Hell works with blessed efficiency to produce something most human beings desire. (The perennial function of Hell: to produce objects of human desire.) In any case, it is just as well that people here do not realize what an automobile means to a citizen of a Communist country. To possess a car, he is willing to betray, steal, humiliate himself. It is the peak of his



If it hasn't been in your family for the last
few generations, maybe you should start something.

And since it's up to you, why not start a collection that will turn into a tradition. Take our Columbia pattern. We've been making it since 1880. We use pure gold, and we still brush it in by hand. In fact, each plate takes twenty-three people three weeks to complete. And Wedgwood bone china is probably the whitest in the world. A 5-piece place setting in sage green, as shown, costs $43.95. In black, $31.95; in gold, $39.95.
There aren't many things you can buy that will mean as much to your granddaughter.

Wedgwood
24E.54St.,N.Y.C.



Up, down,

Doubleback.

When you're halfway up the stairs . . . and the phone rings downstairs . . . you do the Doubleback.

There's an easy way to put an end to it. Just have extension phones installed wherever you spend your time. The kitchen. The bedroom. The den. Then life at home isn't one long walk.

Why not call your telephone company business office today? Help make the Doubleback obsolete.

BELL SYSTEM
AT&T
and Associated Companies

Ron Rico. Didn't he play the baby-faced bodyguard in Bogie's first big one?

RONRICO
WHITE LABEL
RONRICO
DISTILLED
PUERTO RICAN RUM
RONRICO CORPORATION

Wrong on two counts. First, that bodyguard was in Bogie's second big one. And Ronrico would never make it as a bodyguard. Just too smooth to rough you up.

Ronrico's a rum. A very light, very dry rum. Perhaps the smoothest tasting rum ever to come out of Puerto Rico. Which is what makes it such a smooth mixer.

Taste it once and you'll say "Play it again, Sam."

Ronrico. A rum to remember.

GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS COMPANY, NYC, 80 PROOF ambitions. It's amusing to think about this in Detroit, where half of the world's cars are produced. What a source of moral bribery!

March 26. The Jefferson-Jackson Day Dinner of the Democratic Party of Michigan. This kind of political gathering is more amusing here than in Europe. A couple of drinks beforehand make people happier and a little bit noisy. The speakers can hardly be heard. It all makes politics more personal—a matter of digestion rather than conviction.

In front of Cobo Hall, there were two demonstrations: one against the war in Vietnam, the other for it. One gets an impression that the substantial diversity of opinion among Americans has something to do with hygiene. The unkempt and not very well washed are against, the very neat are for. (Which, of course, is not to make a moral evaluation.) I think the only one to blame for this war, and for the dissent, is Jean Jacques Rousseau. Two centuries ago, he made Americans believe that human beings are basically good. The result has been a myriad of unforeseen complications.

March 27. It is a matter of prestige in the United States to pull American television to pieces. Indeed, it takes little effort to criticize its intellectual shallowness, its artistic monotony, the primitive insipidity of the entertainment. Contempt for TV is a characteristic of the American intelligentsia, slandering TV a favorite pastime. One important fact is overlooked; namely, that American show business plunges with every year deeper into a self-established classicism. It is no longer healthy, earthy, folksy, dynamic popular art, linked by thousands of ties to the real and actual. In recent years, it has acquired some of the features of ancient Greek spectacles, or the baroque theatre of seventeenth-century European courts, or Japanese Kabuki theatre. Such forms are characterized by set rules, constituting criteria by which to judge the relative quality of the presentations, which are always staged according to convention. Similarly, we know unerringly, with no possibility of surprise, how Batman will act, what will happen to Superman, who is who in "Bonanza," what Dr. Kildare is going to say in any given situation, how the Munsters will react, even which musical phrase will end a number by the Supremes. What keeps us in suspense is the quality within the circle of classic categories—the evaluation of the performance according to stiffly established principles. The TV

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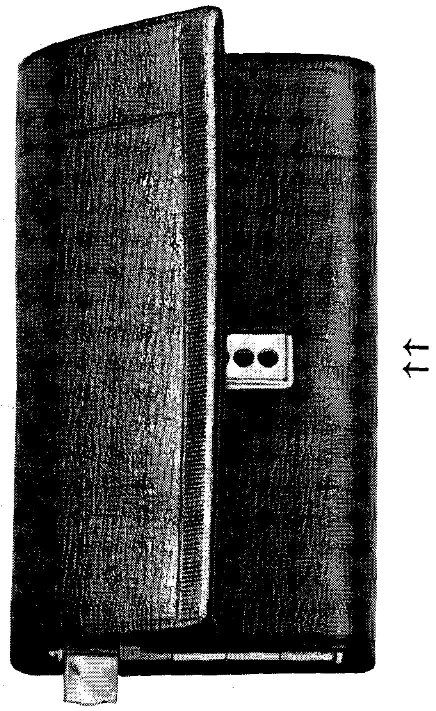

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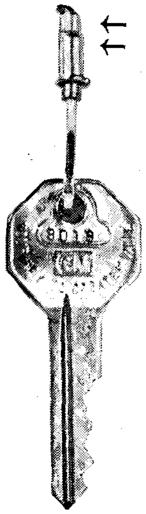

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critics' rage makes them forget that the petrifaction of a spectacle's conventions is *not* synonymous with a diminution of its attractiveness; audiences in Greek and Roman amphitheatres and admirers of *commedia dell'arte* knew this perfectly well.

MARCH 28. I was invited to attend a luncheon of the Economic Club of Detroit. The speaker was Mr. Ronald Reagan, candidate for governor of California.

Somebody asked me what I thought of Brezhnev.

"He is handsome," I answered. "Of course, in a Russian way."

"But that can't be a political opinion," my collocutor said, smiling.

"Why not?" I asked. "Kennedy was handsome. Lindsay is handsome. Something positive links good looks and politics. Besides, the difference between Brezhnev's good looks and those of Lindsay is symbolic, suggesting the difference of quality between Russia and America."

My collocutor looked at me suspiciously. "And Mr. Ronald Reagan," he said. "Isn't he handsome, too?"

MARCH 30. WASHINGTON, D.C. After heat in Houston, biting cold in Santa Fe, dryness in Phoenix, icy rain in Chicago, and snow in Detroit, the spring weather in Washington seems as serene as the State Department's higher officials.

I met a well-known political columnist. He complained about not living in Europe. It is amusing, but members of the European intelligentsia want to live in America, while the American intelligentsia dreams about living in Europe. This no longer makes the sense it would have made in the times of Henry James, T. S. Eliot, Gertrude Stein, Hemingway, Scott Fitzgerald, and Henry Miller. Then Europe was still producing the Prousts, the Shaws, the Picassos, and the Manns, still fulfilling its reputation for intellectual hegemony, which is now completely over. Europeans prefer Hitchcock or a good Western to Godard, and Tennessee Williams to Dürrenmatt. Yet American snobs maintain that Robbe-Gillet is more interesting than Philip Roth, that Moravia knows life better than Saul Bellow, that John Ford is childish and Alain Resnais mature.

MARCH 31. Even if we accuse American TV of a certain ossification of artistic content, we have to admit that this imperfection is at least partly compensated for by the TV commercial—a main object of hate among American snobs. American TV is now

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NEW YORK, N. Y.	PAUL STUART
Allentown, Pa.	Gentry
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Augusta, Ga.	The Oxford Shop
Bethlehem, Pa.	Tom Bass
Berkeley, Cal.	George J. Good
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Boston, Mass.	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Boulder, Colo.	Kinsley & Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Peller & Mure
Cambridge, Mass.	J. August
Charleston, S. C.	Jack Krawcheck
Charleston, W. Va.	Frankenberger's
Charlotte, N. C.	Jack Wood, Ltd.
Charlottesville, Va.	The Young Men's Shop
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Gentry, Ltd.
Chicago, Ill.	Brittany, Ltd.
Cincinnati, O.	Burkhardt's
Clarksburg, W. Va.	Kaites, Ltd.
Clayton, Mo.	Boyd's
Cleveland, O.	The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbus, O.	The Union
Dallas, Tex.	Varsity Shop
Dayton, O.	D. H. Peer, Ltd.
Denver, Colo.	Homer Reed, Ltd.
Des Moines, Iowa	Reichardt's
Evansville, Ind.	Drucker's
Flint, Mich.	James, Inc.
Fort Worth, Tex.	Clyde Campbell University Shop
Fresno, Cal.	Hodge & Sons
Grand Rapids, Mich.	MacKenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Greensboro, N. C.	Younts-DeBoe Co.
Greenville, S. C.	Rush Wilson, Ltd.
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.	Carl Sterr
Hackensack, N. J.	Bloomingdale's
Harrisburg, Pa.	C. J. Crego & Son
Hempstead, N. Y.	Edw. Miller
Houston, Tex.	William Richard
Huntington, N. Y.	Marsh's
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Strauss & Co.
Jackson, Miss.	Owens, Ltd.
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Lake Forest, Ill.	Robertson's
Lancaster, Pa.	Filling's
Lexington, Ky.	Meyers
Little Rock, Ark.	Bauman's
Los Angeles, Cal.	Lew Ritter
Louisville, Ky.	Schupp & Snyder, Inc.
Lynchburg, Va.	S. H. Franklin Co.
Lynn, Mass.	Judd, Inc.
Madison, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Manchester, N. H.	Jim's Oxford Shop
Memphis, Tenn.	Alfred's
Milwaukee, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis, Minn.	Sims, Ltd.
Morganton, N. C.	Lazarus
Nashville, Tenn.	Mallernee's
Newport, R. I.	Narragansett Clo. Co.
New Britain, Conn.	N. E. Mag & Sons
New Haven, Conn.	Yale Co-op
New Orleans, La.	Terry & Juden Co., Ltd.
New York, New York	Paul Stuart
Norfolk, Va.	Egerton & Lea, Ltd.
Norwood, Mass.	Joseph's
Omaha, Neb.	Nebraska Clothing Co.
Palo Alto, Cal.	Tearney's
Pasadena, Cal.	Bayne-Williams
Peoria, Ill.	Howard A. Heller
Philadelphia, Pa.	Morville
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Phoenix, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Hughes & Hatcher
Portland, Ore.	Ray Bolger
Providence, R. I.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Raleigh, N. C.	Womble, Inc.
Reading, Pa.	John Mazzo
Richmond, Va.	Eljo's
Richmond, Va.	Nelson & Gwatkin
Roanoke, Va.	Jos. Davidsons
Rochester, N. Y.	Sibley's
Sacramento, Cal.	Irwin at the Crossroads
St. Louis, Mo.	Boyd's
Salt Lake City, Utah	Village, Ltd.
San Diego, Cal.	Lion
San Francisco, Cal.	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Santa Ana, Cal.	Guy Livingston
Savannah, Ga.	Men's Quality Shop
Schenectady, N. Y.	Dall's
Seattle, Wash.	Albert, Ltd.
Short Hills, N. J.	Bloomingdale's
Spokane, Wash.	Klothes Kloset
Springfield, Ill.	Roberts Brothers
Stamford, Conn.	Bloomingdale's
State College, Pa.	Jack Harper
Summit, N. J.	Root's
Tarrytown, N. Y.	John Charles, Ltd.
Toledo, O.	B. R. Baker
Torrington, Conn.	The Oxford Shop
Troy, N. Y.	Krall's
Tucson, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
Virginia Beach, Va.	Alexander Beegle, Inc.
Washington, D. C.	Arthur Adler
West Hartford, Conn.	Allen Collins
Westfield, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Williamstown, Mass.	House of Walsh
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Southwick Clothes
BY GRIECO BROTHERS

the cradle of a new branch of art; the commercials are not only the most polished American artistic achievement of the postwar period but also an important American contribution to the twentieth-century cultural image. TV commercials derive from the abundant tradition of American advertising, which in the thirties already knew how to appeal, by its visual and psychological mastery, to human needs and wishes. The advertising business is an empire built on putting the most modern techniques of graphics to the service of cruelty, experienced by someone passing through the street in scorching heat and coming upon an ad for Ballantine beer; the super-naturalistic, brisk drops on the glass form an idea of desired coolness that can lead someone thirsty to pathological deeds. TV commercials sublimate those feelings—they create a new, never existing world of fantasy and unexpected sensations. All that has been accomplished by the movies, acting, photography, sight gags, comic strips, animated cartoons, posters, and so on, during the last fifty years—it all serves the TV commercial. One has to *see* an ad for frankfurters, aspirin, or toothpaste to know what a source of affection, hope, and concupiscence it can be. If the might of art is measured by the degree of its influence upon man's feelings, what inspires feelings is artistic. But to explain TV commercials in terms of their sensual appeal alone would be unfair. The Americans have succeeded in creating an ideal, Surrealist universe, moved by its own logic, ordered by its own aesthetics. They have "dematerialized" the world of things, given life to objects, transformed them into ideas. Nobody has ever seen *such* a hamburger, because it does not exist in reality, but what a delight it is to look at!

April 1. Today I tried to convince a high Army officer that if America is going to win a victory over Russia it will be thanks not to more powerful rockets but to more powerful cleansers for washing the dishes. Industrial and scientific priority, I said, makes the American housewife the world's mightiest housewife—a most important historical victory over Communism. He wasn't sure I was right.

April 2. If in a Communist country you expect a delivery and it arrives, you are pleasantly surprised; you never count on it. Between the two social partners—the one who orders and the one who takes the order—no moral relationship exists. In America, if by some incredible mischance an expected delivery does not arrive, one is fright-

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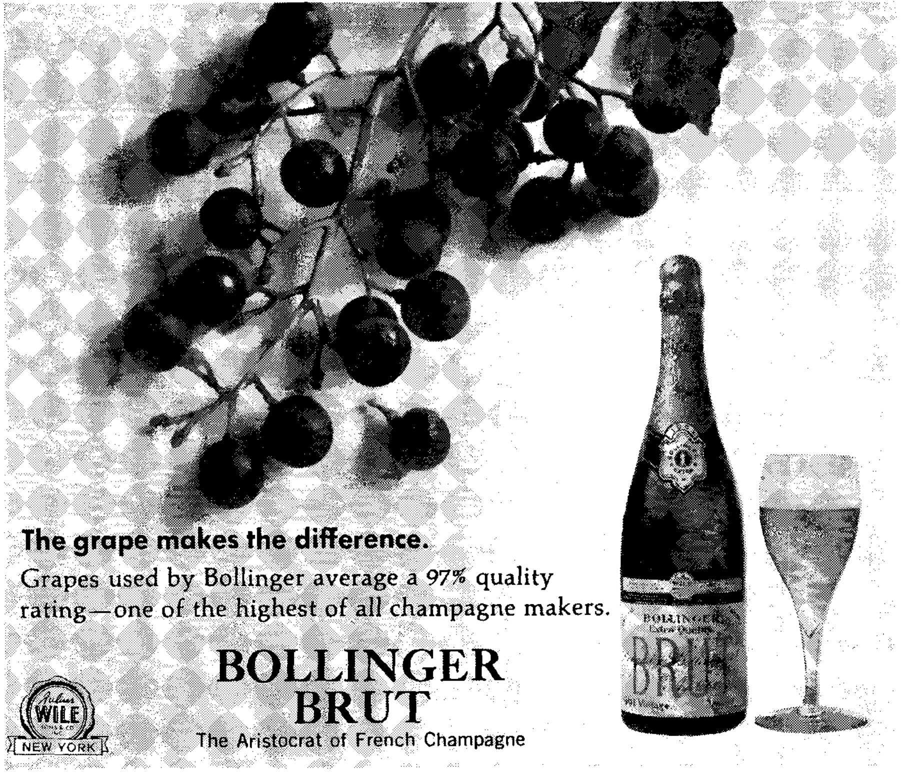

The grape makes the difference.
Grapes used by Bollinger average a 97% quality rating—one of the highest of all champagne makers.

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BRUT
The Aristocrat of French Champagne

Julius Wile
NEW YORK

Fluted vase, exhibition piece by Timo Sarpaneva: $250.00. In background, left to right, glass wine cooler by Orrefors: $26.00; Iittala candlesticks: $24.00 and $35.00 per pair; casserole with basket by Arabia: $11.25; doll pillow: $9.00; teak salad bowl by Kay Bojesen: $40.00; jointed wooden elephant: $15.00.

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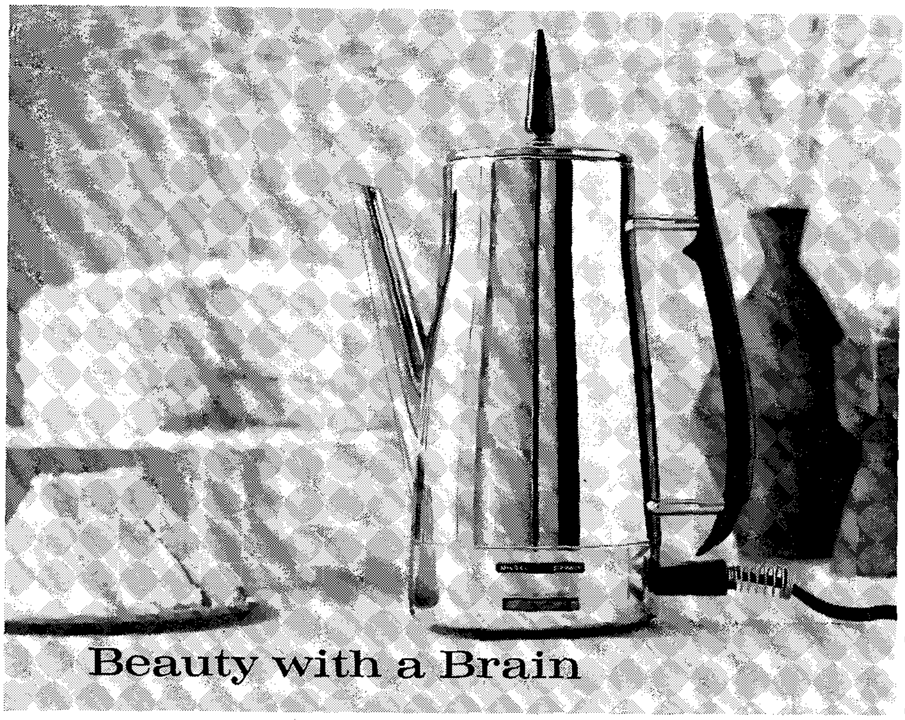

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ened; some moral regulation has been offended. If democracy is to defeat Communism, it will be mainly on the basis of its social solidity. In America, even the smallest cell of the social organism pulsates with life and consciousness, and automatically bears a responsibility toward the whole social body. That makes the entire organism healthy. In a Communist state, the only part of the social organism that really functions, hectically but effectively, is the brain—the administrative center. The rest is inactive, almost paralyzed; the single cells do not have the strength to live and to respond. And so the brain, growing tired from the lack of help, tormented by feverishly taken decisions, commits mistakes, mistakes, mistakes . . .

APRIL 3. DRIVING THROUGH MARYLAND. In the modern American landscape, Howard Johnson's is the campanile of the village church.

APRIL 4. WASHINGTON, D.C. This epoch I consider to be marked by the total failure of youth—in a universal sense. In the history of mankind, youth has never been conspicuously clever, has always thought itself much more interesting than it really was. But today's youth is stupider than ever, because it makes adolescence an ideal, a way of life, and attributes to it rights, privileges, qualities, and virtues (of both brain and soul) that are purely fictitious. Being young is the most fleeting of human conditions—a fact that is terribly humiliating to any young person who thinks about it. The inability to recognize this simple truth immerses contemporary youth in the ridiculous. A hundred and fifty years ago, the Romanticists—Byron, Pushkin, de Musset, Mickiewicz—glorified adolescence as a state of supersensitivity but at the same time were very humble and melancholic about the value of youth. As an ideal solution, they proposed dying young—and many of them did it. This isn't at all the case with today's juvenile ideologists; many of them have already reached their forties and believe the only worthy aim to be the prolonging of the adolescent looks, habits, and manners in the most comic way. American youth is neither worse nor stupider than any other in the Western world; its only special feature is that it lacks the fiduciary sense. American youth, alone in the world, can't reproach its elders much. It has inherited from them a well-functioning social and economic

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system (which can be still improved, of course, but has no need to be destroyed first), wealth, freedom, and one enormous luxury that is severely forbidden other (for example, Communist) societies; namely, permission to be contemptuous of one's elders.

April 6. A Polish friend of mine who had visited America once said to me, "At home in Warsaw, I'm going to report that members of the American working class are deprived of roofs over their heads. Chiefly when they sit in convertibles."

April 7. Intellectual, artistic, and cultural nonconformity have increased here in recent years to such an extent (social and statistical) that there is a new conformity. Uniqueness is the most common current feature of American life today. Being different means to be like everybody. Every American, every city, every product, every night club, every shop wants to be amazingly different. Of course, the uncontrolled desire to be different breeds a new uniformity, as has happened among beatniks and Beatloids of all kinds; everyone has the same hairdo, and has blue jeans torn in exactly the same way. This equality of intention is in my opinion much more thoughtless and humiliating than the equality of American middle-class white-collar workers, which is the equality of brand. The latter find a joy in being alike—in having the same solid shoes, the same hats, the same way of laughing, and the same exclamations. I must admit that, watching them leaving bank and office, I have many times been attracted by their alikeness; the breed of their clothes and manners makes them attractive to anyone from behind the Iron Curtain. The Communists, for all their efforts, cannot achieve the goal of their mass-society dreams—that average citizens should enjoy being the same as other average citizens. The quality of Communist alikeness is so poor that everyone hates it.

What makes the efforts of hipsters and all spectacular nonconformists here futile is the supernatural American capacity for production. All here is mass-produced in a flash; everything undergoes the stupefying process of reproduction, super-production, and overproduction—the process of improving and multiplying every object in hundreds of colors, classes, versions, shapes, with some special feature or without it. Is there a need for nonconformity in the marketplace? Individuality is in demand? The industry responds immediately, and limitless brands of noncon-

Wallachs spotted this English corduroy gun coat on our last gentleman's tour of Europe, couldn't resist bringing it home. Well-tailored of a velvety cotton corduroy and finished with suede gun patches, a warm wool lining. In the natural shade, sizes 38 to 44. 75.00.

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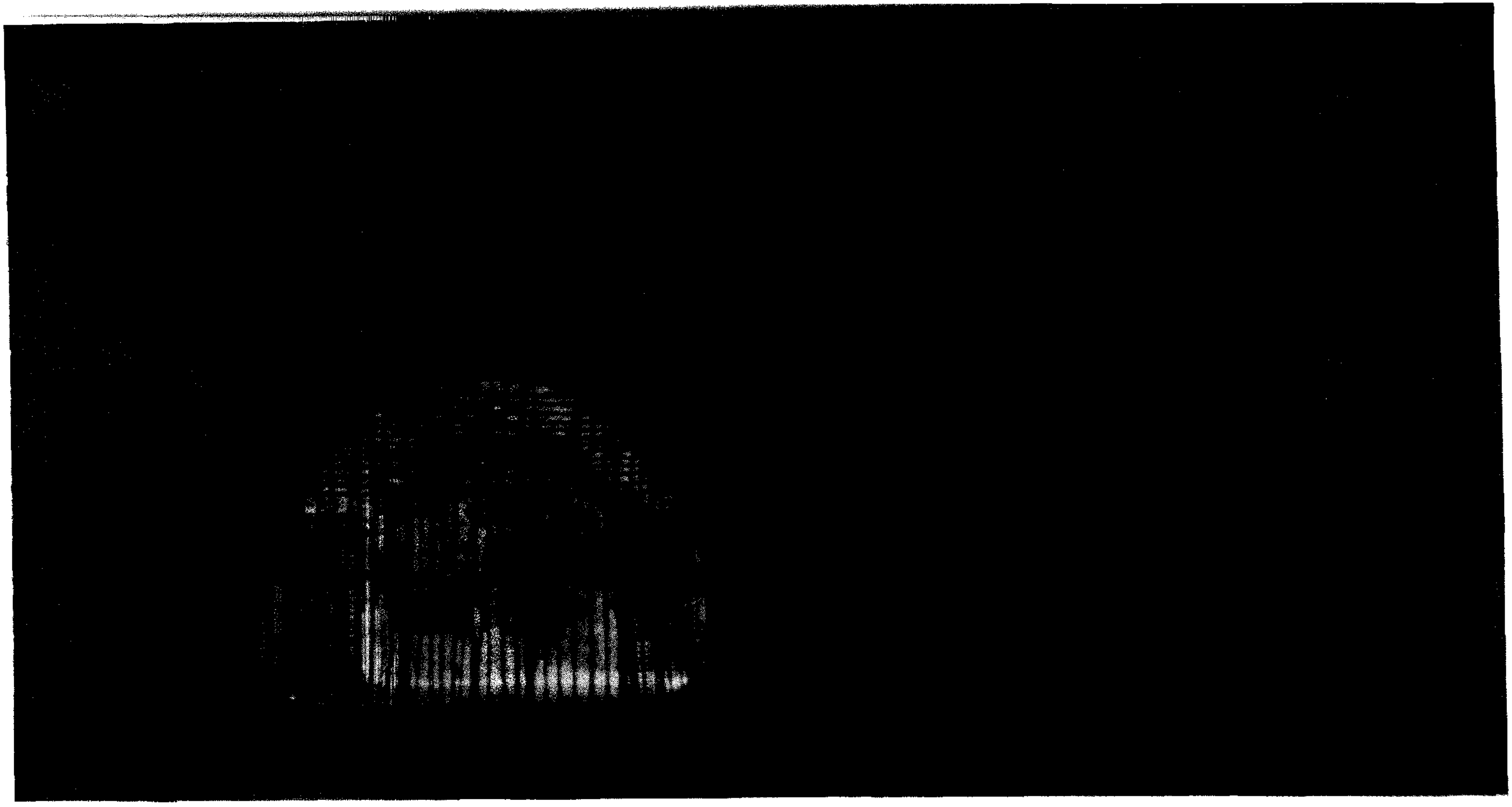

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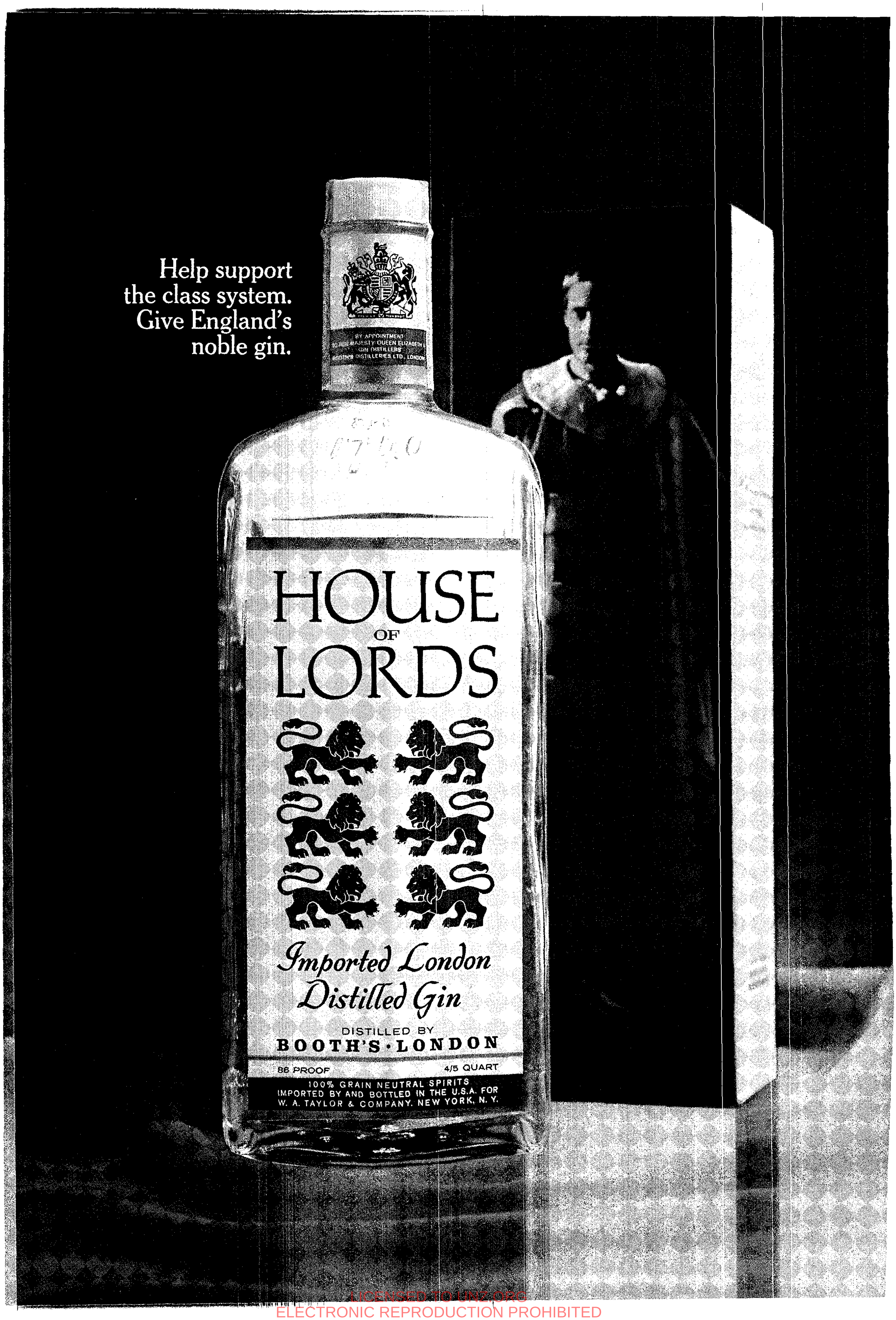
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formity and individuality are furnished to the department stores. Millions of girls wear millions of badges with the inscription "I Am Different." The most ambitious hipster, who yesterday invented the newest and most extravagant haircut or shirt design, today sees his idea on the street, multiplied into millions of imitations; it has been manufactured and distributed through the night by industry, commerce, and the mass media. Of course, the same applies to the world of thought—to ideas and the latest accomplishments in literature and art.

APRIL 10. It is neither might nor power nor magnitude nor space nor limitless wealth that characterizes America. The America of today is marked first of all by diversity. If this country is to be submerged in a suicidal catastrophe, created by itself and originating in itself, it will be in the incredible variety of things, brought about by its capacity for production. I can imagine a holocaust of excess, of surplus—a consequence of unlimited productive output. "What kind of potatoes do you like?" ask waiters in every restaurant. "Fried, whipped, mashed, trampled, kicked, curled, or boiled? Russian style, Lebanese style, from Northern Ireland, or put through a Puerto Rican strainer?" "What kind of slacks are you looking for?" asks the subversive sales clerk. "Long, short, or medium? With cuffs or not? Buttoned or zipped? How many pockets? And in which of the hundred and thirty-seven colors we can sell you?" It is the same with aircraft, salads, life insurance, and shampoo. There is a danger in this frightening multiplicity, in this multiplying of everything into an infinity of versions, in the crazy intention of exhausting *every* possibility of life. This, in the end, as we know, cannot be done. We can easily confirm it by means of greeting cards. I must admit that shops with greeting cards have made me more optimistic, though they fill me with disgust. They demonstrate the uselessness of the efforts of those who intend to master the entirety of life with the help of flawlessly planned production. Manufacturers of greeting cards pretend to fulfill all needs of all people as far as greetings are concerned. They produce cards for Easter, Christmas, New Year's, every possible holiday of every existing creed, classified for all stages of human existence and for every age and every degree of education, every status in the family and in society; there are greetings for birthdays, weddings, and promotions, for fathers, mothers, grandpas, cousins, and adopted chil-

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dren. Everything seems scheduled so that if we look carefully we will find greetings for an unexpected visit, premature pregnancy, a passed exam in anthropology, or a mutual divorce agreement. It seems that the manufacturers have foreseen everything, but I always have trouble finding a card I like. Which is extremely comforting. Neither can I ever find a plain, unprinted card whereon to invent my own greetings, which is evidence of the manufacturers' fear of human invention.

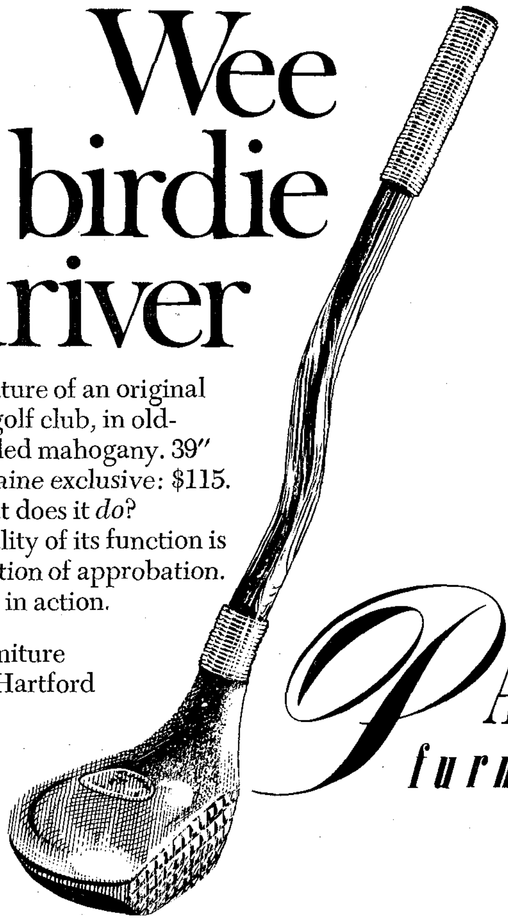
This excess leads to a lack of concreteness and definition, and therefore to indecision. Needs and demands become unsettled, rotted by perennial hesitation. Both under Communism and here one is unable to buy a pair of slacks—there because not enough pairs can be produced, here because too many are produced. If someone goes to an American department store with the firm intention of buying slacks of a certain kind, he won't. He faces such an inhuman number of different kinds of slacks that his notion of need gets confused. Suddenly, all the slacks fit his idea; that is, they destroy and annihilate it. Consequently, one no longer knows whether what one looks at, or holds in one's hands, is what one really needed and wanted. The witches' sabbath of colors, shapes, and versions kills the joy of the wish. In the end, the human being is deprived of both the necessity of searching and the happiness of finding. And that *is* a danger.

APRIL 11. I was perhaps too rough on American youth. Most young people here have two interesting qualities: (1) They are more intelligent than their elders (which is to the credit of the American educational system, or of an eternal ruling that youth is better oriented to current reality; that does not mean wiser). (2) They have tried to destroy, in recent years, the idolatry of money in this society.

Money is no more the main aspiration of the coming generation, no more the overwhelming element in social striving; the reason behind this (maybe neither idealistic nor moral) is that it is already more difficult to be interestingly poor in this country than to be averagely prosperous. Being broke has much more to do with extravagance than with bad luck.

APRIL 12. BOSTON. As I was sitting on a bench and looking at the Common, an elderly gentleman in a tartan waistcoat asked me a question. When I answered in my still imperfect English, he asked, "You are

Wee
birdie
driver



A caricature of an original Scottish golf club, in old-world faded mahogany. 39" long. A Paine exclusive: $115.
But what does it *do*?
The totality of its function is the reception of approbation. You see it in action.

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PAINE
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The
Poor Box

The moment you look at that plush red box you'll know Canadian Masterpiece won't make you richer. So don't be surprised by the price tag: almost $9.00 the fifth. You'll also have to spend some time finding a bottle. (That's because so little of it trickles down from Canada.) But if you can afford the time and the price, then you deserve what you get—one of the finest Canadian whiskies made. (Maybe we should have called it the rich box.)

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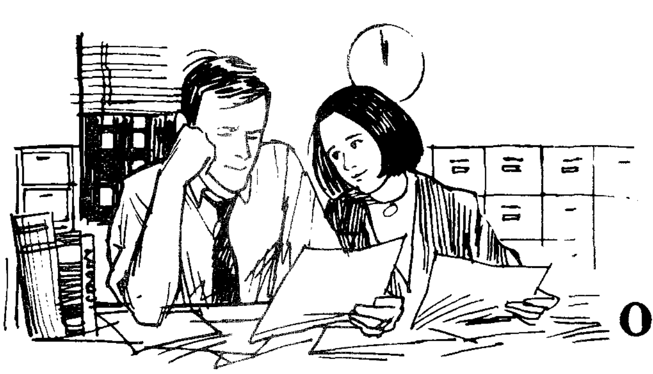
CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND·80 PROOF·IMPORTED BY CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.



DINK'S LABOR OF LOVE

OR "THE STOVER STUDY REVEALED"

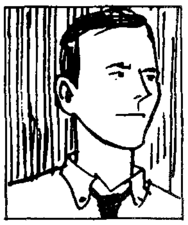
In which our hero, working secretly at night with an office chum, Mary Jane Hightower, develops the significant facts from a current survey of Boston newspaper readership (well calculated to enlighten media buyers and others in the advertising community).

It is midnight. And all the offices of the large advertising agency are dark — all, that is, except one. It is the office of young Dink Stover, late of Lawrenceville and Yale, and now scaling the ladder of success as media assistant. Dink speaks:

"WE'VE been working like veritable dervishes over this report, Mary Jane, and I think we deserve a little respite before putting in the finishing touches. Here, have some of these chocolate snaps Mom sent me. You must be famished!"

Mary Jane smiled wanly. "It *has* been a long time since lunch. How were you *ever* able to get all these facts together, Dink?"

Our hero smiled engagingly. "Have you ever heard of Carl J. Nelson Research, Inc., in Chicago? Well, they hired 27 professional interviewers to survey 2,000 telephone homes in and around Boston, chosen from a random sampling. It was later found that 126 phones had been permanently or temporarily disconnected or the people had moved. Eventually interviews were made in 1506 homes, a completion rate of 80.3% . .."



" . . . a job that had to be done."

"Incredible," Mary Jane sighed. "I know the Media Director, indeed the whole agency will be so proud of you (she paused shyly) including me."

Dink shook his head. "Gosh, it's not the adulation of my associates that I'm currying, Mary Jane. This was a job that *had* to be done. And you've been a perfect brick about the whole thing." Dink munched on the last cookie meditatively. "Well, back to work . . ."

The next morning a heavy-lidded Dink strode into the Media Director's office, holding a large bundle under his arm. "Sir," he announced, "I have it."

"Good heavens, Dink," the Media Director asked, fearing the worst. "Have what?"

"The Stover Study", said Dink, depositing the bundle proudly on the Media Director's desk. "That penetrating survey of newspaper readership in the Greater Boston market I promised. It's finished."

The Media Director picked it up and leafed eagerly through the pages. "Dink old fellow, it's a masterpiece! Of course I never doubted for a moment that you'd come through. Look at this . . . (he reads) *In the Boston SMSA, the net morning and evening Globe covers 56% of the households surveyed, compared to only 28% for their nearest competition.* And this . . . *With that 56% coverage, an advertiser adds only 14% by including either of the other two Boston newspapers to his buy.* And look at these income breakdowns: *The Globe has a 65% coverage of households with incomes over $10,000 while their nearest rival only covers 37%.* Why, lad, we've got a goldmine of information here that any other agency would give their eyeteeth for!"

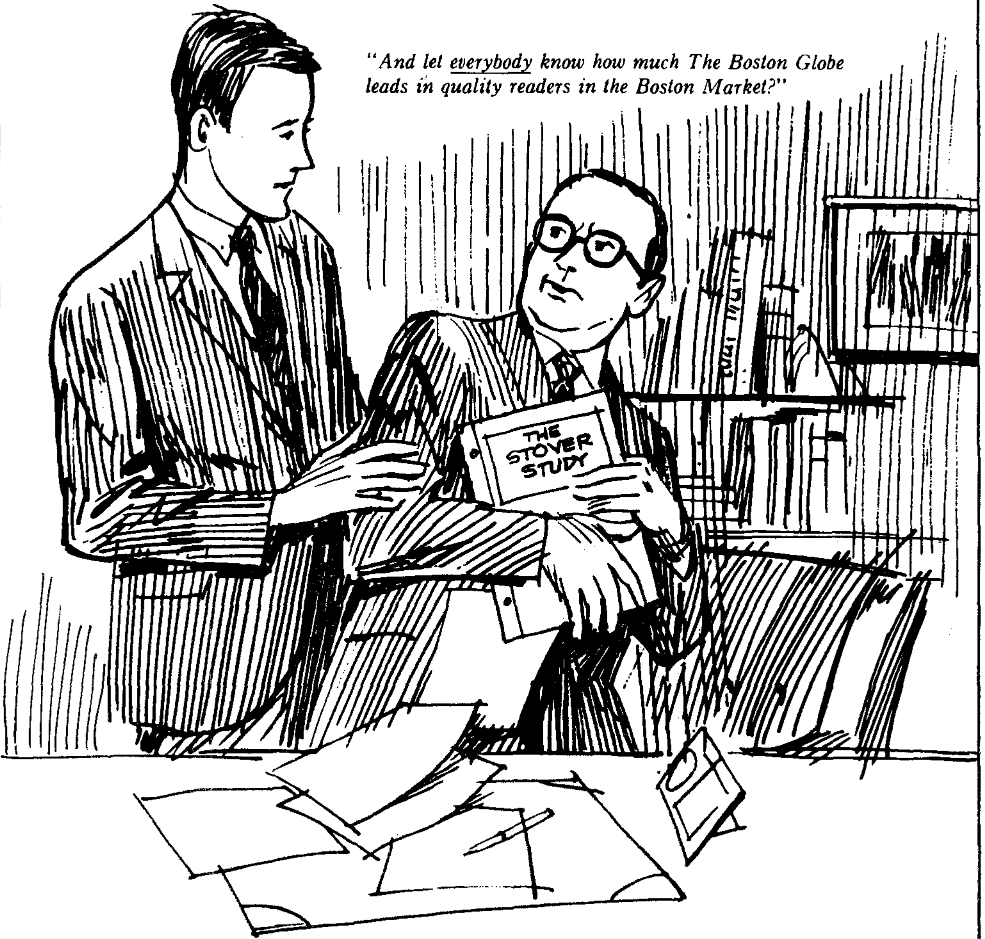
"I thought you might find it useful, sir," Dink said. "I can't wait to see the study published."

The Media Director seemed dubious. "And let *everybody* know how much The Boston Globe leads in quality readers in the Boston market? Shouldn't this information be kept hush-hush for our clients alone?"

Dink continued resolutely: "I feel very strongly, sir, that something of this magnitude belongs to the world. I really do . . ."

His Boss nodded slowly. "I suppose you're right, Dink. Well, let's announce the survey, then, in important national magazines — and advise advertisers how they can get your complete study simply by asking for it. After all, there's no harm in letting people know we have the best crackerjack media assistant of any shop anywhere!"

"No, there isn't," Dink agreed modestly.



"And let everybody know how much The Boston Globe leads in quality readers in the Boston Market?"

ATTENTION STAUNCH ADMIRERS OF DINK STOVER! Follow the stirring adventures of our hero faithfully — as recorded in this journal by the number one newspaper in Boston — The Globe (which has more readers and carries more advertising than any other Boston newspaper). The Boston Globe. Morning, Evening, Sunday. A Million Market Newspaper. New York, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

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He's a marked man ... in the X-100

His assignment was to play the suave continental. He went too far. His Edwin Clapp shoes revealed him as a suave American . . . despite the foreign accent.

X-100 can't keep a secret.

The Edwin Clapp Shoe, Established 1853

EDWIN CLAPP & SON, INC.
443 Albany St., Boston, Mass. 02118

from the South, aren't you? Texas or Arizona—is that not so?"

How strange! This country does not accept *the possibility of one's* being alien.

APRIL 14. In my hotel, alleged to be the best in Cambridge, I complained of the nocturnal inferno in the heating pipes. "If you have noise in your room it proves that there is central heating at work," the clerk at the desk explained. "Heating means pipes. And pipes make noise." I have to admit I was impressed by the infallibility of Harvard's school of philosophy, but some ontological questions remained unanswered.

APRIL 17. My luncheon companions discussed the involvement of intelligence agencies in American public and academic life—in a rather condemnatory and upset tone, of course. "You won't believe what enormous sums of money the C.I.A. spends for scientific research in this country, how many scientists they support, how much they give for foundations and grants," said one.

Blessed country, I thought. It has the only secret police in history that does not take money from but gives it to those it is supposed to watch.

APRIL 20. NEW HAVEN. On every campus, I meet bright young men who say, "We are the first American generation to avail ourselves of the privilege of rebelling, the right to criticize, and so we are accused of being leftist, Communist, or God knows what. But all we want is to improve on the status quo." Or "This nation is divided between anti-Communists and liberals. The first are obsessed by the conviction that every attempt to change society equals Communism."

Later, they take me for a ride through the countryside—usually *through the poverty-ridden sections,* most of them Negro slums. As I look at the deteriorating buildings, they watch me carefully for a reaction of horror at the sight of such misery. But the misery doesn't impress me; I've seen worse in my own country. This misery is brighter than ours; the children run around in blue jeans, which are the dream of prosperous children in Poland. What does impress me is the bright *young men themselves*—their sensitivity and compassion. Their counterparts in my homeland don't give a damn about such problems; either they're indifferent to them or they're convinced that any effort toward improving them would be in vain. What does impress me is that this society is not resigned to its shameful imperfections but is concerned about them, that its youth is busy creating conditions in which it can carry on the fight against them. When I say that the same poverty and misery exist in Communist Europe, I am not always believed. Of course, no one in Warsaw or Moscow would dare show an American what is shown to me here. It is forbidden; our bright young men risk being arrested if they insist on showing visitors our social blights.

APRIL 24. NEW YORK. The racial situation in New York is strange. The Negroes move normally in the streets, and no one bothers them; indeed—as a wanderer from abroad may observe—others are rather considerate of them. But when I wanted to go to Harlem, friends told me not to, because Negroes do not like whites there.

APRIL 26. American Socialism? Of course it exists, at every step. As is known, Socialism set two goals for itself, neither of them realized in societies ruled by Marxists: one is statistical happiness through the maximal material satisfaction for the largest segment, and the other is compulsory social equality. With two other people—a young lady and a friend—I boarded a bus at the Plaza to ride down Fifth Avenue. It was Saturday evening. Next to the bus was a Rolls-Royce, with two men and a woman inside. We, in the bus, moved one yard per hour. The same was true of the Rolls-Royce. We—the girl, the friend, and I—sat very comfortably in the empty bus, no worse off than those in the Rolls-Royce. I assumed that we—my friends and I and the Rolls-Royce people—were all on our way to dinner. All of us would eat very well—only, those in the Rolls-Royce would pay more. We were all dressed in the same kind of clothes—only, the Rolls-Royce people paid more. And one vehicle did not go forward faster than the other. Isn't that American Socialism indeed?

APRIL 27. The American lower middle class, which forms the statistical backbone of this society and decides its general image, is terribly folksy. It adores fancy dresses, gadgets, street parades, paper hats, glittering *réclames*, and hundreds of electric bulbs above every delicatessen shop. Europeans tend to smile mockingly. They are wrong. Every lower middle class adores the same things. But not every lower middle class can afford them.

APRIL 30. In my opinion, we are now witnessing perhaps the most his-

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You may not pay much attention to your socks, but we do. We have an empire of fine Byford socks to suit your needs from the Byford "98" of machine washable pure wool to the Byford Byflex of wool and nylon. In all lengths including our new Mid-Way, in every aristocratic color. Suitably priced from $1.75 to $2.50 at stores throughout the colonies. Byford Imports, Inc., Empire State Bldg., New York

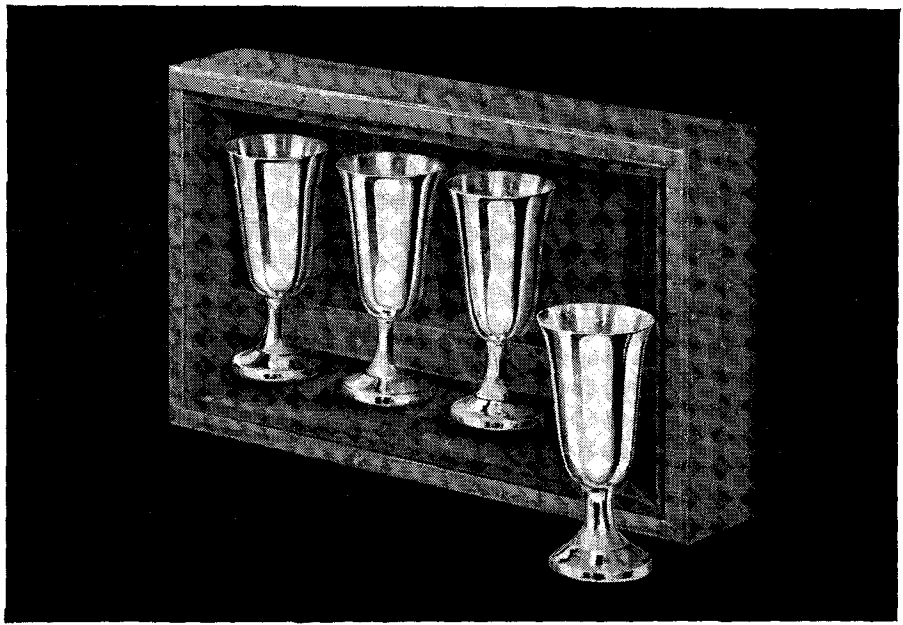
toric switch in America. The American Negroes may become the nation's most privileged social group. Why? It is the one social group that does not fear the American Negro. With time, we will hear Negroes saying more and more often, "This one is quite a good, decent Whitey. Let him go his way."

May 1. At a party, we discussed the possibility of an eventual Russian invasion of this continent. "They can easily be defeated in the big cities," I said. "When they invade New York, for example, all that the Americans have to do is to open as wide as possible every entrance to every department store. In half an hour, the whole Russian Army is either in Macy's or in Alexander's; you shut the entrance door and they are trapped. You do not need Marines; doormen are enough. The Russians will be so fascinated by Mod shirts, Kleenex, and TV dinners that disarmament can be effected by the Bunnies from the neighboring Playboy Club."

May 2. One tragedy of the Negro problem is that the Negroes do not want integration, tolerance, full civil rights, or equal opportunities. They do not want to be accepted, admitted, respected. They want to be loved—and loved because they are Negroes, with four centuries of suffering on their backs. It proves they are young as a race. We older races know that powerful religions originated in the name of love—religions that ruled millions of souls and whole empires but had no considerable results. We know that lack of hate is probably the greatest moral achievement that mankind can hope to attain in the near future. Reading James Baldwin in Europe, I had the impression of dealing with a rather naïve, although very fresh, mode of literary perception. I could not understand it, because Baldwin also exhibited many signs of maturity as a writer and a person. Here in the States I see it at every step, in every bus.

May 4. The Americans have succeeded in an extraordinary accomplishment: they have saturated the planet with the firm conviction that it is chic to dislike Americans. The Soviets grasped it early, and the major part of their propaganda is built on this American achievement. They've done well everywhere—except in the Soviet bloc.

May 5. I must admit that one mocking reproach that hostile Europeans address to America is justified. It is the existence here of an unusual number of people that wise old Jews call "myshugene;" that is, of crackpots, or nuts. They are everywhere: on the streets, in the buses, in the coffee shops, brooding



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FITZHUGH (Lowestoft)
5-piece place setting $26.50

The focal point of this elegant "Fitzhugh" pattern is the Chinese symbol for good luck, surrounded by representations of the four seasons. Named after Thomas Fitzhugh, a "supercargo" for the British East India Company in Canton, circa 1780, it is another historic Lowestoft original design by Spode. The distinctive blue/gray Lowestoft body, originated by Josiah Spode II in the first decade of the Nineteenth Century as replacement for wares previously imported from China, is about as chip-proof and unbreakable as a dinnerware can be. Available in red, green or blue. At the most reputable store in your community. wholesale distributors/COPELAND & THOMPSON, INC./206 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010

Spode
THE FINE ENGLISH
DINNERWARE

at the counter and waiting for the chance to deliver a monologue. Several times per day, I am asked by older, innocent-looking ladies, or by cheerful, filthy gentlemen with once handsome faces and a maniacal glitter behind glasses, not to sin with women, or to be careful about measles. I remember the Russian proverb "He has gone berserk with wealth." Probably it applies to this society. The dilemma is: Should a society strive to accumulate big wealth and a formidable proportion of mental disorder? Or is it better to remain poor and sane? It's not up to me to answer.

MAY 7. The widespread image of New York as an urban center with a distinctively capitalistic—or, rather, plutocratic—flavor is inaccurate. New York is folksy; it is a people's city—like ancient Athens, medieval Florence, nineteenth-century Vienna, or timeless Paris. And so London, Berlin, and Moscow never were, because there the Establishment's voice was always more influential, fascinating, and fashionable than that of the people. Of course, folksy cities are much more creative and stimulating and have deeper artistic values. The only drawback is that their people turn more easily into mobs.

MAY 8. At every step, a member of the New Left tells me that in spite of all doubts and disappointments, it's getting better in Russia. "Look at Yevtushenko," these New Left people say. "He shows that something moves, that things improve. Let's wait. Time works for us." What am I supposed to do? I nod and remain silent. How can I explain to all these naïve Marxist Americans that Yevtushenko is a licensed nonconformist, a professional dissenter—that no one in Russia is allowed to recite his poetry in front of eighteen thousand listeners without the blessing of the Politburo. If something gets a good political deal as a result of such an event, it is the first rank of the Party, and not the freedom of culture. Because otherwise such a meeting would never take place. The Party serves itself with many tools: primitive, like Fadeyev and Kochetov; more complex, like Ehrenburg; and the newest models, like Yevtushenko.

MAY 9. Lunch at Sardi's with two internationally known journalists. Very good chicken—old-fashioned chicken potpie. We spoke about America as a land of possibilities. I said that the multitude of possibilities can be fatal. If I meet a chairman, a president, a professor, or a famous writer and try to make him familiar with some of my circumstances, he always says, "But there is no problem at all. We need

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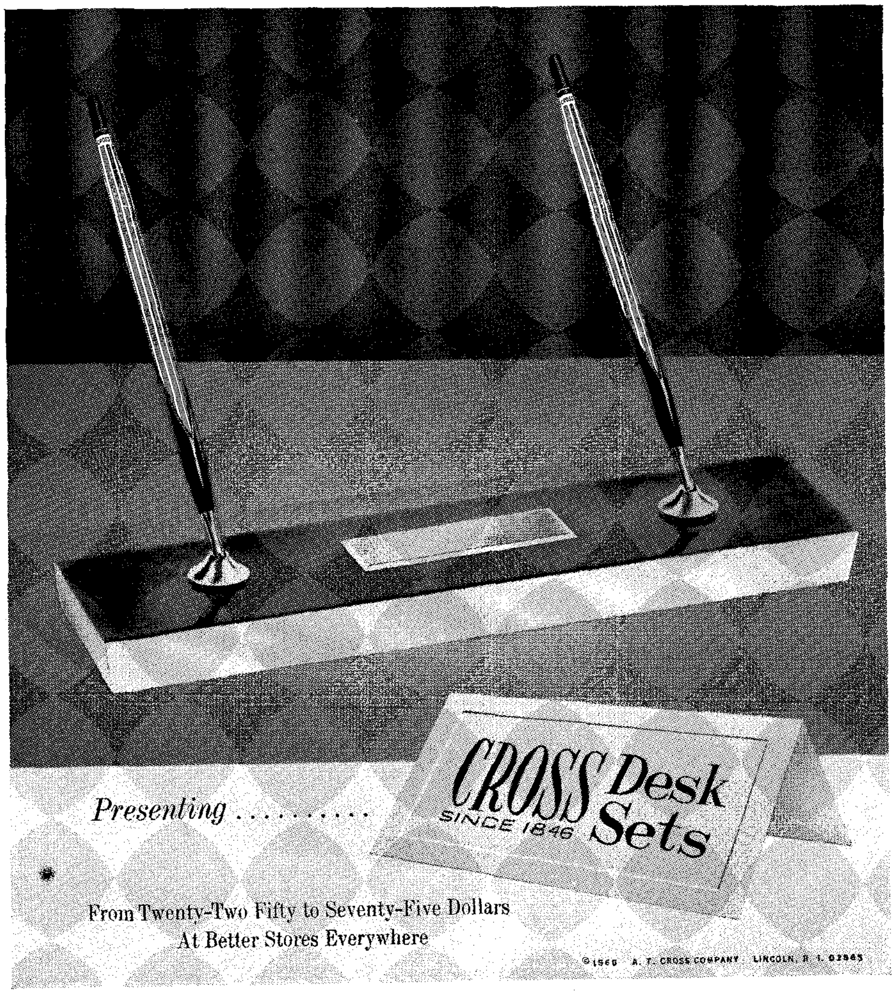

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people like you here in this country. There exist enormous possibilities. Right now I'll give you the names of various chairmen, presidents, professors, and famous writers who will be delighted to meet you and provide all you need." He gives, I note, and later I laboriously try to visit all of them. It takes time, money, and a lot of effort to find them, reach them (America is painfully huge), make appointments, and finally speak to them. Each is extremely cordial, approachable, and understanding. "Of course," he says. "There are enormous possibilities in this country, especially for a man like you. Right now I am going to give you some names of people who will be delighted . . ." This charming way of meeting people has made my travels very pleasant, and positively enriched my life.

MAY 10. At a dinner party, I expressed some political beliefs.

A young French leftist, who a moment before had attacked de Gaulle violently, verbally dragging him through the mud, asked, "Are you going back to Poland?"

"Are you going back to France?" I asked, in return.

"Of course," he replied. "Why not?"

"Then why shouldn't I?"

"Because," he said hesitantly, "you are so definitely against Socialism in Poland."

"No more than you're against Gaullism in France," I said. "But I'm *not* afraid for your future, whereas you are afraid for mine. Doesn't that indicate something about the moral aspects of the two regimes?"

—LEOPOLD TYRMAND

•

DEAR PATRON:
Depicted above you will note a reasonable facsimile of our 1968 tags. It is not only an attractive color combination but also it happens to be the colors of our own University of Alabama. We hope you are pleased with the colors, because you will be paying $13.75 instead of $3.75 for your car tags.—*Letter from the License Commissioner of Tuscaloosa County, Alabama.*

Get out of the way! We want to turn a handspring!

•

THE NEW MATH

[*From an adv. in the Los Angeles Times*]

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150 JEEPS
200 ROOMS
FABULOUS HOTEL LAS BRISAS
THE ONLY HOTEL IN THE WORLD WHERE
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Are unimaginative financing techniques limiting your company's growth?

In a city of banking giants, ask the major commercial bank that's investment oriented: The Bank of New York.

Trying to raise money for growth is not an unusual corporate problem. But the solution for your company may require a unique, inventive approach, particularly in view of today's shifting credit conditions and fast changing securities markets.

As a bank that knows and thinks "investments" as well as "banking", we can put our knowledge of economic factors, industry characteristics and trends, and flows of money and credit to work for you in making sound judgments on your specific credit or capital proposals.

Not only do we derive a larger share of our income from managing other people's money than any other major New York commercial bank, but we also devote a greater proportion of our revenues and talent to investment skills. And these skills are reflected in all our banking services from financial planning to making loans.

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The following stories are true:

A 1949 VW is still running around on its original engine.

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Another owner went 308,700 miles before trade-in time.

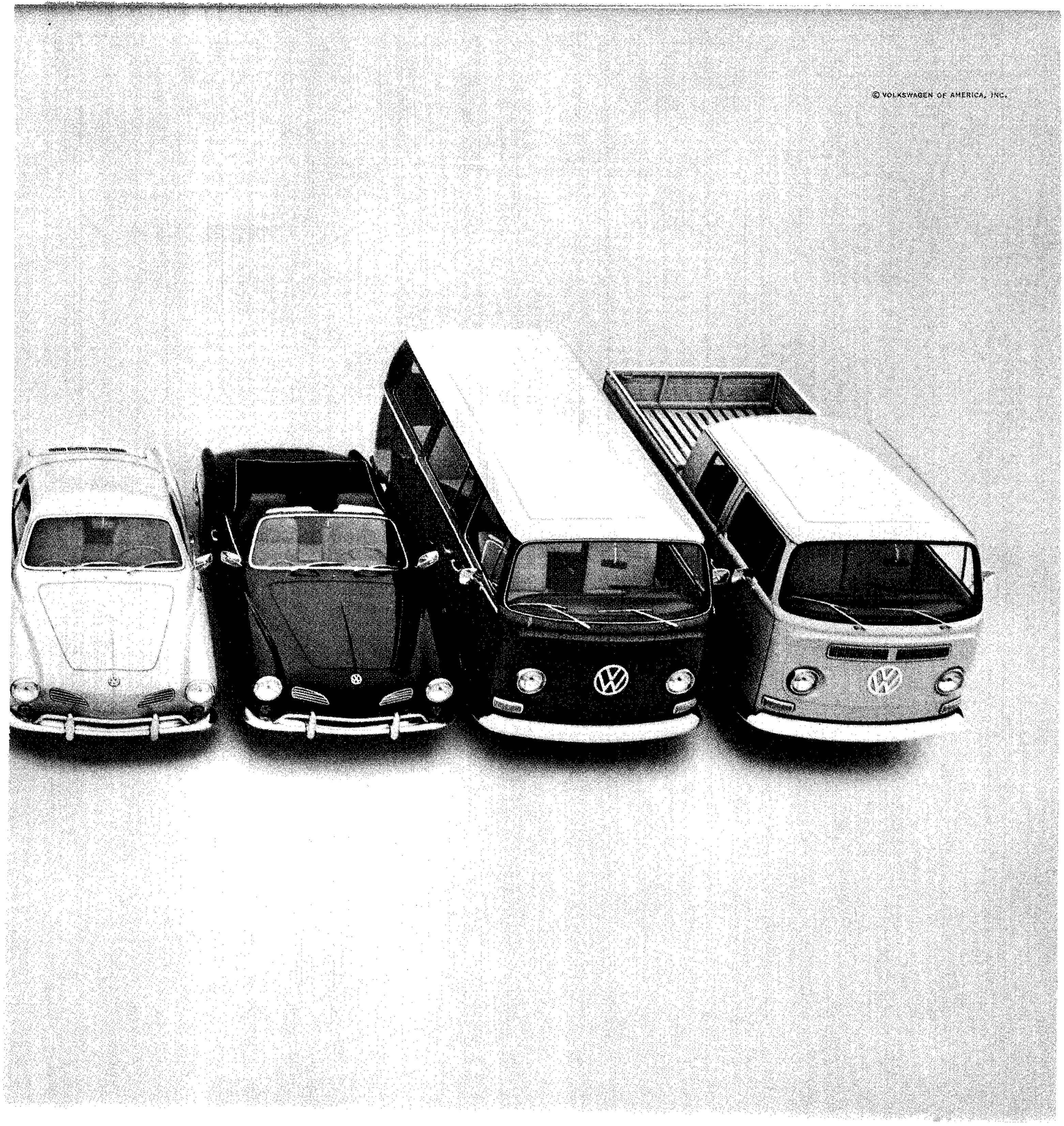
Conclusion: Volkswagens are tough.

For instance, look underneath any VW and you'll see our famous sealed bottom. This ingenious device protects a VW's insides against everything on the outside. Including time. (No other car has anything quite like it.)

A Volkswagen convertible is made so well, so airtight, it helps to open the window a crack to close the door.

(No wonder it takes two men one day just to make two convertible tops.)

Like all VWs, the Squareback and Fastback sedans are both painted 3 times over. To make



strong bodies 8 ways.

what you see look nicer. And to make what you don't see last longer.

Then there's the VW Karmann Ghia. Its body is practically hand-made.

The Ghia is hand-shaped, hand-welded, hand-smoothed, hand-padded, hand-fitted, hand-stitched, hand-painted and would you believe, hand-sanded. (Whew.)

The VW Station Wagon and Camper are different, too. They don't have frames like other wagons. And they're not bolted together either. Each one is a solid hunk of unitized steel, welded together 12,598 times.

Finally, we make trucks.

(And if we make cars as strong as we do, you can well imagine how we make trucks.)

So next time you look at a Volkswagen, look at it this way:

It's not the most beautiful body in the world, but it's one of the healthiest.

DOUGLAS DC-9
DC-9

Commuter's friend.

DC-9.

Here's good news for flying commuters: more and more airlines are adding new Douglas DC-9s to their fleets. In a DC-9 twinjet, you can fly hops as short as 100 miles at the same speed, and with the same roominess and comfort, as in the big jetliners. Multi-stop flights are quicker, too. You spend less time on the ground because DC-9s require less servicing, and they don't depend on ground power for air conditioning, heat, or lights. Next time you have a hurry-up business trip, or a long-distance flight, ask to fly a quick and quiet DC-9, or the big, luxurious DC-8. Coming or going, you'll arrive faster, and more refreshed, when you fly the Douglas Family of Jets.

DOUGLAS
MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

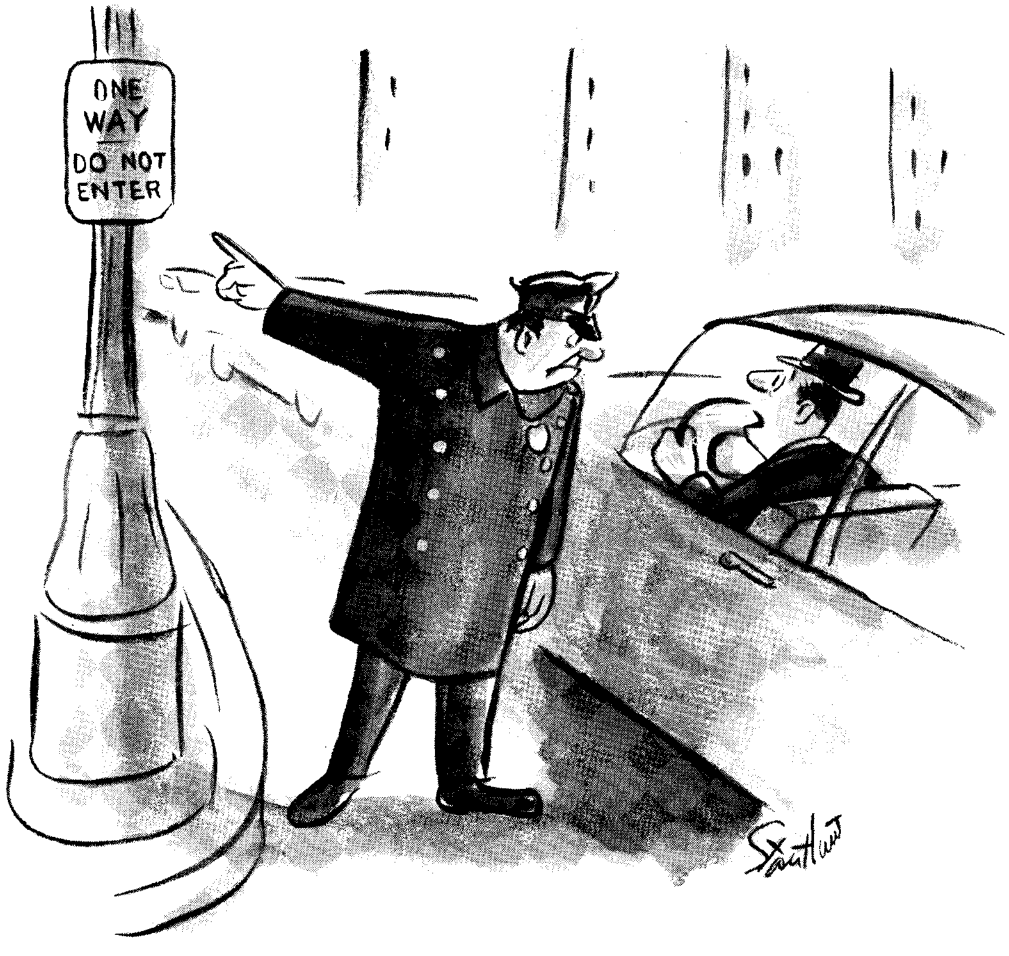
THE THEATRE

TRICK BUT NO TREAT

“More Stately Mansions” opened at the Broadhurst on Halloween, and if all concerned with its production were haunted by the ghost of Eugene O’Neill that night, it served them right. The play, planned to be one of a cycle about a family and its corruption by materialism and power, was never finished. As it stands, it is a creaky melodrama, complete with soliloquies, brow-clutching, incest, hatred, villainous long-range planning, wits addled by emotional stress, and dialogue starchy with rhetoric and exposition. There are very few human or affecting moments. The action takes place in New England between 1832 and 1841. It is concerned with the struggle of its hero, Simon Harford, to resolve the two halves of his nature, artist and businessman, and with the struggle over him—body and soul—between his mother and his wife. The mother, Deborah, is a possessive, cold-blooded woman, whose affliction—basking reality away in games and daydreams—also infects him. The wife, Sara, an Irish girl far below him socially and financially, is forthright, loving, and sexually irresistible to him. The play opens in Sara’s parents’ tavern soon after the death of her father. The young couple have come for the wake. They are happily married, and Simon, having been disinherited because of the marriage, has given up his plans to write a book (a wise decision, considering the description of the work in progress) in order to provide for his wife and children. But he does agree to a secret meeting with his silky, insinuating mother. By Act II, his own father has died, and he has been persuaded to take over the family business and move into his mother’s stately home. The decision almost finishes him. He becomes as grasping as his late father, as crafty and disembodied as his mother. The struggle between the two antagonists begins, and Simon, confused almost to the point of madness—he can barely distinguish between the images of mother and wife in his mind—forces Sara into the position of mistress and harlot at the office and accepts Deborah as a romantic heroine at home.

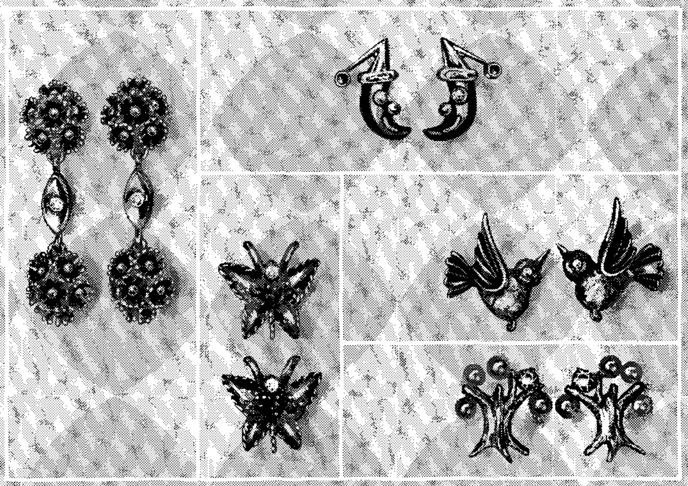
It must be said that it is very difficult to care what happens to any of them, though not absolutely impossible to care what happens to Sara. Colleen Dewhurst, bucking Heaven knows what odds, does manage to invest the part with some measure of humanity. There is, of course, more flesh and blood to Sara than there is to the others, but not much, if you listen carefully to the lines. Her first scene in the tavern, where any number of feelings hit her at once, is very good, but even better is a scene in the second act when she calls on her husband at his office. There has been an estrangement between them, and now, unaware that she is being dealt with dishonestly, she responds with delight to his apparent delight in her. Her brogue, which has dwindled as her wardrobe has improved, thickens, and, momentarily confident, she positively grins with joy and love. It is a truly theatrical moment (as opposed to a stagy moment, of which there are many examples). Simon is played by that admirable actor Arthur Hill, whose talent for strong, quiet plausibility is entirely out of place here; plausibility seems to be the last thing the management has in mind. The production is, of course, the occasion for the return of Ingrid Bergman, in the part of Deborah. Miss Bergman, dressed always in white, looks lovely and frequently as young as Miss Dewhurst, which may account for some of the confusion in poor Simon’s cleft brain. But she spends most of her time upstage of everyone else, and no matter where she stands or sits, she is bathed in glowing, flattering light—a state of affairs that renders it impossible for the audience to accept her as anything but a star making a personal appearance. It is wonderful to have Ingrid Bergman back in the theatre, and she deserves better of the director, José Quintero.

According to an article by Barbara Gelb in a recent Sunday *Times*, O’Neill left instructions that no one was to tamper with his unfinished manuscripts after his death. A manuscript



“I’m sorry. I was dreaming of Jeanie with the light-brown hair.”

Sooner or later pierced ears find fulfillment



Ordinary ears wouldn't understand. Choose from this extraordinary selection of 18K gold enameled earrings to fit whatever mood you wish.

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Tree with pearls and sapphire	$60
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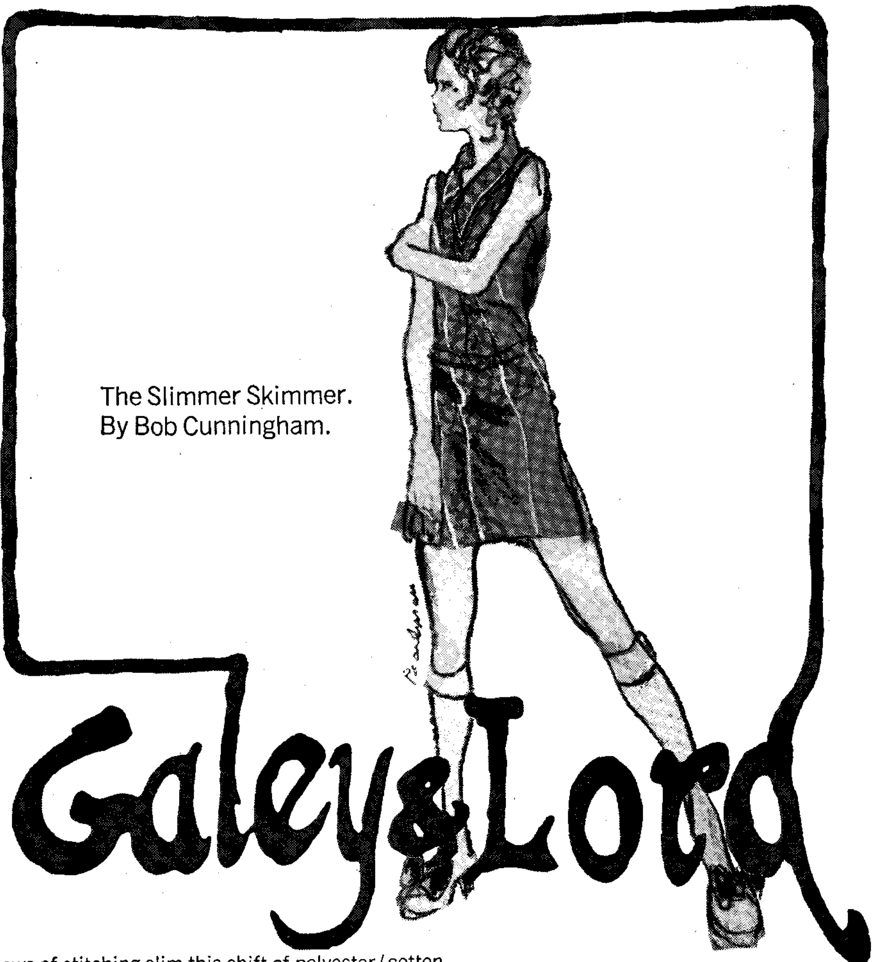
The Slimmer Skimmer.
By Bob Cunningham.



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of "More Stately Mansions," apparently forgotten by the playwright, was found at Yale, with a note attached to it: "Unfinished Work. This script to be destroyed in case of my death! Eugene O'Neill." Instead, it was shipped off to Sweden, where it was revised and presented by a Swedish director. Then it was shipped back to Yale, where it was cut and revised by the curator of the O'Neill collection there. Then it was shipped to Mr. Quintero, who put in some time revising it into its present form. Although Mr. Quintero claims that every word in it is by O'Neill, its present form may bear no relation whatever to the play that O'Neill might have completed. Doing it at all is a dirty trick on a dead man, and a piece of impudence.

I HAVE mixed feelings about "Hair" but only unmixed admiration for Galt MacDermot's score, for Ming Cho Lee's setting, and, above all, for the engaging young members of the cast, under Gerald Freedman's direction. Early in the show, one of them says, "We're darn nice kids, and you're going to learn to love us tonight." He is more right than not. "Hair" is the first offering of the New York Shakespeare Festival in the beautiful old Astor Library, on Lafayette Street. Mr. Lee has put a lid on his double-decker set on the arena stage, but above it and around it the audience can see a handsome white-and-gold ceiling with large skylight windows. On the upper deck sits the orchestra—an electronic rock quintet that plays the delightful and surprisingly varied music—and the deck is supported by ladder-backed pillars for the actors and dancers to scramble up and down. The book and lyrics, by Gerome Ragni (who also plays one of the leading roles) and James Rado, are original and sometimes funny. The dances, presumably by Mr. Freedman, are ingenious and sometimes handsome.

"Hair" is a musical comedy about life among the hippies in New York—a mixture of humor and put-on humor and wistfulness and smugness and self-pity and baloney—and life among the hippies can grow awfully tiresome after a while. And disagreeable as well; the second act is mostly taken up with a drug party—a farewell celebration for one of the characters, who has just been drafted—and it is a distressing concept. Even so, the show does have a life of its own, which is always rare and which cancels out some of my objections. Then, too, the sight of such a patently vigorous and high-spirited bunch droop-

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ing up and down the aisles as hippies in beads, panhandling and passing out leaflets, is just ironic enough to make some inroads into the attendant depressing effects. The performances are all fine. Mr. Ragni, as Berger, the mop-headed ringleader of the group, is lively and funny and completely believable. As the girl who loves Berger in the old-fashioned, transitive-verb way, Jill O'Hara makes an appealing heroine and sings very well. I also admired Walker Daniels as the sad but spunky and comical young man who is about to be drafted; Marijane Maricle as his mother and a number of other female squares ("Besides dishevelled, what do you want to be?"); Steve Dean, Sally Eaton, Arnold Wilkerson, and Susan Batson as an assortment of cronies; and a girl named Shelley Plimpton, making her theatrical début as a lonesome waif, who charmingly sings a charming song, "Frank Mills." "Hair" simply could not have existed ten years ago, and it is conceivable that it could mystify audiences ten years from now, but it does catch, and quite successfully, one of the many moods and aspects of life in this city in 1967.

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE'S "No Exit" has never seemed much of a play to me. The characters are puppets, and the audience, even under the best of circumstances, never loses sight of the strings. It was given a generally poor revival at the Bouwerie Lane last week. The three victims who are meant to be one another's hell seemed almost disconnected; there was rarely any tension between them. Nevertheless, there were a few scenes that almost worked, notably the opening one, with Raul Julia as the craven collaborationist and Michael D. Moore as the bellhop. Carolyn Y. Cardwell was on-and-off formidable as the lesbian, Inez. Paul Bowles' translation of the French original into colloquial American English sounded fluent. "The Little Private World of Arthur Morton Fenwick," an odd monologue written and delivered by John A. Topa, with interruptions by Susan McMullen, got the evening off to a shaky start.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

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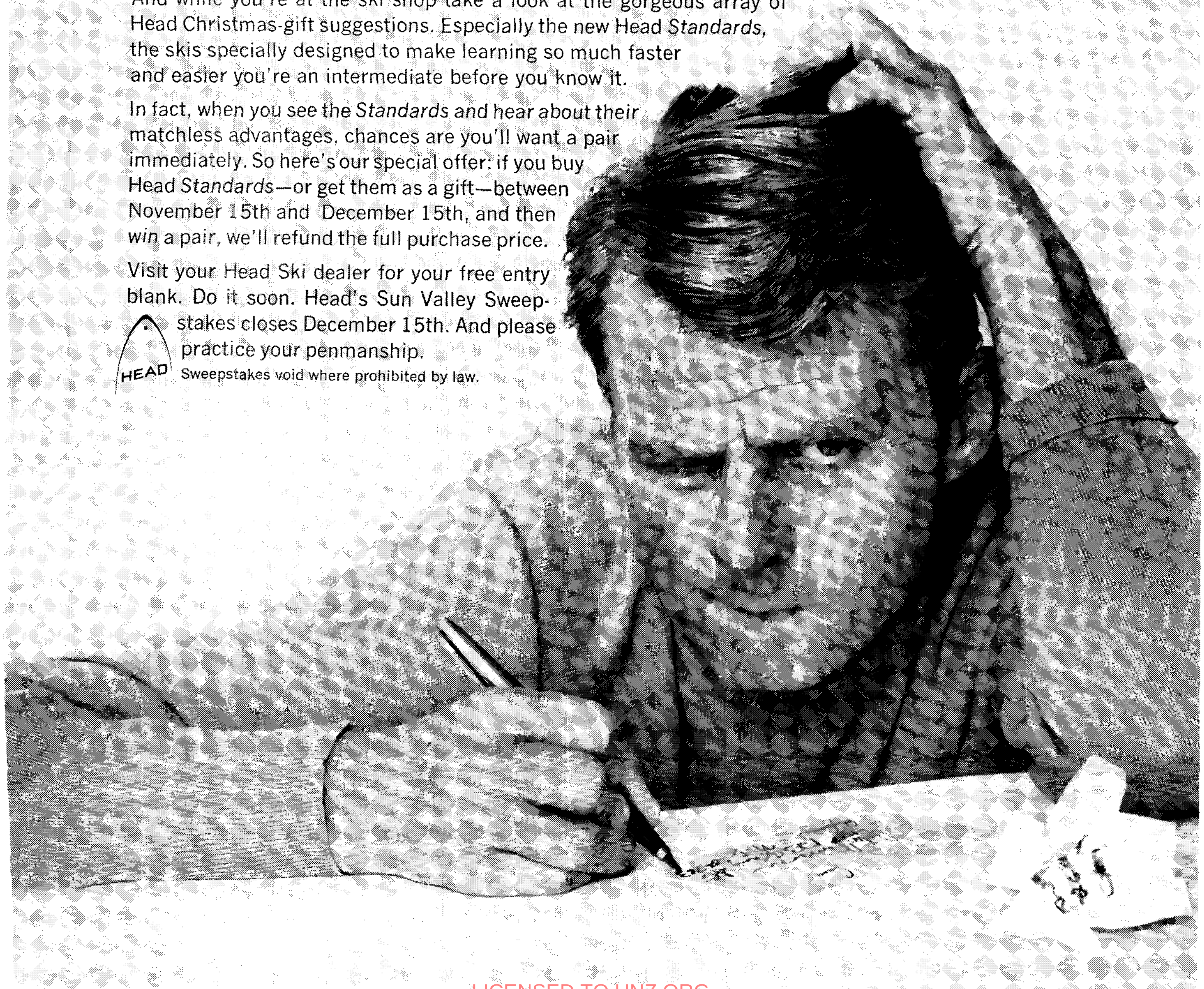

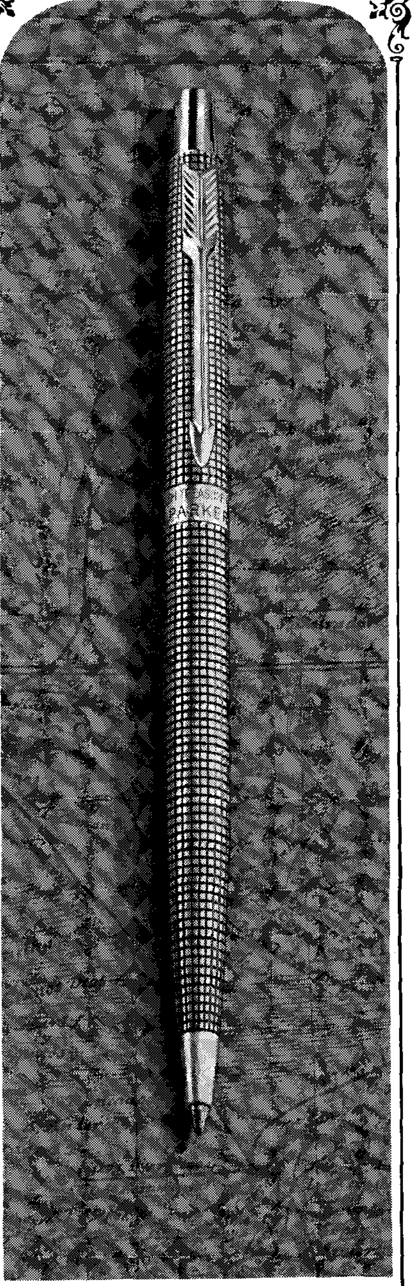

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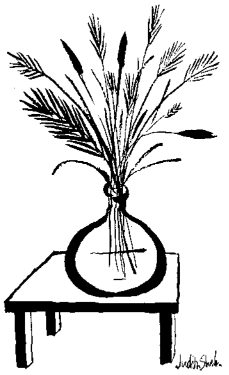
MISS MILLARD

IT was in Norfolk, in 1927. I was sitting beside Mr. Carret on one of the big wicker chairs that always stood in a row on the porch of the patients' common room in Dr. Morris's sanitarium watching what was going on in the garden—not much, a game of bowls, a game of clock golf—when Miss Millard came by. She said that it was a lovely day and I agreed. Mr. Carret, a farmer from Lincolnshire who had a tubercular lesion in his throat and wasn't supposed to speak, wrote on his patent pad, a thing called a Printator, and held it up. He had written, "Haymaking weather. Only hope it lasts."

Miss Millard laughed at him. "Oh, you farmers, always looking for the dark side. I'm sure we're in for a fine spell. At any rate, I hope so." Mr. Carret pulled out the slide, which cleared the gray writing surface of his device, pushed it back in, and wrote again. "Never trust anything, least of all the weather."

"Oh, I'm always on guard against letting my natural optimism run away with me," Miss Millard said, and then, to me, "Would you like to walk with me this afternoon, David? You're on forty minutes, too, aren't you?" I said I was; I said I'd like to, very much. Miss Millard said, "Oh, good, that'll be nice. Come and collect me from my room at the end of the rest period. I'll be ready."



She went off, leaving me in heaven. I had been in love with her for three weeks. It was indeed going to be nice having her to myself for a whole half hour. It was going to be perfect. I exulted.

Mr. Carret wrote on his pad, "Lucky dog." I said I thought Miss Millard was an awfully decent girl. He wrote, "Ah-ha. You've been smitten. I know the signs."

I said, "That's silly. I just like her very much. She's easy to talk to." This wasn't true. I could answer—just—if she asked me a direct question, but otherwise I was almost completely tongue-tied in her presence.

Mr. Carret cleared his pad and wrote, "Well, watch out. Don't get your fingers burned."

I said, "There's no fear of that."

He wrote, "Don't be too sure of it."

"Talking" with Mr. Carret was like being caught in a slow-motion tennis game; it was achingly boring. It didn't make it any easier that Mr. Carret was well aware of this. Still, Dr. Morris insisted on his talking, to prevent him from shrinking into himself, and he was much too good-natured and friendly a man to be coldly abandoned and left to himself. So feelings of duty and inclination drew me into these endless conversations, which lengthened the crawling hours.

The band of the Officers Training Corps from the Holt School down the road came faintly into earshot. I made it a pretext for changing the subject. "Were you in the war, Mr. Carret?" I asked.

He wrote, "Yeomanry, Allenby, Palestine. You were sensible."

"What do you mean?"

"Getting yourself born too late to come in for a basinful of that," he wrote. "You never had a better idea."

The band drew closer, and its rhythmic thumping became clothed with the familiar substance of the "Colonel Bogey March": doo-dah, wum-pum-pum, pum-pum-pah. The music was sharply cut off as the column reached the sanitarium gates, and we suddenly heard the fish, fish, fish, fish of the seventy or eighty marching feet. The marchers were schoolboys, and they were getting on with their lives. If mine had followed the normal course, I would have been in some such school as Holt, one boy among many. By congratulating me on my escape from the war, Mr. Carret had reminded me that I was, after all, a child among grown-ups, ten years younger than anyone else in the place. If they had insisted on the distinction, the others would have remained the others and I would have had an unhappy time of it. But they were kind, and they allowed me to think of myself as just another patient.

A minute passed and then I heard Mr. Carret breaking the rule of silence Dr. Morris had imposed on him. He was talking in the husky whisper that was all he could manage. "I wish I was with those chaps. I wish I was young again. I wish I was getting well. I wish I was out of here." In his moment of agony he spoke to me as if I were his equal in age and experience, ignoring the fact that I was not yet thirteen. I was glad to have the pretense that did so much to make life possible reëstablished, but all the same it was a bad

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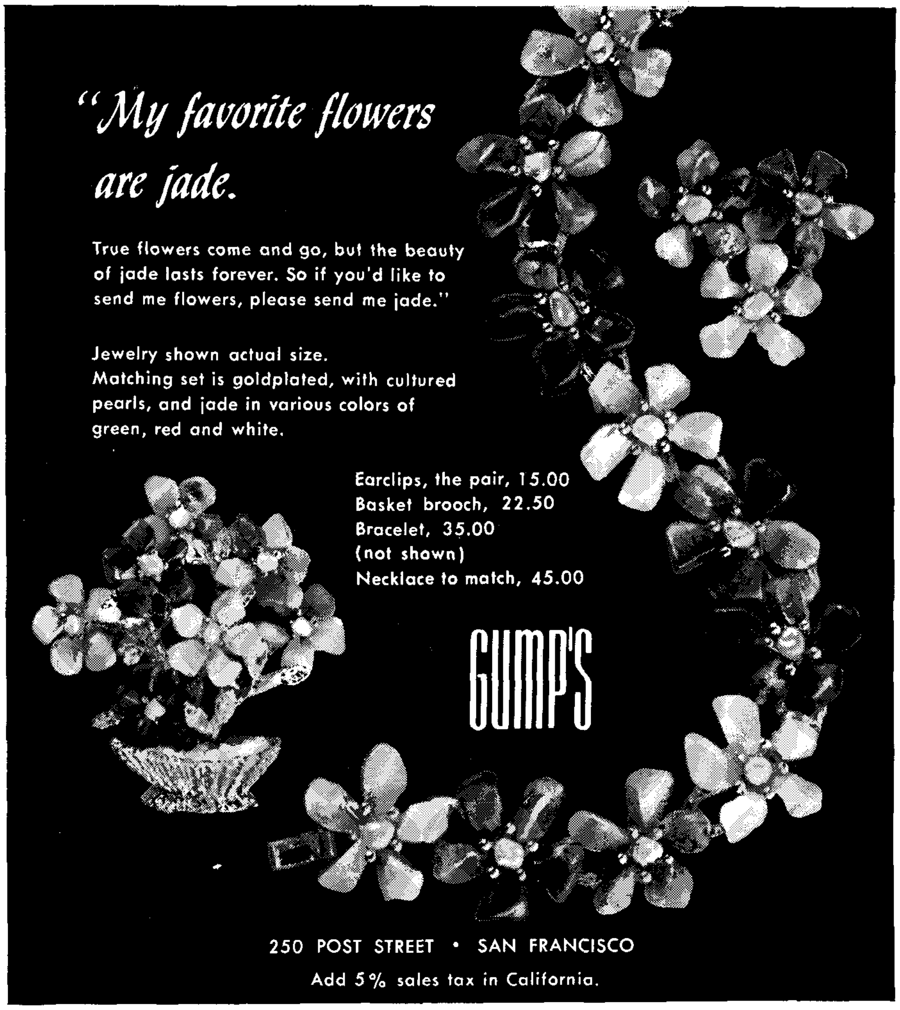
breach of sanitarium etiquette and I was embarrassed.

I said, "I bet you'll be out of here before I am."

He gathered himself and wrote, "*Anyhow, I wish I had a walk with a pretty girl to look forward to.*"

We were back on the safe level of facetious small talk normal in the common room. We avoided discussing our chances of recovery publicly, for obvious reasons. We liked to believe what we wanted to believe in that department, and we didn't want to be challenged. And all serious and controversial issues were out because they might lead to arguments. It made the close-quarter sanitarium existence even less endurable than usual when the many personal antipathies and class hostilities dividing us were brought out into the open, so there was general agreement that all dangerous topics were best left alone. There was an element of self-preservation in this; the danger wasn't just that arguments might lead to quarrels. Some people were so upset when they were crossed on matters on which they held definite views that they suffered relapses and in a few hours lost ground gained by months of rest and treatment. This was one thing that made walks important; when one was out walking with a friend of established sympathies, it was possible to say what one thought about almost anything. And then, walks were indicators: they provided a measure of one's progress toward recovery. Under Dr. Morris's system of treatment, a patient began with two or three months of bed rest before starting a slow return to normal activity. The first walk, with flabby muscles, and with no sense of balance, lasted for two minutes. It was a shock and a disillusionment. It allowed enough time for the patient to get out of his cubicle and out onto the veranda. I'd been looking forward to going over to the veranda rail to draw in a great breath of air that hadn't come in through a window and to look straight up into the sky, which I hadn't seen for three months. Before I was halfway there, I was leaning on the nurse and grimly trying to keep my legs from buckling under me. By the time I reached the rail, all I was thinking about was getting back to bed without falling down. The nurse was encouraging. "There," she said. "There. Let's try another step now, and another." I got the idea. It wasn't a matter of being ill and then being better. I was inching my way through a process that couldn't be rushed. All went well. Two minutes became four, time to get off the



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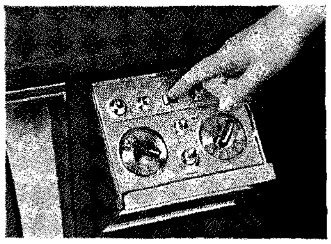

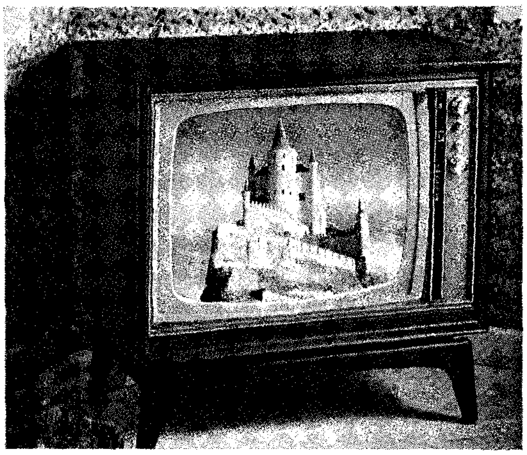

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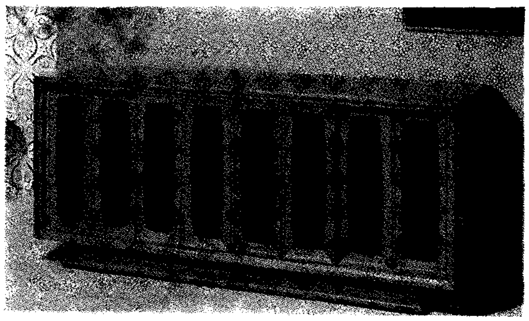

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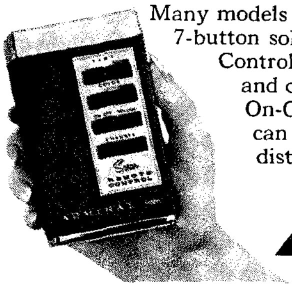

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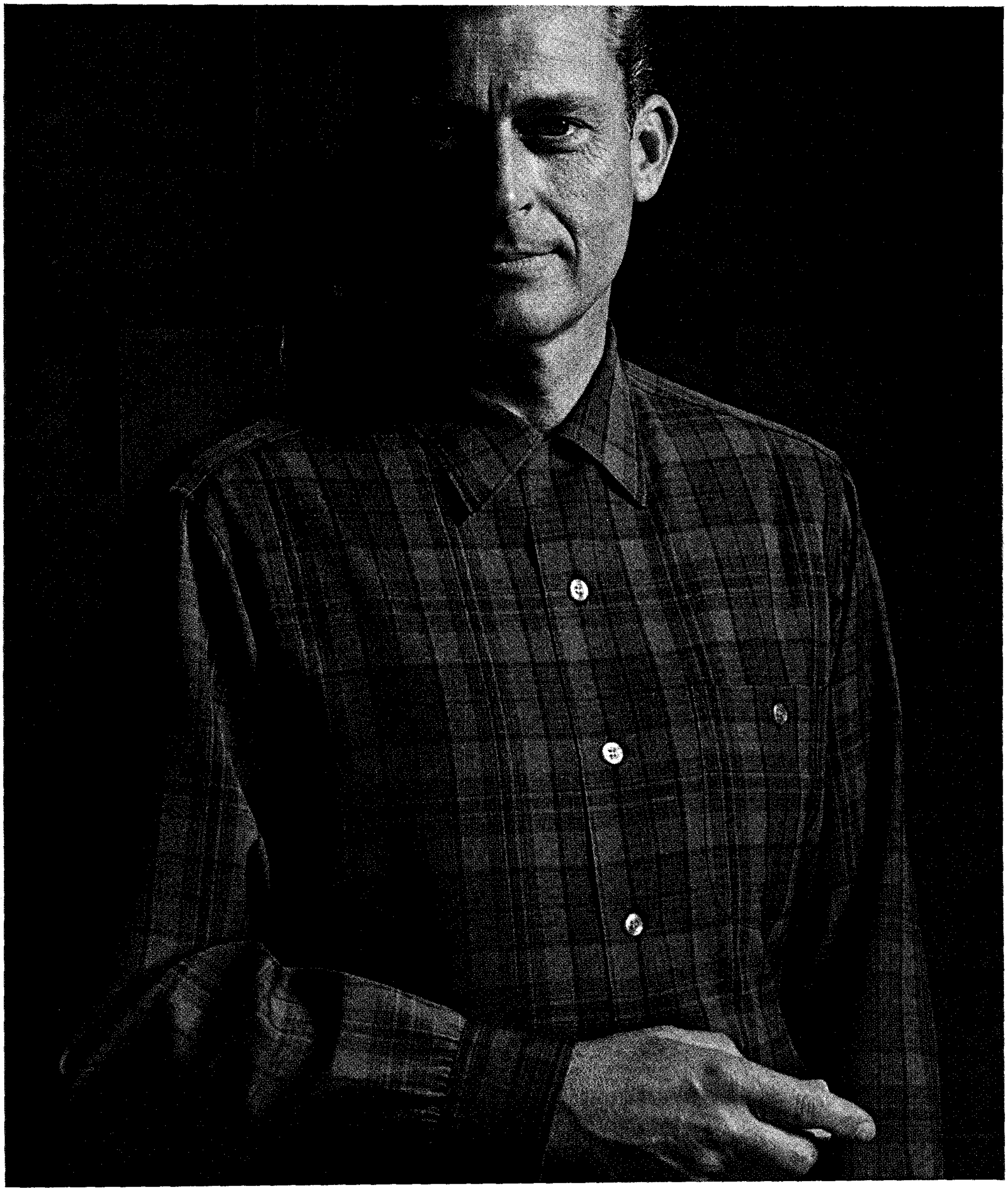

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veranda and onto the patch of lawn in front of each row of cubicles; four became eight, which took one as far as the bowling green in front of the common room; eight became twelve, and one reached the end of the sanitarium's driveway; and then with sixteen minutes one could walk for a whole four minutes on the public road running from Holt in the direction of Sheringham and Cromer. At twenty minutes the steps became a little larger; one went from twenty to twenty-five, to thirty minutes, and so on upward. The rules said that we couldn't walk alone, but although there was nothing to prevent us setting out in threes and fours, we very rarely left the grounds in anything but pairs. The thing was to get away, out of sight and out of earshot of anything to do with the sanitarium, and to pretend for as long as possible not to be two patients linked by the accident of a common disease but friends together from choice. The pairs were for the most part made up of outpourers who had teamed up with listeners or ignorers.

My first regular walking partner was an outpourer. He was Churchy Stevens, a chartered accountant from Peterborough, who had been on the point of throwing up his profession to go into orders when he had come down with tuberculosis of the lungs. He was much shunned, because his two subjects were his call to the Church and the rather mysterious substance of his faith. I know now that it was an idealistic one, part Unitarian, part Platonist, part high Anglican. All I knew then was that it made my head swim to listen to him, and after a very short while I gave up paying much attention to what he was saying. I walked beside him, thinking my own thoughts while he talked. We reached the end of the drive one day just as a big red double-decker bus pulled up at the halt sign outside the sanitarium gates. A nurse with an overnight bag, coming back from home leave, got off; a member of the kitchen staff who was quitting got on. The inside of the bus was, however, nearly full of people who had never been in the sanitarium and who would probably never have anything to do with it. I found their indifferent and incurious faces a thrilling sight. "Hold on tight, please," the conductor said, banging the bell push with which he signalled the driver, and off the bus went. The matter-of-fact ordinariness of it delighted me. "That was marvellous, wasn't it?" I said without thinking.

"Marvellous! Good grief!" Mr. Stevens said, staring at me. "Did you

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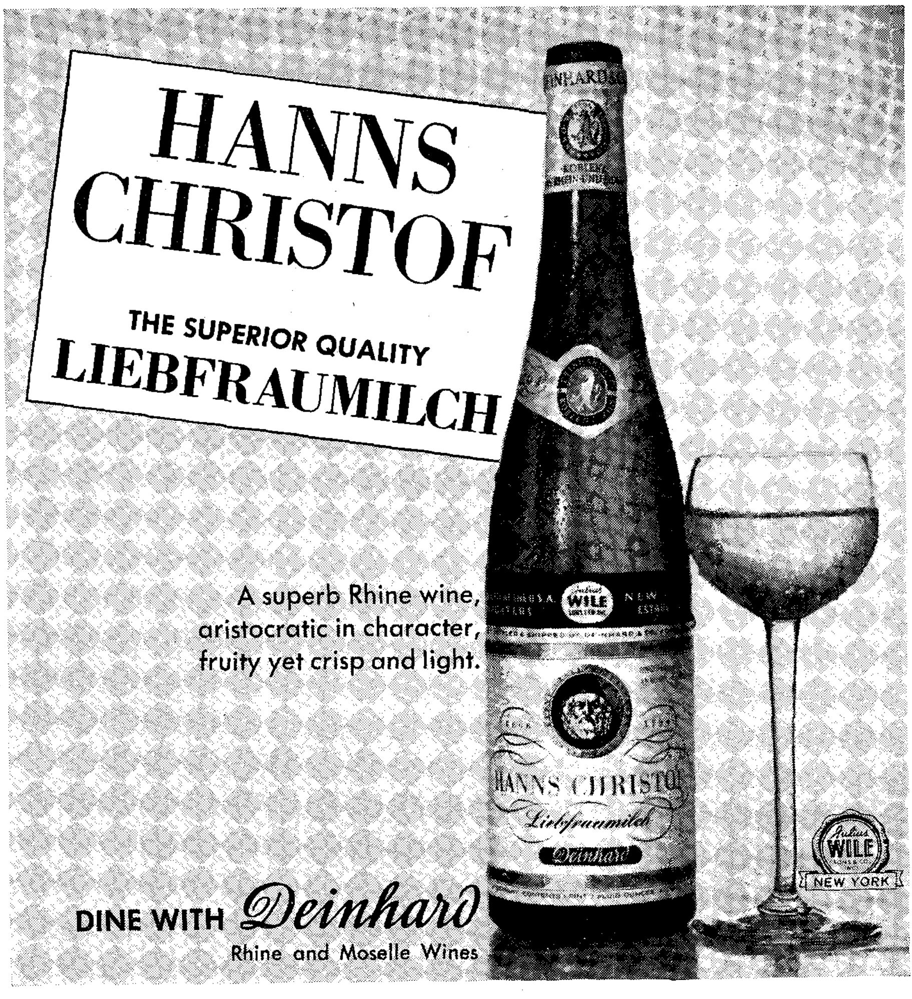


understand anything at all I was talking about just now?"

"Well, more or less. You wanted me to believe God was beauty as well as love, or something like that, didn't you?"

"Oh, I suppose so," he said, throwing an anguished glance after the bus as it went off toward Holt. "And you can still think of a bloody omnibus as a marvellous part of reality?"

"Rather! Isn't it?"

"Oh, bother!" Mr. Stevens went and sat down miserably on the bench in the ugly creosoted hut by the roadside that was meant to shelter people who had to wait for the bus in bad weather.

I had a moment of panic. I was afraid he was going to collapse or have a hemorrhage, and I had no idea what I ought to do. "Are you all right?" I said.

"Yes, I'm not feeling ill," he said. "It's just so hopeless. I know what I believe, but I can't get it across to anyone. I did hope I was getting through to you. I forgot your age. I always forget to take people as they are. I suppose I'd have been an awful failure as a minister." He covered his face with his hands, and I thought he didn't want me to go on about that.

It was hard to know what I could say, so after a minute I tried him with a question. "Are we allowed into those woods over there?"

He raised his head and eyed the solid wall of massed fir trees across the road. "Why, yes, there's a gateway a little farther along. If you go in, nobody will do anything to stop you."

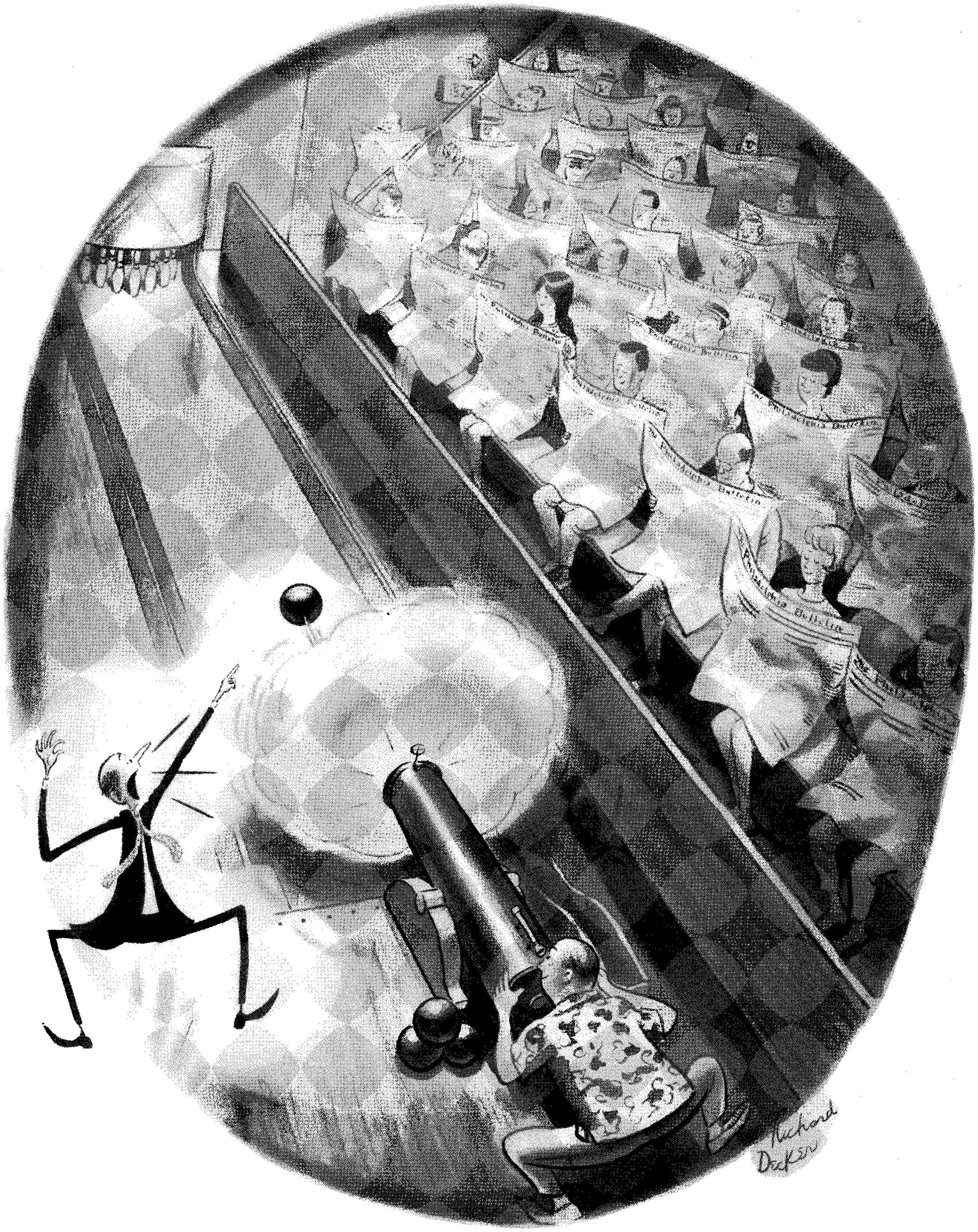
"Is it a good place to go?" I asked.

"It's better than you might think, looking at it from here. Once you get through these young firs, it's like a great wild park; there are acres and acres of bracken, huge trees, miles and miles of sandy tracks half covered with moss and pine needles, and a great lake with thousands of water lilies growing in it."

I said, "Why don't we go there, then?"

He looked coldly at me. "Because we don't have time. I used to be able to get there last year, when I had an hour and a half. But I had two goes of pleurisy during the winter. I'll never walk that far again." He stood up. "I'm feeling very tired. I'm afraid I ought to go straight back."

We didn't speak as we walked up the drive in the shade of the young lime trees, and he never asked me to walk with him again. Someone told me he'd said that I was too young and hopeful to be fit company for him. When Dr.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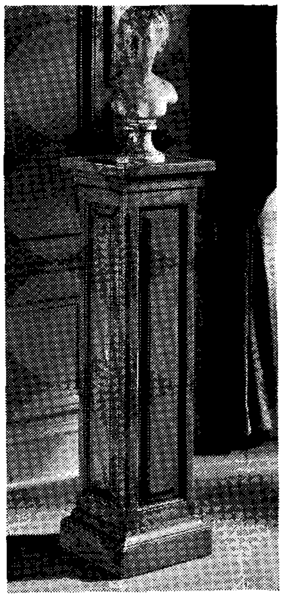

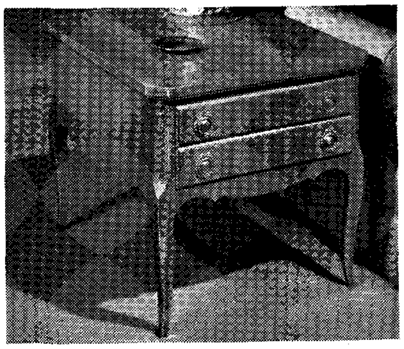

At fine furniture and department stores everywhere. To see Brandt's complete line of fine furniture, send 10¢ for the folder.

Brandt

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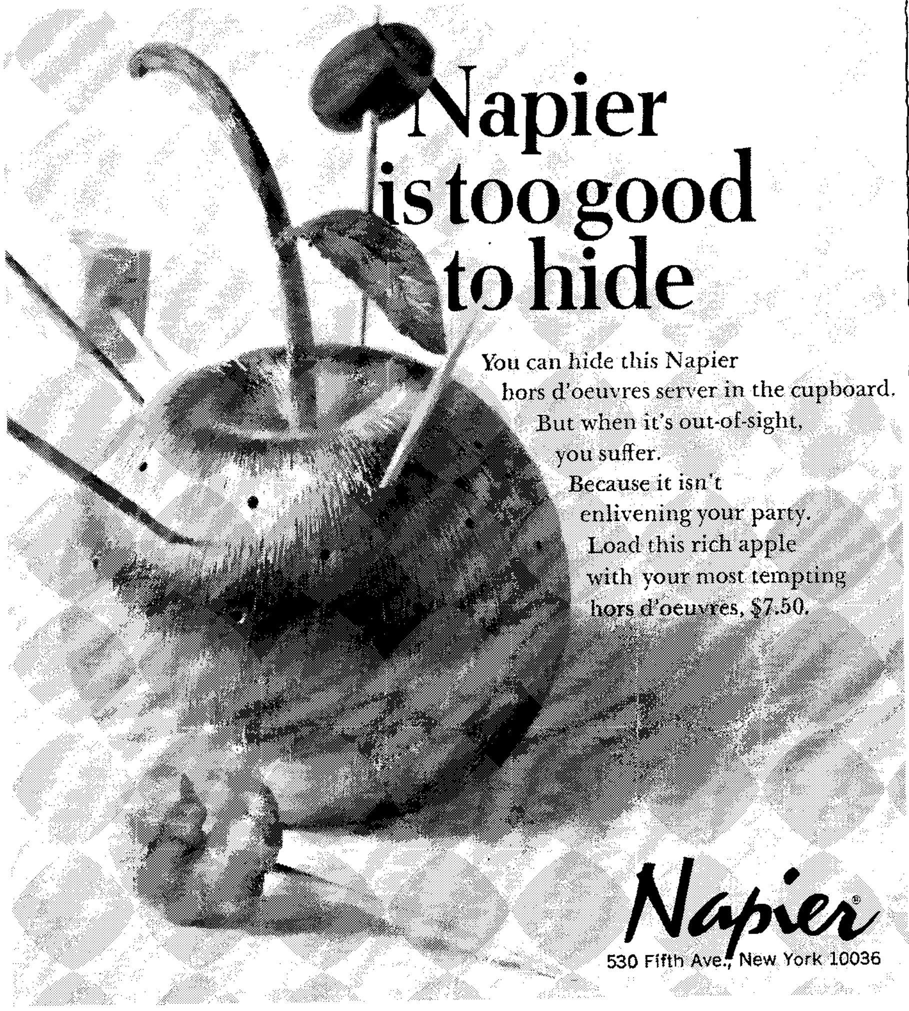


You can hide this Napier hors d'oeuvres server in the cupboard. But when it's out-of-sight, you suffer. Because it isn't enlivening your party. Load this rich apple with your most tempting hors d'oeuvres, $7.50.

Napier®
530 Fifth Ave., New York 10036

Morris put me up to thirty-minute walks, Churchy Stevens was back in bed. I went to his cubicle one day to give him a magazine I knew he hadn't seen, and stayed on to talk for a minute or two. I said, "I've been into those woods you told me about, Mr. Stevens, and I've seen the lake. I just caught a glimpse of it through the trees. It doesn't seem as far off as I thought it would be. I think I'll be able to get to it in a week or two."

He looked into the magazine and turned its pages over irritably. "Well, that's very nice for you, I suppose, but tell me—I wonder why you think I should be interested. I'm not, you know. I don't care in the least what you see or don't see on your walks."

I was jolted into explanation. "I'm sorry, Mr. Stevens. You were the one who told me about the lake. I wouldn't be trying to get to it if you hadn't said it was there. I just thought—"

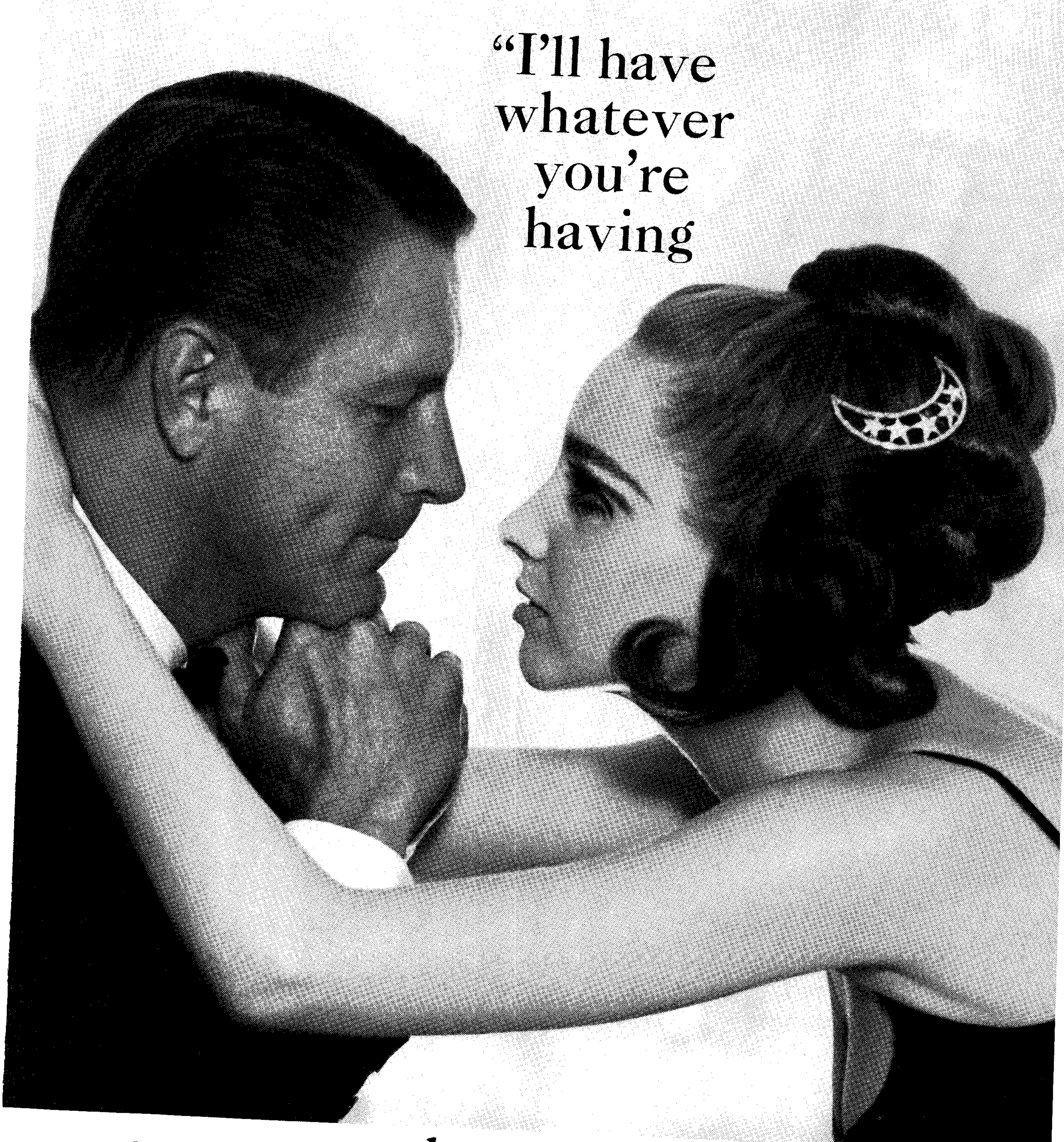
"Well, as it happens, you were wrong. It's no good. I'd like to be concerned with other people's affairs but I'm not. I'm only interested in myself now. I'm sorry, too—sorrier than you are. You'd better go."

I got up and went back to my cubicle. Nurse Wilmott brought me a message from him later, saying he was sorry he had been rude. I told her to tell him I hadn't been offended in any way and that I couldn't think why he was apologizing. Nurse Wilmott said, "He'll see through that. He's a bright lad. You'd better say that you weren't upset and that he's to forget the whole thing." She picked up the chart at the end of my bed and studied it. "Another two pounds! You're getting on like a house on fire," she said. "You must make allowances for poor old Churchy, he's having a rough spell."

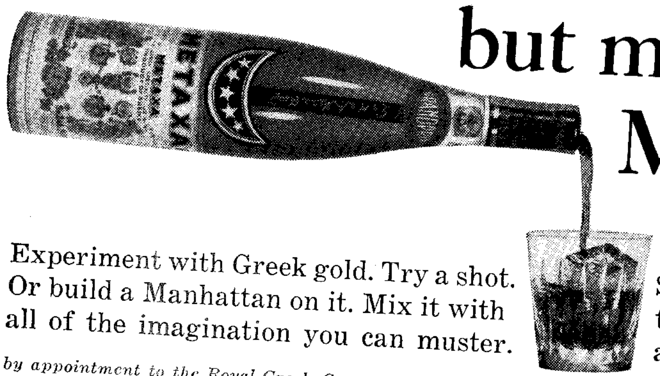
I said, "I know." I knew that he had given up believing in the possibility of his own recovery, and with good reason.

Nurse Wilmott stirred inside her armor of starched linen and hung my chart on the iron frame of the bedstead. "Try not to let it bother you," she said. "It's sad, but there's no use crying over spilt milk."

I REACHED the edge of the lake after I'd been given two more five-minute extensions. It was on the first day of an early-summer heat wave which suddenly broke into spring to give us nine clear, mindless, baking days. We were all warned not to overexert ourselves, and not to get too much sun; it was dangerous weather for us. We all wore our lightest


"I'll have whatever you're having

© 1964


but make it METAXA"

Experiment with Greek gold. Try a shot. Or build a Manhattan on it. Mix it with all of the imagination you can muster.

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BRAUN

clothes, and Miss Millard, who usually dressed very unbecomingly in dingy colors, suddenly became visible as an attractive girl in bright cotton summer dresses that fitted her. I had always thought she was nice in an ordinary sort of way, but I had never really seen her before. So while the heat was killing Churchy, I was falling in love. I would lie awake in the hot, airless darkness, thinking about Miss Millard, and hear over and above all the small sounds of night the dying man's labored efforts to keep himself alive. On the fifth night, there was much discreet whispering and tiptoeing to and fro near Churchy's cubicle; people came and went constantly in small dancing rounds of light thrown on the ground by electric torches. I dozed off not long after midnight and woke again with a start toward four in the morning. The dark was bleached with the first beginnings of dawn, and the silence was absolute. I lay listening to it and only slowly realized that Churchy had stopped breathing. His body was already in the mortuary adjoining the X-ray laboratory, a building detached from all the others and screened from view by the hedge of Portugal laurel at the far end of the sanitarium's vegetable garden. During the morning, his room was given a thorough cleaning, and by afternoon, when I chanced to go by, it had been so stripped of any trace of its occupation by Churchy that it was hard to believe that he had lived there for over two years. The weather broke during the week, and it was cool and showery when we began paying our first introductory calls on the new patient who had taken Churchy's place. By then I wasn't capable of giving her or anything else much attention; I was thinking of Miss Millard all the time and wondering how soon I would be able to find an opportunity to tell her how I felt about her. The new woman offended me very much by commenting on my accent. "You speak very nicely," she said. "Some of the people here are dreadfully—well, common, if you know what I mean. That Mr. Carret—I didn't think I'd ever find myself associating with anyone like that. And Mr. Bowles, or Knowles, or whatever his name is, he seems to have been some kind of employee of the Middlesex County Council. I'm not used to having anything to do with that stamp of man."

"Mr. Carret's very nice," I said.

"Oh, I daresay, but you can't tell me he's got any background, can you now?"

I didn't like the look of her staring

("No gauges, flashers, and dashers on the KLH Radio!")

What's this about you wanting to fly it?

TAKE YOUR basic FM radio manufacturer: As far as he's concerned, you're some kind of repressed airline pilot, irresistibly drawn, glory-eyed, towards Instrument Panels.

Or are those dials, meters, twinkers, blinkers, and numbers meant to suggest some higher maybe secret purpose? (Captain Audio knows!)

Maybe it's to remind us how much in life we've still to learn. (See Footnote.)

FOOTNOTE: The canny thought has probably entered your mind by now that the real reason we don't have many knobs, buttons and sirens on the *outside* of our radio may be that we just don't know how to do it. Okay. Okay.

Use the coupon and we'll send you enough data about the *insides* that you'll think we're secretly financed by the National Science Foundation. We just don't like to make such a display. But we know all that stuff, really. You don't have to, is all.

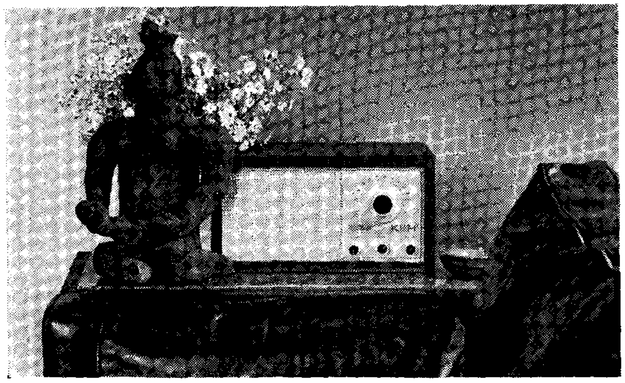
And now back to the ad, proper.

Men! We are for everyone fulfilling himself, but we'd rather start with ears. The dazzlement of an FM radio—a KLH, at any rate—is how perfectly it sounds; at home; in a room; at low volume and high. Whether it takes off is secondary.

All right. The next time you're browsing through your nearby Hi-Fi Mart, or whatever it's called, poke around behind all those cockpit dashboards until you see a little brown walnut box marked "KLH."

Then try this simple test: Turn the knob and *listen.*

(If you don't know which Hi-Fi Supermarket near you is carrying KLH use the coupon and we'll tell you. If you can't find it once you get there, keep looking, keep looking. It's there somewhere.)



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eyes, which seemed to be popping out of her head, and I didn't care for her manner. I cut short my call and went off to look for Mr. Carret, down in the common room. "How did you get on with Miss La-di-da?" he wrote.

I said, "She's got a dotty look."

He wrote, "If she was an animal I wouldn't have her on my place. Nothing but trouble with that sort." He cleared his pad and wrote again. "Read me this piece." He handed me a copy of the *Field*, open at an article on South Country salmon rivers. Mr. Carret could read, but he didn't like to. He excused himself by saying that he needed new spectacles. When I had finished reading it, we sat watching the bowls players, and then Miss Millard came up to speak to me. Our arrangement solved all my problems. As soon as it was made I daydreamed a plan. I would take Miss Millard through the pine woods to the lake. We would sit on the platform in front of an old boathouse and watch the dragonflies skimming over the lily pads. I would take her hand and tell her how much I loved her. It was going to be quite easy, after all.

In fact, when we got to the end of the drive and stepped out onto the road, she said, "Which way shall we go, David—toward Holt or the other way?"

I said, "Let's go into the woods. I know a lake in there. It's a nice walk."

She said, "Oh, no, let's not. All those pine trees are so heavy and depressing. I hate woods anyhow. They make me feel shut in. Let's go that way." She pointed in the direction of Cromer and the sea. We went that way. We came to a fruit farm with rows and rows of canes striping its fields, and beyond that to a harsh red brick humpbacked bridge crossing a railway cutting. The landscape opened out and the sky grew larger. Larks trilled and the wind hummed in the telegraph wires. Miss Millard pulled off her nondescript brown hat and shook out her hair, becoming instantly much prettier. She said, "It's wonderfully open here, isn't it? I love this walk, don't you?"

I said, "Yes." I was dumb, partly from pleasure at being with her, partly from the disappointment of not having gone along the sandy road to the lake, partly from the anguish of being possessed by emotions I couldn't define or express. We turned up a wide road. It faded out at a field gate. Beyond that it was a grassy track leading out across a level expanse of heather and gorse-covered gravel.

Miss Millard leaned over the top bar of the gate and drew in a great lungful of air through distended nos-

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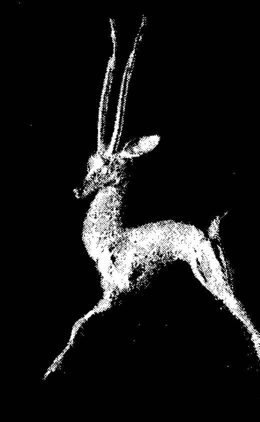
C'EST
LES BERNARD



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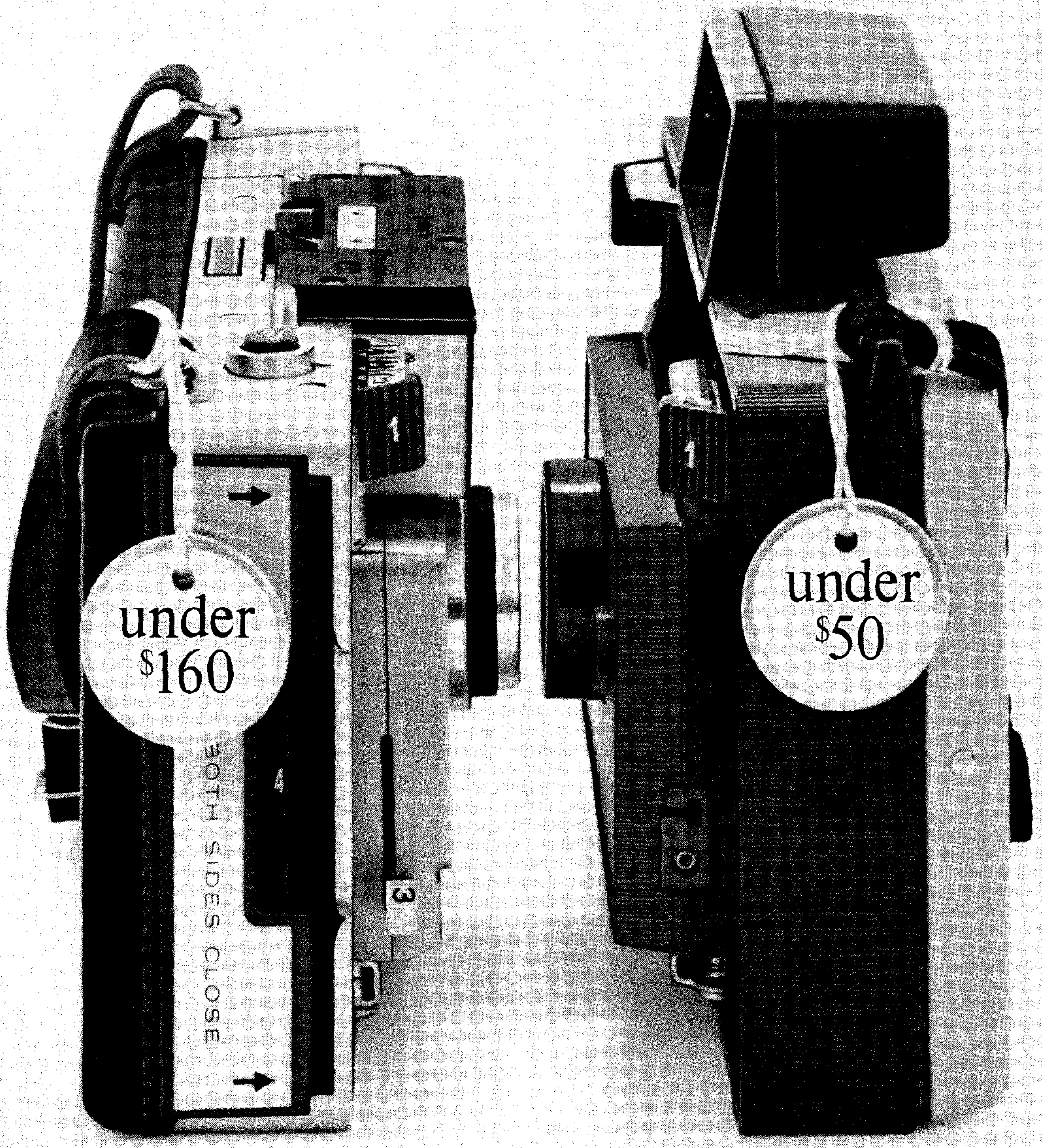
C'EST LES BERNARD

Aw, go on.
My Polaroid Color Pack Camera is better than your Polaroid Color Pack Camera.



It is.

And then again it isn't.

On the right, you've got an electric eye camera that delivers big, beautiful color prints in a minute, black-and-white in seconds. It's lightweight. It loads fast. It uses the same great film as the most expensive camera in the line. All for less than $50. What could be better?

The camera on the left.

This is the finest automatic camera Polaroid has ever produced. It has a Zeiss Ikon single-window range- and viewfinder. A transistorized shutter that lets you make black-and-white pictures indoors *without flash,* automatic time exposures up to 10 seconds. A sharp triplet lens, 2 exposure ranges for color, 2 for black-and-white. It makes beautiful portraits and close-ups (with special accessories). It has an all-metal body and brushed chrome finish. Including a flashgun, it costs something under $160.

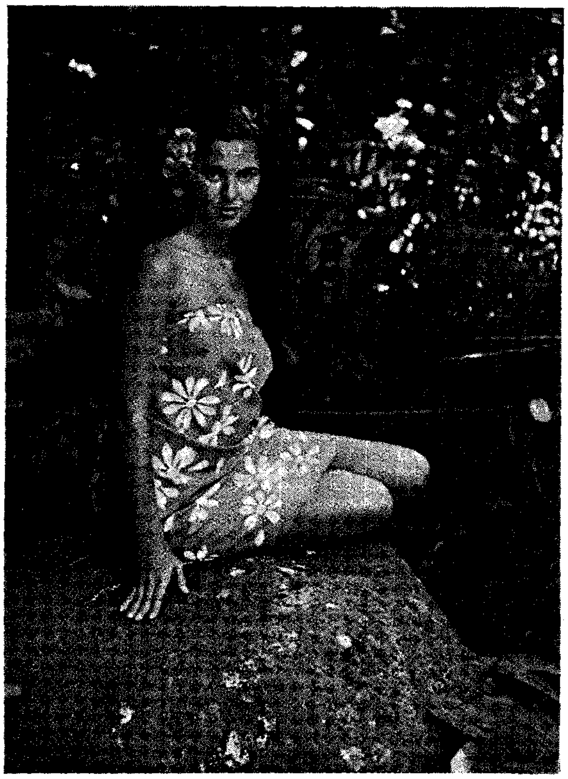
Which is better?

A camera store would be a good place to settle that argument.

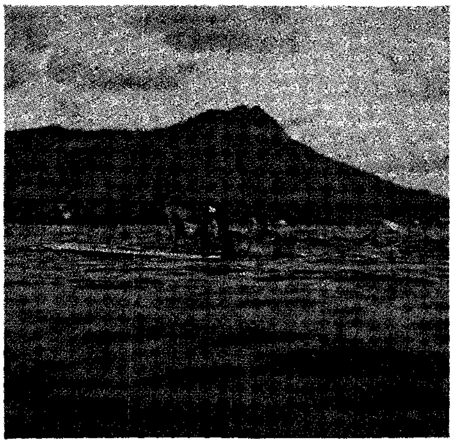
POLAROID®

"This is my **Hawaii** *You'll never forget the golden days you spend with us."*

—Elizabeth Logue, a featured star in the Mirisch Corporation's spectacular motion picture of James Michener's monumental novel, "Hawaii"



"The movie, 'Hawaii,' tells the story of a fascinating part of our islands' dramatic history. You'll have a better understanding of our state after seeing it. I play the role of Noelani. This is Max Von Sydow with me in this scene. Other stars are Julie Andrews, Richard Harris."

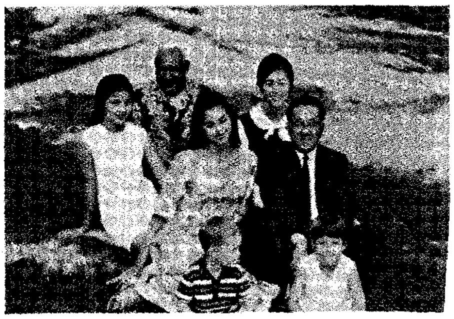


"But my Hawaii is modern Hawaii, which is now so easy and inexpensive to visit. This is Waikiki, probably the most famous beach in the world. Like so many of our Island people, I first learned to surf on these gentle, long-riding waves."

"Honolulu will always be my favorite city. Visitors call it one of the most fascinating in the world. An example of why is our nation's only royal palace. It now houses Hawaii's State Legislature. This is the Throne Room. King David Kalakaua and Queen Liliuokalani both held court here."

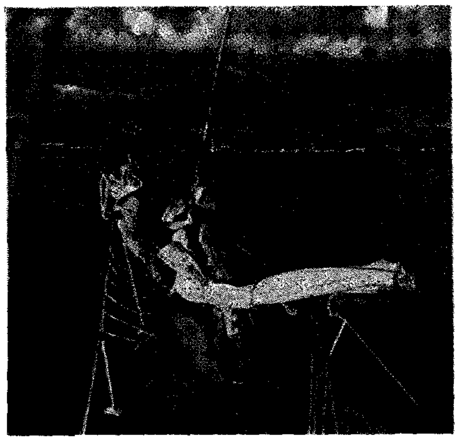
DISCOVER AMERICA

"Every land has its native feasts and in Hawaii they're called luaus. For Hawaiians and visitors alike they're wonderful fun. There's entertainment and dancing and food like you'll never find back home . . . poi, kalua pig, haupia and lomi lomi salmon."



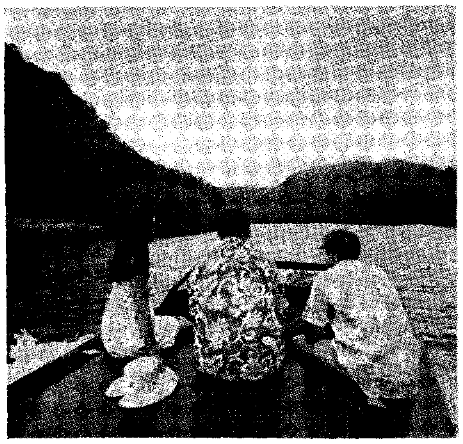
"The mixture of cultures and races is one c the most fascinating things about our islan state. Japanese, Caucasians, Hawaiians, Ch nese, Filipinos and many others all live an work side by side . . . each happily adoptir the best parts of the others' customs and cu tures. Many of us have several races in o makeup. I'm Hawaiian, Chinese and Englisk

Miss Logue's fashions designed and created by member firms of the Hawaiian Fashion Guild

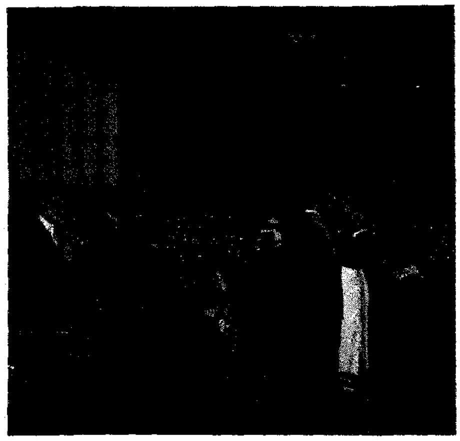


"The Neighbor Islands offer a totally different world of peace . . . where time has almost stood still. This is Maui, the Valley Isle. We're sailing into the harbor of Lahaina, first capital of our island kingdom and onetime whaling center of the Pacific. My movie tells the story of Lahaina during that historic period."

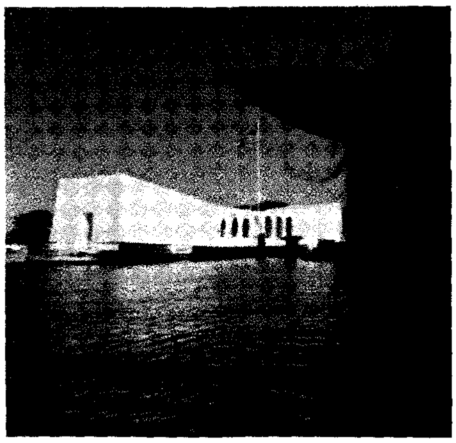
"Our biggest island is Hawaii, the Orchid Isle. One of its most fascinating attractions is the Volcanoes National Park, which has the only active volcanoes in the world you can drive right up to. Every so often there's a new eruption and people rush from all over the state to watch the spectacular fireworks."



"Kauai is called the Garden Isle, it's so pretty and green and lush. My favorite place there is the Wailua River. You take a small launch for a three-mile trip deep into tropical jungle. At the end there's a beautiful fern grotto. Kauai is also the home of the legendary menehune, or little people.'"



"Nighttime's a swinging time in Honolulu. Broadway shows, professional sports, little theatre productions, big name niteclub acts, Polynesian reviews and scores of romantic spots for dancing and just having a wonderful, carefree time."



"Honolulu was the only American city that was attacked during World War II. This memorial in Pearl Harbor rests on the sunken hulk of the battleship Arizona. It's a moving reminder of the heroism of the thousands of servicemen who lost their lives on that fateful morning of December 7, 1941."

"I love shopping . . . like any girl . . . and it's really a ball in Honolulu. There are shops of every description . . . colorful Island fashions, the latest Paris styles, bargains from the Orient, exciting gifts from all over the world. There's even a shopping center as big as any in the whole world."

'I think flowers are one of the nicest parts of ur way of life in Hawaii. There are so many f them all around us that we can use them xtravagantly. We wear them in our hair, we ll our houses with them, we make them into is to bestow on friends at every coming and oing and special occasion. Flowers are really e symbol of that special spirit we call Aloha."

See the movie, "Hawaii," now . . . then start planning your vacation in the Islands of Hawaii. Jet fares are as low as $200 roundtrip from California, $380 from Midwest, $490.69 from East Coast; luxury ocean liner economy class from $280, first class from $414 roundtrip from California. Modern hotel accommodations on all islands start at just $5 a day per person, double occupancy. And most of Hawaii's best attractions are free! You could be here tomorrow. Your local travel agent, airline or steamship representative knows Hawaii. See him today or mail the coupon below.

Mr. R. C. Allen, Hawaii Visitors Bureau, NY-11
2270 Kalakaua Avenue, Honolulu, Hawaii 96815

I would like more information on a Hawaii vacation. I plan to visit between__________and__________. There will be_____persons in my party.

My Travel Agent is ____________________

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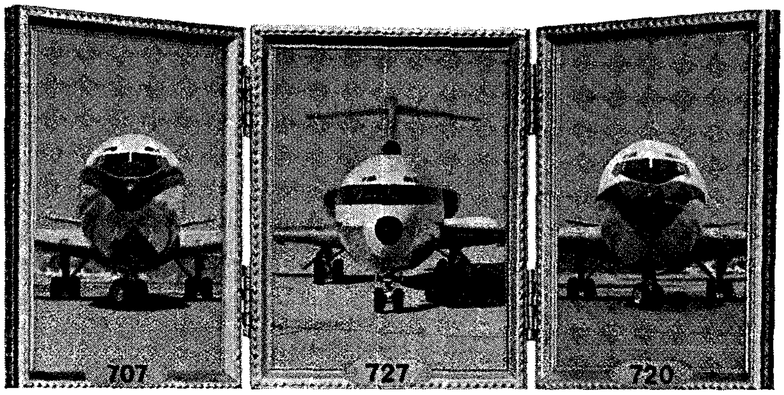
HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU & STATE OF HAWAII



It comes from a fine family.

The Boeing 737 Twinjet is the newest—and smallest—member of the world's most famous family of jetliners.

It's also the world's most advanced short-range jet. Even though it will fly shorter routes (100 to 1300 miles) and serve smaller cities, the 737 will delight you with a cabin as wide as that of the biggest Boeing jet in service.

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The 737 also inherits the benefits of Boeing's unequalled jet flight experience. Boeing 707s, 720s and 727s have flown more miles, carried far more passengers than any other jets. They are, in fact, the world's most popular jetliner family.

Watch for the superb new Boeing 737 Twinjet. It has already been ordered by: Avianca, Braathens, Britannia, Canadian Pacific, Frontier, Irish, Lake Central, Lufthansa, Malaysia-Singapore, Mexicana, NAC-New Zealand, Nordair, Northern Consolidated, PSA, Pacific, Pacific Western, Piedmont, South African, United, Western, Wien Air Alaska.

BOEING 737

trils. "It's heaven here," she said. "I swear I can smell the sea on the wind. I just know we'll be able to get a sight of it when we reach the far side of this moor." The two "we"s made my heart leap. I was too happy to say a word.

Despair took over on the way back. I'd hardly spoken to my love, much less said anything to please her or impress her. I'd made a miserable mess of my big chance. I was sure I wouldn't be given another. Miss Millard plucked me out of it; she said, "Would you like to come for a walk again tomorrow?"

I was overjoyed and for a moment brave. "I'd like to walk with you every day, Miss Millard."

To my very great surprise, a gleam of pleasure came into her eyes. She said, "Would you? Really? That's terribly sweet of you." She looked away through the stems of the leggy young limes lining the drive to the long, low sprawl of the one-story sanitarium buildings. "I'd love to have my walks all fixed up. It'll make things much simpler. Then when anyone asks, I can just say I'm all booked up with you. If you'd really like it, it would suit me very well."

I said, "That'll be marvellous, Miss Millard."

She looked at me happily and said, "Well, it's settled, then."

Mr. Carret's temperature was up that night, and the next day he was back in bed, suffering as if under torture. It was agony for him to be doing nothing and to find himself in a situation in which inactivity was his only hope. During the morning, I went across to his cubicle to read part of the previous day's London *Times* to him. When I'd finished reading, we began one of our stop-and-go conversations about a play by L. du Garde Peach, which had been on the radio the night before. Then I said, "What's your farm like?"

He rolled his eyes and scribbled furiously on the Printator, "750 acres of mess and confusion. Flock of sheep at sixes and sevens. Hay cut late. A real bungle. Plowing was all behind. Crops in late. Shows now. Foul fields. Thin crops. Missed the boat with store cattle. Would sell out if prices weren't bloody awful. Wife does her best. Manager steals all he can. Wish I'd never seen place. A bloody millstone." Before I could say anything he took it all back, pulling out the slide and beginning to write again the instant it was slammed back. "*Cum grano salis.* That's the way I think of it when I'm down at the mouth. Manager's a decent chap. Never pinched anything in his

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ON KAANAPALI BEACH, ISLE OF MAUI
A stunning hotel, with a championship golf course on one side, and one of the most beautiful beaches in all Hawaii on the other. Rates from $11.25 to $14.25 per person per day double occupancy.

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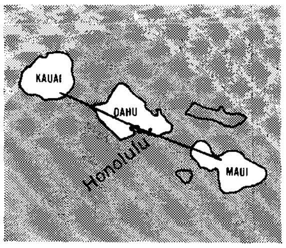
ON POIPU BEACH, ISLE OF KAUAI
An enchanting, rambling hotel on a peaceful, jewel-like beach, the Sheraton-Kauai opens in March, 1968. Reservations are now being accepted. Rates from $9.00 to $10.00 per person per day double occupancy.



MAUI AND KAUAI NOW ONLY $100 FROM CALIFORNIA!
New airline common fares have eliminated the extra cost for the 25-minute jet flights from Honolulu to Maui or Kauai on direct connections California to Neighbor Islands.
If you wish to stop over in Honolulu, just add $5.

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life. Does his best. Farm's probably in better shape than if I there. Best time on farm just now. Hay in harvest coming along. Weather good." The Printator slide was pulled out and pushed back. "One time in year you really believe God decent chap."

I said, "I like farms better than anything."

He shook his head and wrote, "You don't know what you're talking about;" cleared the pad and wrote, "I mean, you don't know the working side of it or the money side of it, do you?"

I said, "Well, actually no."

He wrote, "I thought not. You seem cheerful this morning. Full of beans. Make a hit with Miss Millard?"

Bursting with pride, I said, "We're going for a walk this afternoon."

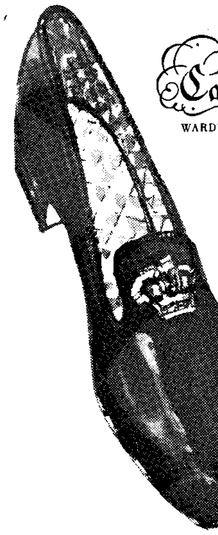
He wrote, "Hot stuff."

I said, "We made it a regular thing. We're going for all our walks together from now on."

He wrote, "Dangerous game monopolizing pretty girls. Watch step. Easy get fingers burned."

I blushed in sheer happiness and said, "We're just friends, that's all. It doesn't mean anything."

He wrote, "That's how it always begins," and stopped, slack-jawed, as he heard a woman's scream, followed by calls for a nurse, from the direction of Churchy's old room. There was a blue-and-white scurry of sisters, and in a matter of minutes Dr. Morris came over on the run with his emergency bag. It was part of his technique never to show anxiety or concern, so the sight of him sprinting across the open lawns between his surgery and the cubicle block, with his head sister pelting along behind him, caused an immediate flurry among his patients. It appeared that someone passing the new arrival's door had looked in and found her hemorrhaging badly, drowning in her own blood and in a helpless panic. The witness wasn't used to that sort of thing, and after she'd screamed for help she went on behaving noisily and hysterically. A nurse slapped her and she ran crying to her room. Several other women patients went there to sympathize with her, and at lunchtime they came down to the dining hall in a compact, indignant body. The meal went forward normally, but the talk was brittle and the atmosphere tense. Everyone seemed to know that the sanitarium was in for one of the waves of hysteria that periodically swept it, and that built up slowly and then exploded over a period of hours or days in a series of scenes, free gifts of pieces of mind, quarrels, denunciations, weepings, withdrawals and apologies, and re-



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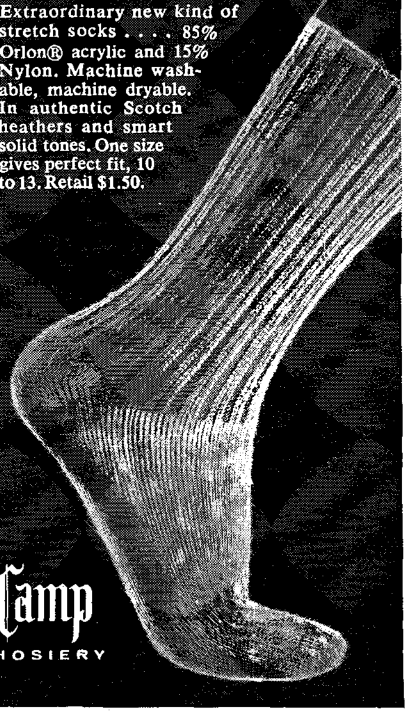

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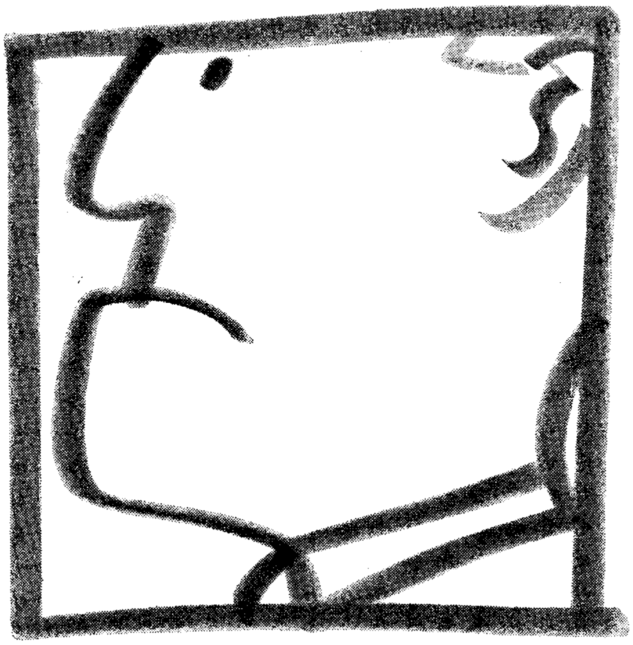

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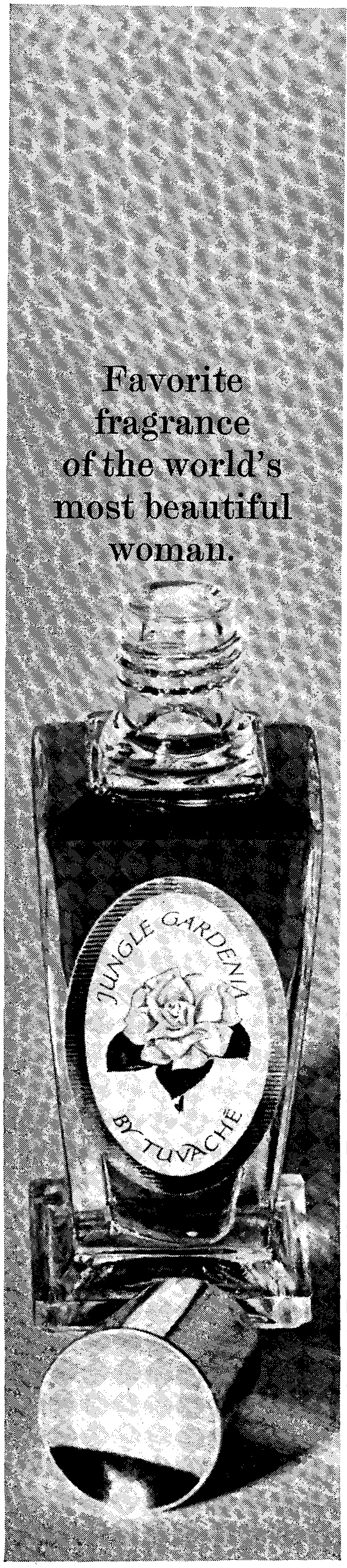

lapses. Nothing happened that day or on the following morning, but the tension continued to mount. We were all on edge, waiting for the incident that would start the trouble. It started during the afternoon of the second day, in the rest period, an hour of complete inactivity which followed lunch. We undressed for it and went right back to bed, lying under the covers in silence, forbidden to read, to work out chess problems, to knit, listen to the radio, or do anything else at all. We were supposed to relax, and Dr. Morris taught his patients yoga-like routines to enable them to do so completely. That afternoon, we all lay in silence and listened to the new patient breaking down. She moaned inarticulately most of the time, but every now and then she managed to say loudly and clearly that she was afraid and that she didn't want to die. Miss Millard was rather white-faced when we set out for our walk after this unrestful rest period, and I don't doubt that I was. We walked quickly away from the sanitarium, and when we'd gone about half a mile up the highroad, we turned aside on a cart track which led between high walls of bramble and drifts of Queen Anne's lace to a rushy pond surrounded by a ring of feathery-leaved ash trees. One of them had blown down during the winter, and its thick trunk made a good seat. We sat on it, sucking grass stems and watching a moor hen with a brood of young chicks. We hadn't spoken to each other once since we'd left the sanitarium, but that didn't matter, because Miss Millard had held my hand from the moment we turned off the tarred road. "Oh, David," she said, "I'm afraid that woman is going to upset us all before she's through."

To have my name spoken by Miss Millard was like having a very large and expensive rocket exploded beautifully in the night sky for my special benefit. I was stunned with pleasure.

She went on, "However bad it gets, you promise me you won't let go, don't you?"

I promised.

She said, "Let's make another pact. We won't either of us allow ourselves to be pulled into any of the quarrels or rows that get started. We'll stay right out of them, and we won't hash them over on our walks, will we?"

I agreed.

She said, "It's going to be difficult, but I am going to hold you to that, you see."

We talked happily and easily about London all the way back.

The dying woman was asleep when we returned, and she was quiet until

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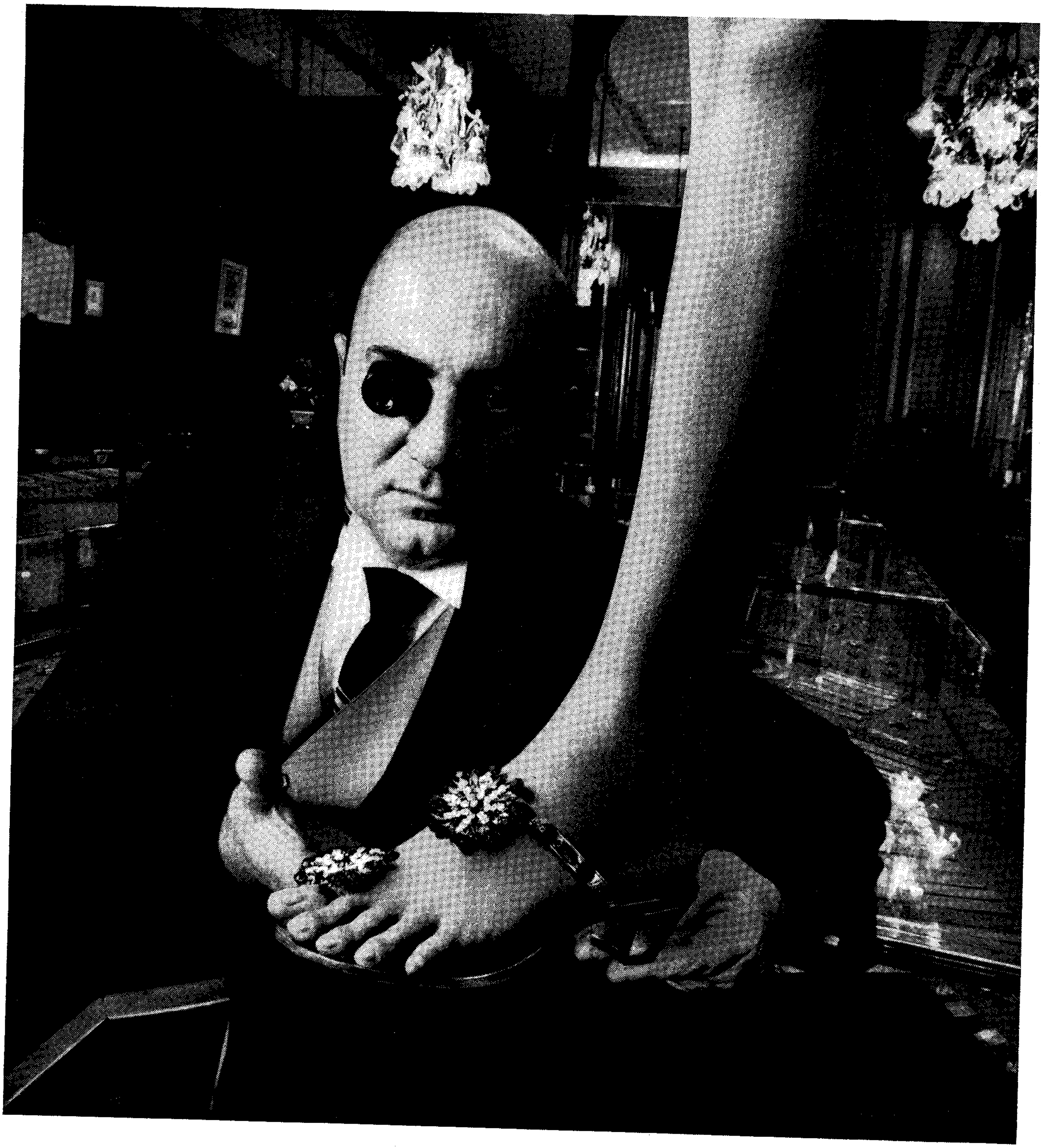

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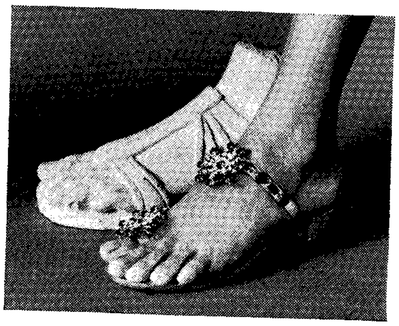

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two or three the next morning. Then she woke out of some nightmare to call for help, for forgiveness and pardon. She begged for a few years more, and said again and again that she didn't want to die. Perhaps she didn't go on for very long before some drug quieted her, but in the night it seemed that she spoke and cried interminably. In the morning, it was evident that she had wakened most of us and left us jumpy and uneasy. An argument began to shape up in the common room when we gathered for milk and biscuits at eleven. One party felt that it was very slack of Dr. Morris to let a woman break down like that; he should have kept her drugged and happy. The opposition held that no one had any right to kick up such a fuss. They said that anyone with guts and a sense of decency could make a good end. Captain Wainwright, sipping his glass of milk, was moved to describe an execution he had seen in France. A boy of eighteen, straight from school, had been sentenced to death for cowardice. He hadn't gone over the top with his men. When they led him out to take his medicine, he was kicking up such a fuss that the O.C. made them put on his gas mask to prevent him from demoralizing the firing squad with his blubbering and crying. "I felt it was a rotten thing, shooting a kid like that, with his head in a bag. But then he'd done a rotten thing, letting his men down, and the way he carried on proved the point. He was no good. Some people aren't, you know, and when it's time for the high jump they put on a rotten show."

Mrs. Hale sobbed and ran from the room with her handkerchief to her mouth. Once she was outside, she threw up, retching noisily.

Mrs. Wragg went to comfort her, after speaking her mind to the Captain. "I don't know how you could! That poor woman's child was killed—he was only a baby—in France in '17."

"I seem to have said the wrong thing, as usual," the Captain muttered.

Mr. Knowles stood up, brushing crumbs of petit-beurre biscuit out of his lap. He said, "It wasn't just a matter of saying the wrong thing to a particular person. It was a fundamental question of decency. The fact is, only a howling cad could have told a story like that in the presence of a group of men and women who might have lost lovers or friends or children in France."

"Now, steady on, Knowlesy," said the Captain's friend Parker. "I'm not saying Wainwright here didn't go too far with his story. It was a bit on the raw side. But calling a man a howling cad is pretty steep. I think you

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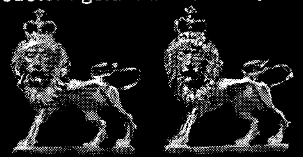

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owe Wainwright an apology for that, Knowlesy."

Mr. Knowles stood to his mark. "My name is Knowles, Parker, in the first place, and in the second, I have no intention of apologizing for addressing a well-earned rebuke to a man who has repeatedly shown himself to be a bounder through and through."

Mr. Knowles then left the dayroom. Captain Wainwright was heard to say that he'd gone in good time. "I'd have kicked his bottom for him if he'd hung on for another minute."

THE big row was on, and the lines of battle were drawn. By midday the patients were split into two camps on the question of who should apologize to whom, and for what. The air was full of loud remarks intended to be overheard. "I'm all for the finer feelings, but I happen to know for a fact that young Hale pegged out in the military hospital in Dieppe and wasn't shot by anybody. Influenza was what did him in, and as he was in the Royal Army Service Corps, which doesn't go in for fighting, I entirely fail to see . . ."

But all this was only warming up for the moment in which the air became filled with charges and countercharges I didn't fully understand. It was alleged that Mrs. Hale had broken off an affair with Mr. Knowles in order to begin one with the Captain, who had chucked her, after only ten days, for a younger and prettier woman, who had since been discharged. Parker cornered Knowles as he was washing his hands in the bathhouse before lunch and taxed him with it; he said, "That's what all this is about when you cut the cackle, isn't it, Knowlesy old boy—the evil influence of the green-eyed goddess?"

"You disgusting man!" cried Mr. Knowles, stamping a foot in his rage. "I'll make you sorry for that remark."

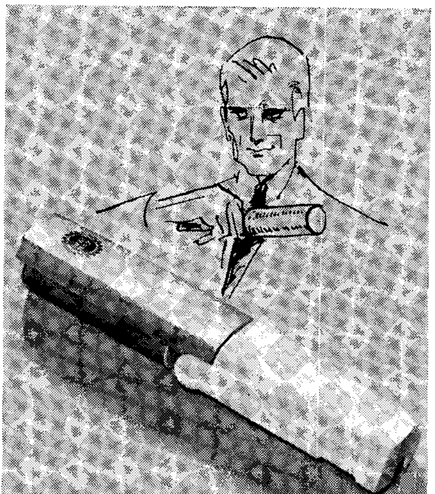
Parker laughed in his face. His high-pitched snigger was unattractive. "I wonder how you'll manage that," he said, and sauntered out.

Mr. Knowles, more gaunt, more sallow, more Old World than ever in his stiff collar and choker tie, looked at me with brimming eyes. He said, "That man hasn't a spark of decent feeling in him." He turned his back and, in a throttled voice, said, "A bounder!"

I judged that tears were being shed and wondered if I should go or stay with him. The gong down in the dining room gave out its soft bronze boom, solving that problem. "I suppose we'd better go to lunch," I said.

Mr. Knowles said, "Oh, my God."

There were only four tables in the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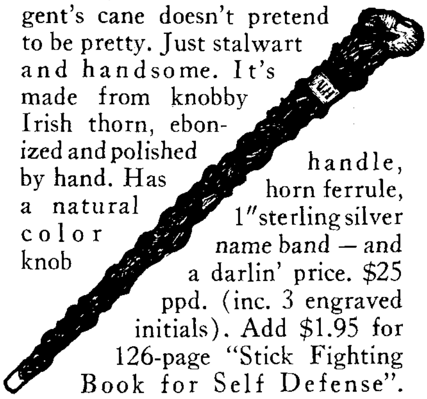

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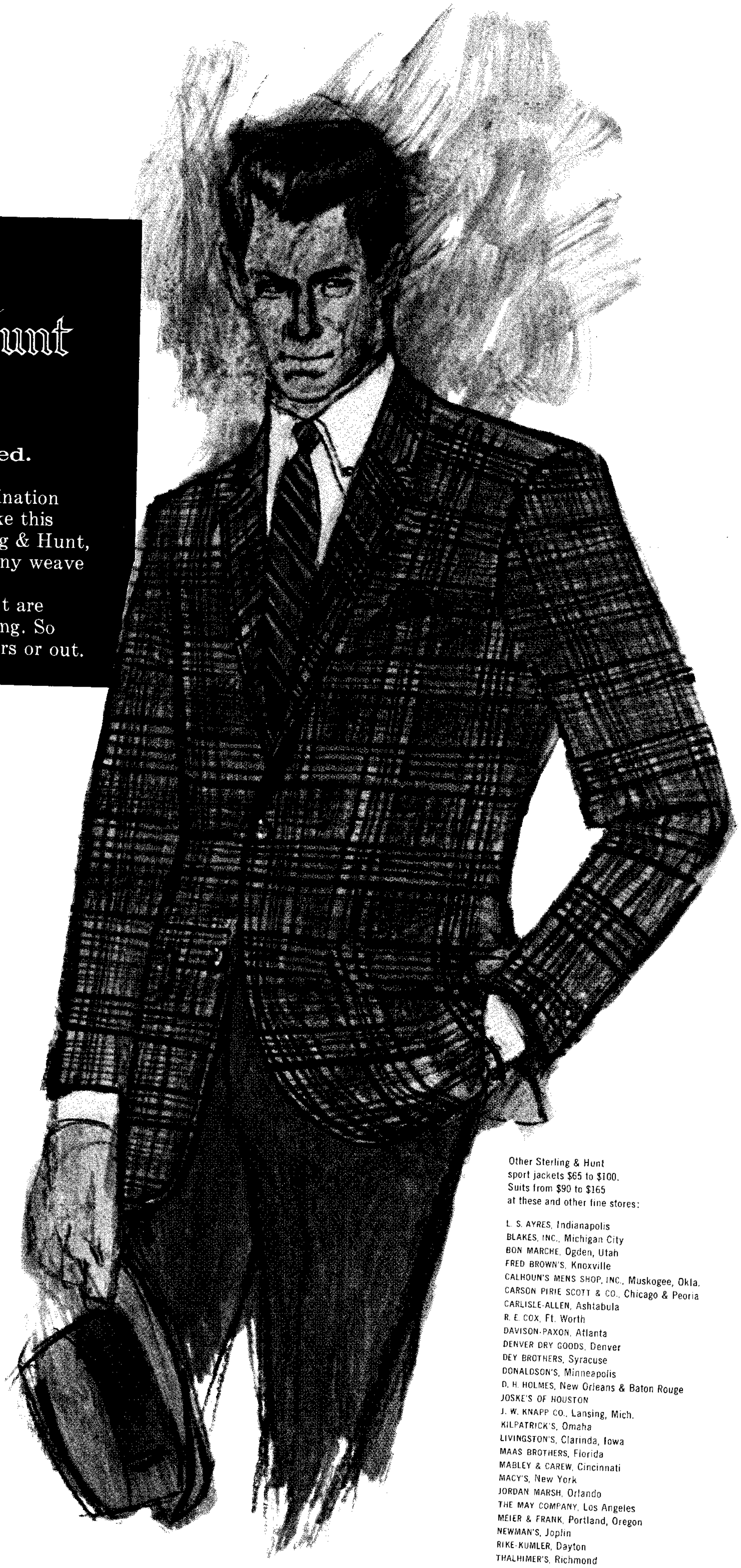

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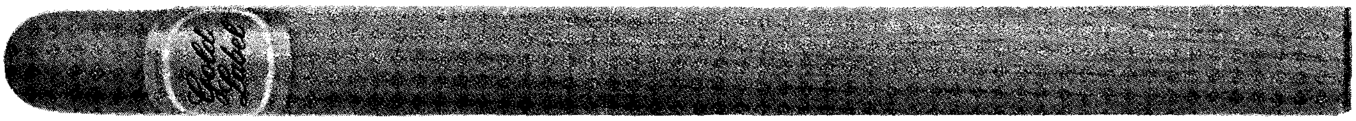

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dining room. Dr. Morris sat at the head of one; Sister Gordon, Nurse Carter, and Nurse Wilmott presided over the others. It was a white-painted, aseptic room, which was in some way all of one piece; it was not cramped, but something about its starkness, or its resonances, made it small for its size. All the principals in the row and their adherents now assembled in this place and sat themselves down in their appointed seats. Mr. Knowles, chin up, with hot points of high color on his cheekbones, took his place beside Sister Gordon, with Captain Wainwright and Parker only a few feet behind him, on each side of Nurse Carter. Mrs. Hale's place at Dr. Morris's table was reproachfully empty, but Wainwright was not open for reproaches at this stage of the game. He was making a parade of having nothing on his conscience and being loudly jolly with Nurse Carter. She was a supporter of the Labour Party, and the Captain had made a running joke of teasing her at mealtimes about her Bolshy sympathies, laughing loudly at his own jokes, with his head thrown back and his eyes staring up at the pressed-wood ceiling. "Priceless, what, wha, ha, ha, ha, ha." His laughter sounded like the barking of a small dog. Each peal touched off one of Parker's trickling sniggers, and at this meal the combination of noises fell like a whiplash on Mr. Knowles' back. He couldn't quite hear what the Captain was saying, and in his demoralized state he wasn't sure that he wasn't in some way being got at. He stood it until the dessert was on the table, when he thought he heard the Captain saying between one burst of yapping and another, ". . . He looked such an ass, don't you know. . . ." Parker sniggered. Mr. Knowles began to tremble violently and rose to his feet, upsetting his water glass. For an instant, I thought he was going to attack Parker or the Captain, but after looking round the room with an expression of baffled misery he turned toward Dr. Morris, who was watching him sadly and attentively. Mr. Knowles said, "I must speak to you at once, Doctor, about an urgent matter."

Dr. Morris looked down into his plate. He said, "Mayn't I finish my apple pie? I'm very fond of apple pie. . . ." But he was putting down his napkin and getting to his feet as he spoke.

The room was full of unease after the two men had gone. Everyone was disturbed by the sight of their empty chairs standing awry, by the napkins thrown down on the tables, and by the unfinished slice of pie on Dr. Morris's

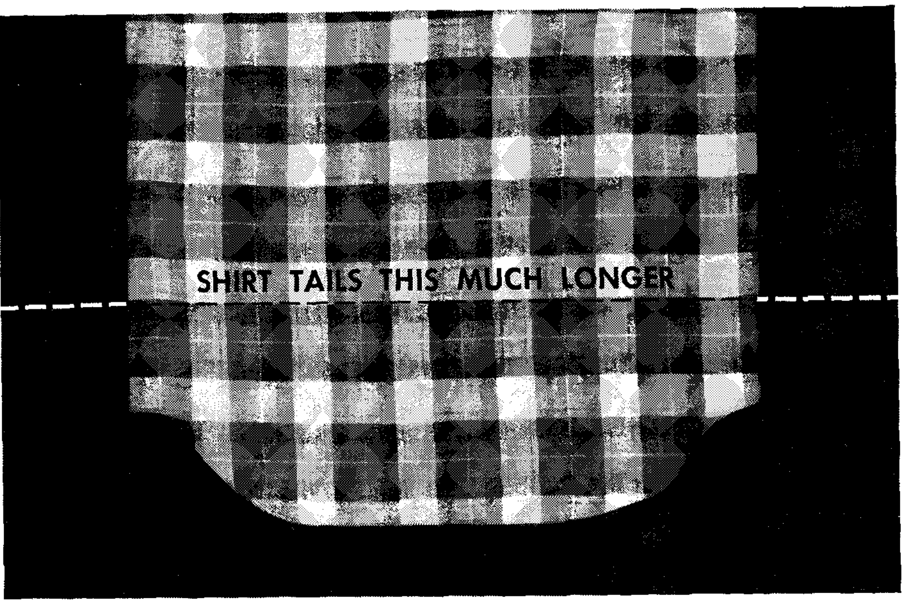

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plate. Only a few of the patients had the hardihood to ignore the heavily charged atmosphere and to attempt to restart general conversation. Their remarks died in the troubled air, and sometimes failed into silence uncompleted. The nurses drew back from us, abandoning the pretense of friendship, and concentrated with professional skill on ignoring the crosscurrents of feeling in the small room. Nurse Carter now looked with a chilly eye on Captain Wainwright, realizing that by making her laugh with him he had tricked her into taking sides in a row between patients. She knew she was probably in for a wigging from Sister Gordon for carelessly entering into the lives of her charges ("You may think it makes things easier, but it doesn't. If you're to do your duty as a nurse, you've got to keep them at arm's length"). The Captain sat with downcast eyes, grinning to himself, staring at the demitasse in front of him in which some nasty coffee was getting cold. Sister Gordon stood up, the nurses pushed back their chairs, and we all rose.

THAT afternoon I walked with Miss Millard to the gate opening onto the heathery moor. We leaned on its top bar and watched the rounded clouds blowing away in the direction of the sea. The row was bubbling in my mind—I had, after all, been a witness to its vital scenes—but Miss Millard was determined to keep me to our pact. She said, "Tell me about the happiest time in your life, David. I don't mean generally. I mean where, and when, and why."

I thought of saying that it had been when I sat on the fallen ash with her, watching the moor hen, but I hadn't the courage. I said, "There was a farm we used to go to in the summer." I wanted to tell her about the meaning of this sentence, but I didn't know how.

We left London, where horses were wrong, and where they just meant smells and dirt, and we arrived at a place where they were right. A row of traps, four-wheeled cabs, brakes, and other horse-drawn vehicles stood in the station yard, waiting for our train, and the first thing we were aware of when we got down onto the platform was this stable-like reek. In London I would have hated it, but there I liked it. The farm had sent a man to meet us, a reedy boy. He had come with the smart yellow-wheeled phaeton in which the farmer's wife went to market on Thursdays with the eggs and butter that kept her in pin money. It was drawn by a chunky, coal-black cob, with a docked

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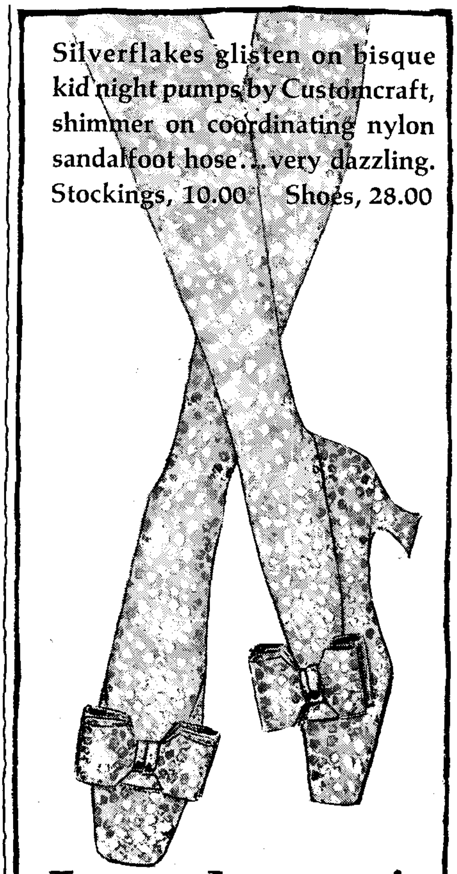

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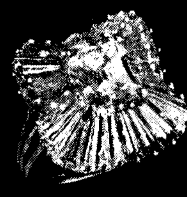

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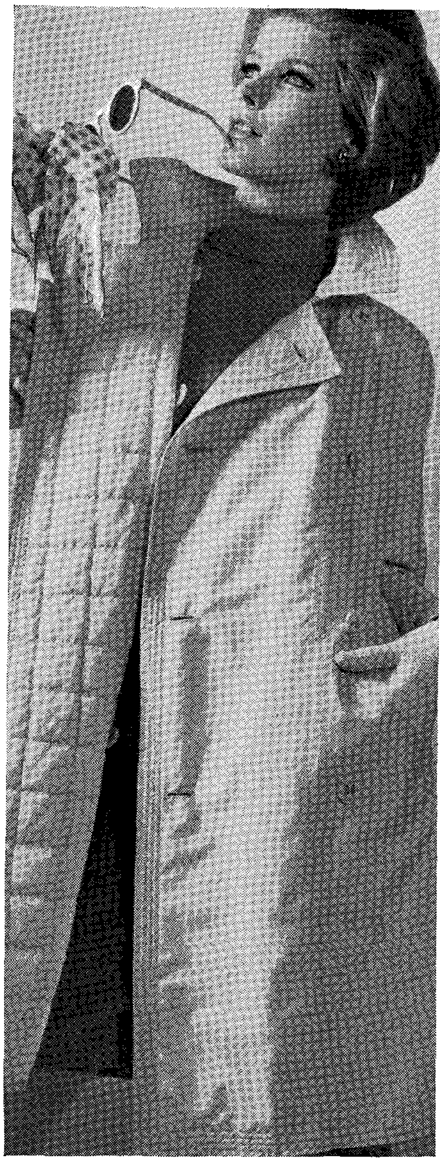

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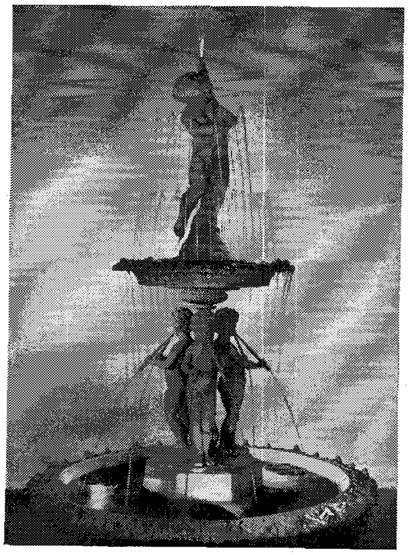
tail and a high-stepping action. The animal shone with good condition. At the top of the rise leading out of the station yard, the boy put the horse into a smart trot, and we passed out of town in style, slowing to a more reasonable, jogging gait when the last house was out of sight. At that speed it was easy to see the birds and flowers at the roadside, and at the height we sat we had a good view out over the hedges and across the fields. As we jogged along, we said goodbye to the train. It bowled away diagonally into the middle distance, leaving behind it wreaths of white steam, which hung dwindling in the tops of ash and elm trees or in the straggling hawthorn hedges. From the top of the hill where we had our last glimpse of it, it was possible to see the three spires and two towers of five parish churches floating in the blue summer distances. Harvest was beginning, and in several fields beside the road horse-drawn reaper binders clacked round the diminishing stands of grain, tossing out sheaves to swarms of shirt-sleeved men and boys, who followed behind, shocking up. As we passed they looked up from their work, and some, recognizing the boy on the box, would call out, "What che'r, Daniel boy," in soft, burred, country voices before settling back into their swinging rhythm of stooping, picking up, and setting up the paired sheaves.

When we had distributed ourselves through the big low-ceilinged bedrooms at the farm, and had washed away the grime of our journey in the blue-and-white bowls on the washstands, we would go down to take tea in a stone-flagged kitchen, whose door and windows were open all through the summer days, to counter the heat of the big coal-burning range. This tea was a revelation after the narrowness of town housekeeping, with its exactness of price and measure; there was a certain primordial splendor in the manner in which the farmer's wife dispensed butter that had never been weighed, jam made by the score of pots, clotted cream, and scones and lardy cake of her own baking. Her face was ruddy brown; it shone. Her hair was jet black. Her brown eyes twinkled. The bread on her table was the bread of life. While I ate slices of it, spread with clotted cream and strawberry jam, I watched the farm cats coming and going among the strutting pigeons and the black Leghorns outside the open door in the yard. When the stumbling cart horses came in from the fields, with their loosened harness swinging on them, and sucked water from the stone trough outside the stable



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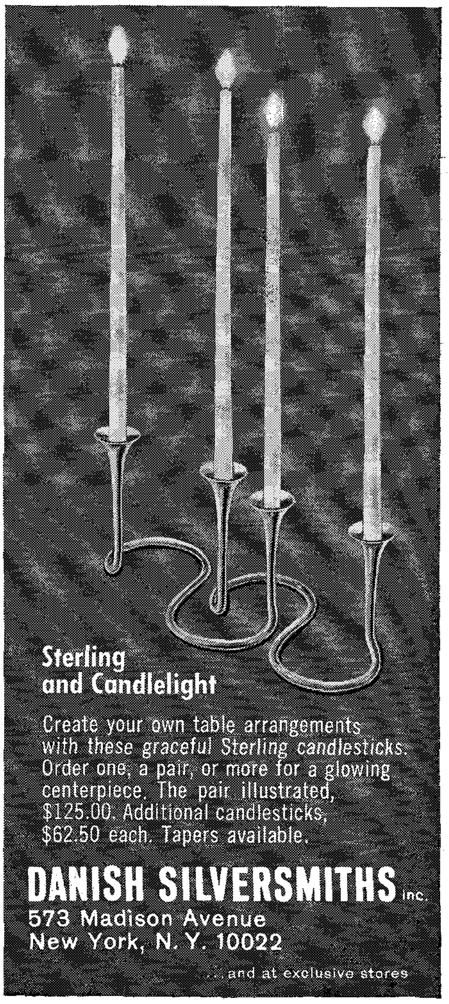

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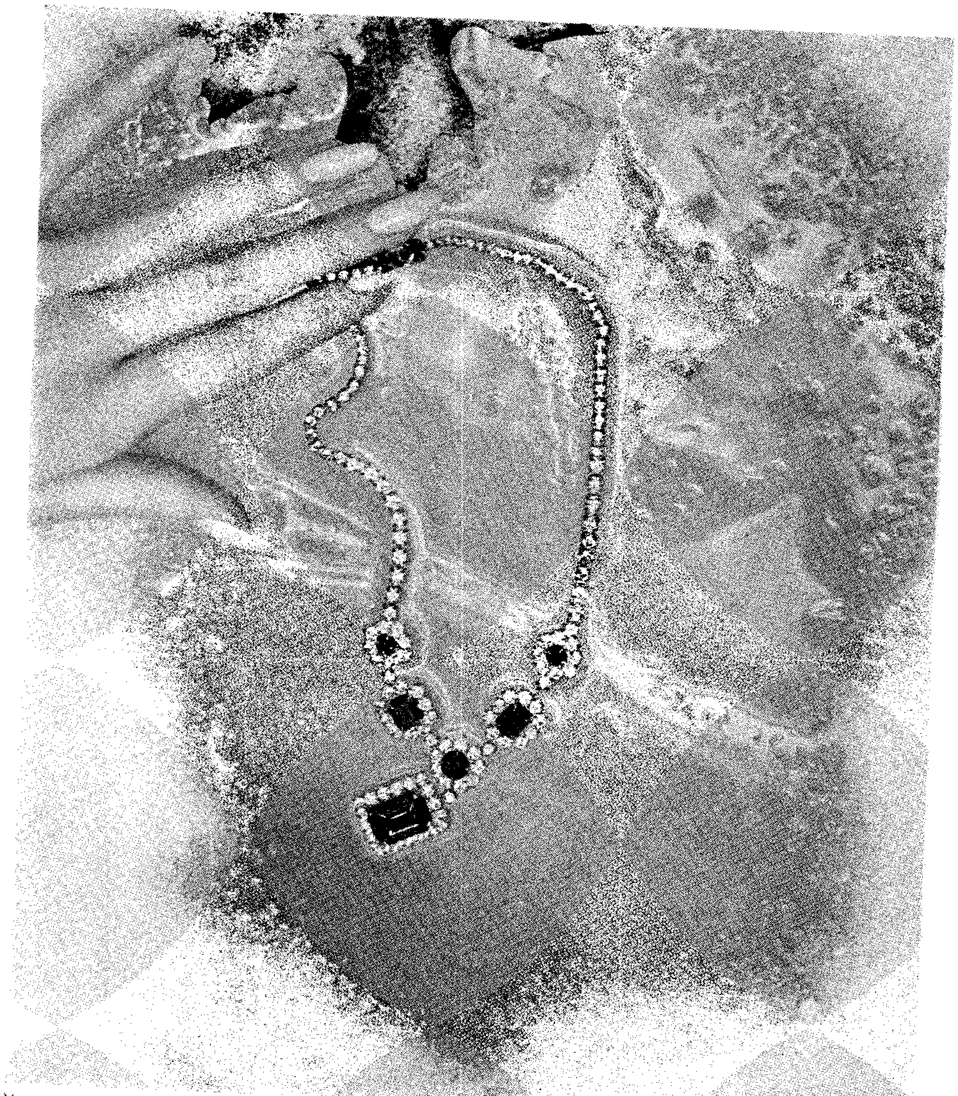

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EVERY DROP BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND AT 86 PROOF · SELECTED AND IMPORTED BY SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY door, the sound of their thirst filled the kitchen. I left my elders sitting over their tea and ran out to make a tour of the buildings before I went up to get ready for bed. At the end, I came through a blue-green door into the walled garden at the side of the house. The soil in there was black with richness, and the ramrod-straight rows of vegetables glowed with health and vigor. The seriousness of these plots contrasted with the opulent fancifulness of the flower borders. A central path ran up from the blue-green door to a side entry into the house. Its gravel was mossed over in places, its dwarf box hedges, nine inches high, were as square-set and solid as masonry, and behind them espaliered trees made a green, fruit-laden wall. Flowers grew between the box hedging and the fruit trees, and every so often among the flowers a huge clump of artichokes opened a dozen or so soft, softly glowing suns of luminous violet above its silvery-green, Gothic leaves. Several Belgian hares were fattening in a row of hutches in one corner of the garden. When I pushed leaves of Cos lettuce to them through the wire netting of their cage doors, they ate them with an appreciative crunching sound.

But good as the garden was in its own right, its real virtue lay in its role as the foreground to the view of the farm that I saw from the step of the side entry into the house. The farm was set in a hollow, and its fields were spread out like a checkerboard on the hillsides ringing it about. I had learned to read each color in the pattern: that bluish green was narrow-stem kale, keep for the first part of winter; those shiny leaves of a more acid green were mangolds to feed to the cattle after Christmas; that rich dark green was a clovery ley, which would make hay next year; the white gold was barley; the warmer yellow a white wheat; and the hot, ruddy blaze a red wheat ready to cut. Over to the east, toward the sea, the farm's last field was hung across the top of an isolated hill, like a saddlecloth on a horse's back. There was always a breeze up there, no matter how still it might be down at the farm, and every breath of wind started slow ripples spreading across the surface of the standing grain. The field filled the bottom half of the sky, and I would stand for ten minutes at a stretch looking upward in open-mouthed wonder at the ripening ears as they nodded and bowed. I was entranced, brimful of joy, knowing that being where I was, seeing what was there, and being myself to see it, was what made me happy.

I wanted to tell Miss Millard all this

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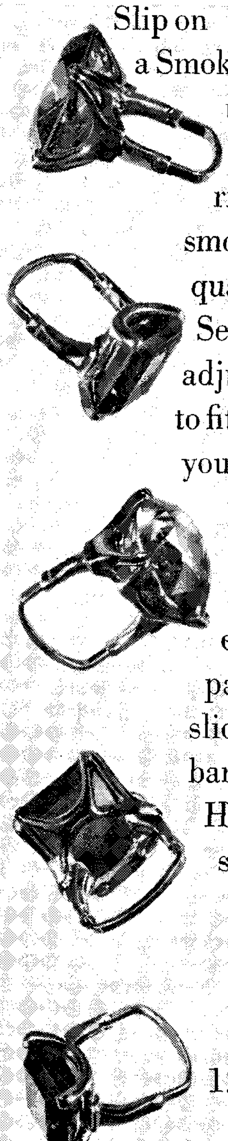

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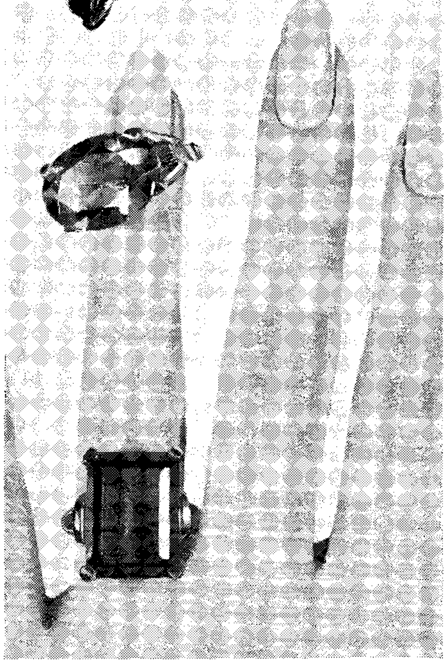

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but there was some block between me and the place. I went there often enough in daydream and reverie, but I'd forgotten the farmer's name, the name of his wife, the name of the long-legged, joking laborer's daughter who worked in the kitchen, the name of the farm, of the next village; almost everything had gone except the name of the lanky Daniel, who came to meet us at the unknown station, bursting with pride at being on his own, and wooden in his Sunday suit.

Miss Millard said, "Was it nice there?"

I said, "It was near the sea; it was marvellous."

She said, "Did they have cows and things?"

I said, "Oh, yes, it was a proper farm. They had lots of animals. I liked it there."

I suddenly recalled that the laborer's daughter used to take me blackberrying. We used to leave the farm by the back gate and walk away inland, uphill, in soft dust under a tunnel of elms. Beneath the brow of the hill there was a steep bramble-covered scarp, and when we had filled our round wicker baskets with sweet purple-black fruit, we would put them down in the shade and climb up over the crest onto the piece of waste ground, unclaimed for so long that it had come to be called No Man's Land. We played up there by the hour, in a network of old trenches, dug during some invasion scare during the Great War. We scrambled in and out of dugouts and bomb bays, screamed *ta-ta-ta-ta-ta* as we manned machine-gun nests and beat off charging enemies, crouched on fire steps, waiting for zero hour, and launched splendid attacks with complete success. When we stood on the parapet of the front line, we could look down onto the top of the isolated hill and see the ocean beyond it stretching away to the long, flat line of the horizon. Immediately below us, the farm men were going about their business in the fields, the visitors were stretched out on deck chairs on the lawn, and the farmer's wife was picking vegetables or scattering grain for her mob of fowls. We could see everything, but we seemed to be invisible and inaudible. However loudly we shouted, we could never make ourselves heard by the people below. The distance and the wind drowned our shrill voices. In the end, not being heard became a part of the pleasure. We became drunk with the pure air in our lungs, with the gathering spread of the sea, with the space before us, with our freedom. We yelled any silly nonsense that came into our heads for the

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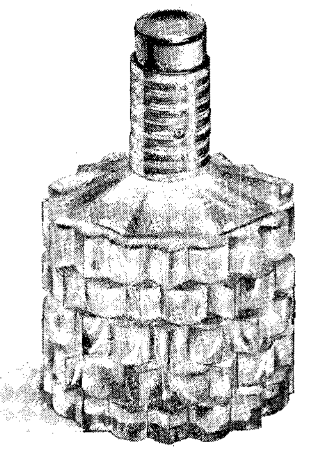

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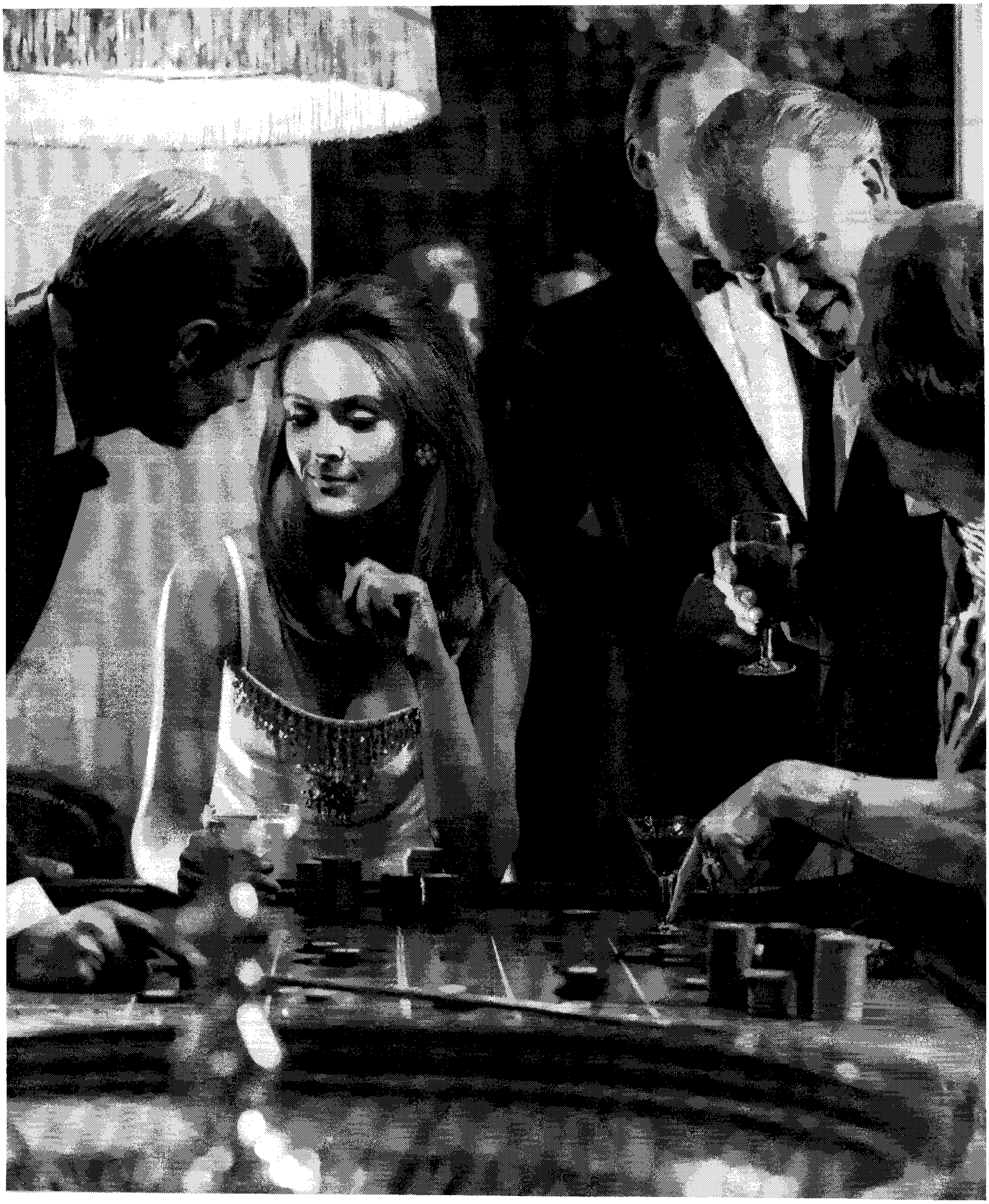

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sake of using one of our faculties to the utmost—and to hear the silence heal itself when we stopped. When our bout was over, we would lie on our backs staring up at the travelling clouds till our hearts stopped pounding. Then we would run helter-skelter down the hill to pick up our baskets and race on to the farm.

How could I tell Miss Millard that this was the greatest shared happiness I had ever known? If I did, she would only think that I didn't know what love meant.

I listened to Miss Millard telling me about her holidays. When she had passed fourteen and was strong enough to be of use, some cousins of her mother's who ran a boarding house on the sea front, at Tenby, used to give her her keep through August in exchange for bedmaking, waiting at table, and washing up. Her father had been killed in 1915, and after that her mother had worked as an assistant in a free library in one of London's outer suburbs. I didn't see these facts in terms of the grim genteel poverty they implied; I was intoxicated by them, because they allowed me to enter into Miss Millard's past. I could picture her in a crocodile of uniformed schoolgirls, or bedmaking in Tenby, with her beautiful long, long-fingered hands. Before I knew it we were back in the sanitarium.

Mr. Carret was waiting for us on the lawn in front of the dayroom, pacing up and down. There was something tense in his bearing, something wooden in the behavior of everyone in sight.

Miss Millard said, "Oh, Mr. Carret, don't say there's been anything even uglier in this wretched row." He shook his head and, after giving his Printator a despairing glance, broke into his husky whisper. "No, thank goodness, but the priest came to give that poor woman the last rites. She wasn't ready for him. He scared her out of her wits. She's beginning to simmer down now, but she's been pretty bad. I thought I'd warn you."

So we stayed in the dayroom until after tea and only went back to our cubicles between five and six, when we had to go to bed. I thought I heard someone weeping while I was undressing, but I wasn't sure if it was the newcomer or some other patient who had been set off by her hysteria. I tried not to listen or to care and, as soon as I was in bed, pulled on the earphones hanging at the head of my bedstead, plugged their lead into the socket on the wall, and let the British Broadcasting Corporation blot out all local sounds that might be unpleasant. I ate my supper

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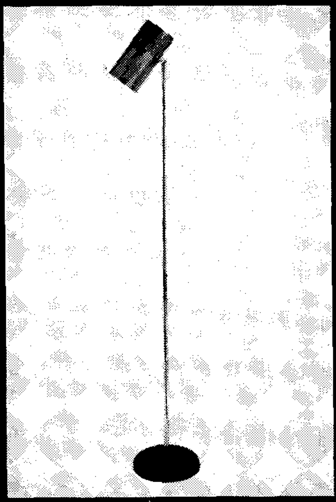

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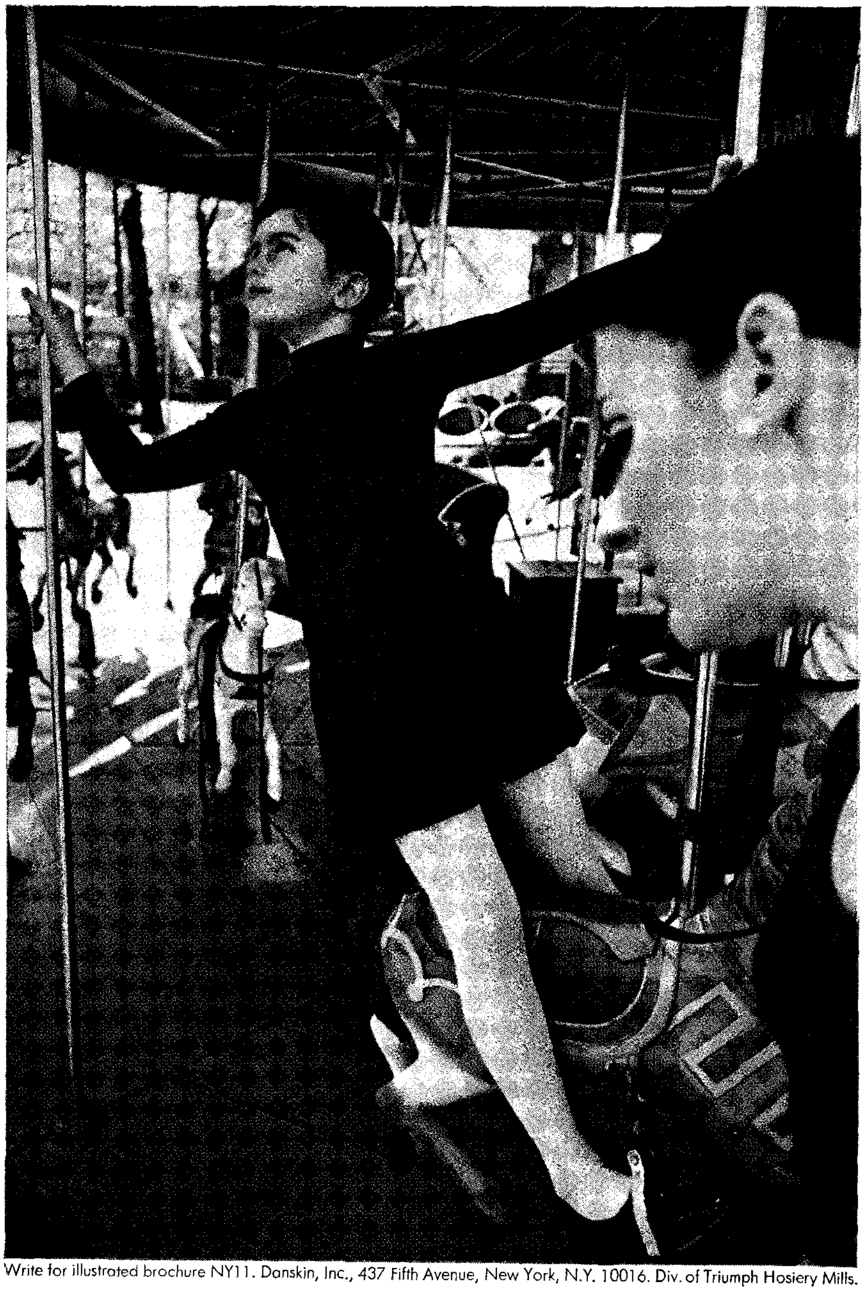

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with the headphones over my ears and went on listening, taking whatever came, until ten o'clock, when the receiver was automatically switched off. When the line went dead I fell asleep almost at once.

The air seemed lighter at six the next morning, and the nurse who bustled in soon with a basin, a towel, and a cake of soap to wash me and get me ready for Dr. Morris's daily round was her old self again. It wasn't necessary to ask what had cheered her up; a glance across the bay to the windows of Churchy's old cubicle was enough. Sister Gordon was in there giving one of the cleaning women instructions for turning out the room. The newcomer had gone.

The atmosphere improved with extraordinary speed. Captain Wainwright, who had been saying only the previous afternoon that he was damned if he was going to apologize to anyone, even if Dr. Morris threw him out, suddenly climbed down and apologized gracefully to both Mrs. Hale and Mr. Knowles. Mr. Knowles said that the Captain was a gentleman, and admitted to having been unforgivably rude. He asked Captain Wainwright to forgive him, and the Captain did. Parker and Mr. Knowles made it up, too. At the end of a couple of days, they were so friendly that they were calling each other Henry and Arthur. Nurse Carter began allowing herself to laugh at the Captain's jokes again. Mrs. Wragg was the unlikely victim of it all. She had advised Mrs. Hale to refuse the Captain's apology. She said, "I'd die before I'd let that dreadful vulgarian get round me." This was an error. She had forgotten that Mrs. Hale and the Captain had been lovers, and that this was therefore a reflection on her confidante's taste. Mrs. Hale flared up and accused Mrs. Wragg of trying to keep the row alive from motives of sexual jealousy. It ended in the last big scene of the row, with nurses breaking up a fight that had gone beyond harsh words to slapping and hair-pulling. The incident did Mrs. Hale no harm—she knew that the Captain liked what he called a bit of mettle in a woman—but Mrs. Wragg was deeply hurt and humiliated. She had never been involved in anything so squalid as a fight before, and she was ashamed. Other patients, too, had seen it all. And then Mrs. Hale had been right—Mrs. Wragg was attracted, powerfully, by the Captain, and jealous of the woman he fancied. Her temperature began rocketing up at night, and she started to lose weight again. Dr. Morris put her back to bed, and there

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she was, where she had started the year before. But this time she didn't respond to complete bed rest, even after Mrs. Hale had knelt at her bedside to beg for forgiveness and had sobbed face down into her blankets. Mrs. Wragg stroked her hair and forgave her, but as she said afterward, it was too late, the harm was done. And she continued her steady decline.

ALL this floated in high summer, in days that stretched out as if time were suspended between the four-o'clock dawns and the long, luminous twilights. By the end of August, Miss Millard and I had the whole two and a half hours between the rest period and tea to walk in. We could get to places nearly four miles from the sanitarium. Our last extension of a half hour, in one generous lump, added three-quarters of a mile to our range and filled Miss Millard with excitement. "Oh, David, isn't it glorious! I believe it's going to take us right across to the far side of the moor. I'm sure we're going to see the sea this very afternoon." I liked her enthusiasm and shared it. I hoped the sea would be blue, and that there would be a ship in sight.

We set out after lunch and passed all the old familiar landmarks—the fruit farm, the red humpbacked bridge, and the field gate. We reached the farthest point along the grass track that we had so far attained, and Miss Millard looked at her watch. "We're ahead of time; we'll be able to keep on for another mile."

I had begun to have a peculiar sensation at the pit of my stomach, and in a few minutes I found the explanation. A zigzag depression, half choked with brambles, stretched away on the right side of the road. I crossed over to the other side and found the pair to it. Miss Millard said, "How extraordinary, it looks like a trench." I said I thought so, too.

It was the reserve line. We passed through the support line and into the front line. The air beyond the crest ahead was filled with a soft extra light reflected from the sea. The sounds were all familiar. I was almost sure it was the place. And then we were on the lip of the scarp and it was all there—the farm nestling in its hollow, the walled garden, and the isolated hill. The saddlecloth field was planted to barley, and, just as I expected, waves were passing across its surface, as if it were brimful of green-gold water. The sea beyond was bright blue, and a small freighter was steaming northward across it. Near the farmhouse the men were building a big

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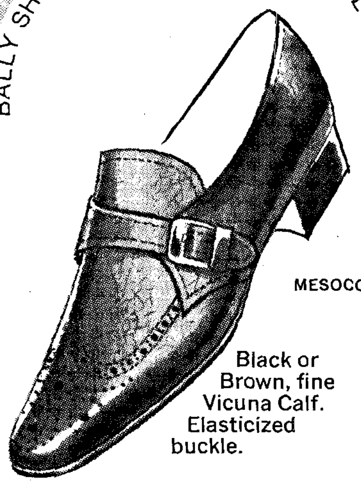

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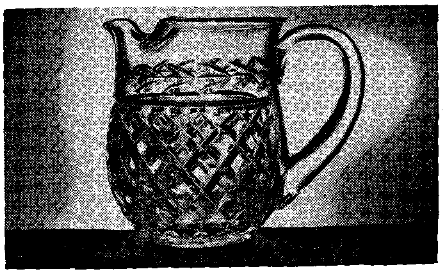

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stack of wheat, and the farmer's wife was busy in her garden.

"The sea, the heavenly sea!" cried Miss Millard. "I knew it was going to be there. I've known all along." Her face shone with delight.

Love surged through me. I was overcome with joy at finding myself with her in the place I loved better than any other. I went up to her and flung my arms round her. "Oh, Miss Millard," I said, "I love you. I love you so very much."

She hugged me to her. "Oh, David, it's so lovely! It's heavenly! I'm so happy I could almost cry!"

I said, "You don't understand, Miss Millard. I've been wanting to tell you for ages—I love you, more than anything in the world."

She said, "Oh, David, oh dear—"

For a moment she went on hugging me and looking out to sea while I listened to the sound of her heart beating, then she very gently pushed me away. She held me off at arm's length with her hands on my shoulders. "Do you know the meaning of what you just said, David?" she asked.

I said, "Oh, yes, I do, I truly love you." I wanted to cry and was afraid I might.

She said, "You mean you really love me, and that you want me to be your mistress now, and your wife perhaps, later on. Is that it?"

I nodded. I couldn't speak. I had been much too busy being in love with her to think what I wanted from her.

She said, "Oh dear, I suppose I should have foreseen this. . . ." She looked past me at the sea, gravely and sadly. The joy had gone out of her face. She said, "I must think for a minute."

We walked over to a patch of smooth, rabbit-nibbled turf and sat down. She plucked a bunch of a dozen harebells that were in her reach and bound them into a posy with a thin grass stem. She said, "I wish I could be your first love, David, but I can't. You see, I'd be worried about how my mother would feel if I was. If we did become engaged, I'd have to tell her, and if we secretly became lovers and I started a baby—these things will happen—I'd have to tell her, too. And it wouldn't be easy for her to understand. I mean, when she asks me 'Who is this man you're going to marry?' or 'Who is the father of this baby you're going to have?' I'd have to say, 'He's terribly nice and I'm sure you'll like him. He's nearly thirteen, and he'll be through with school in five years.' And if she says 'Nearly thirteen!'—I can just hear her saying it, poor love—I'll have to be

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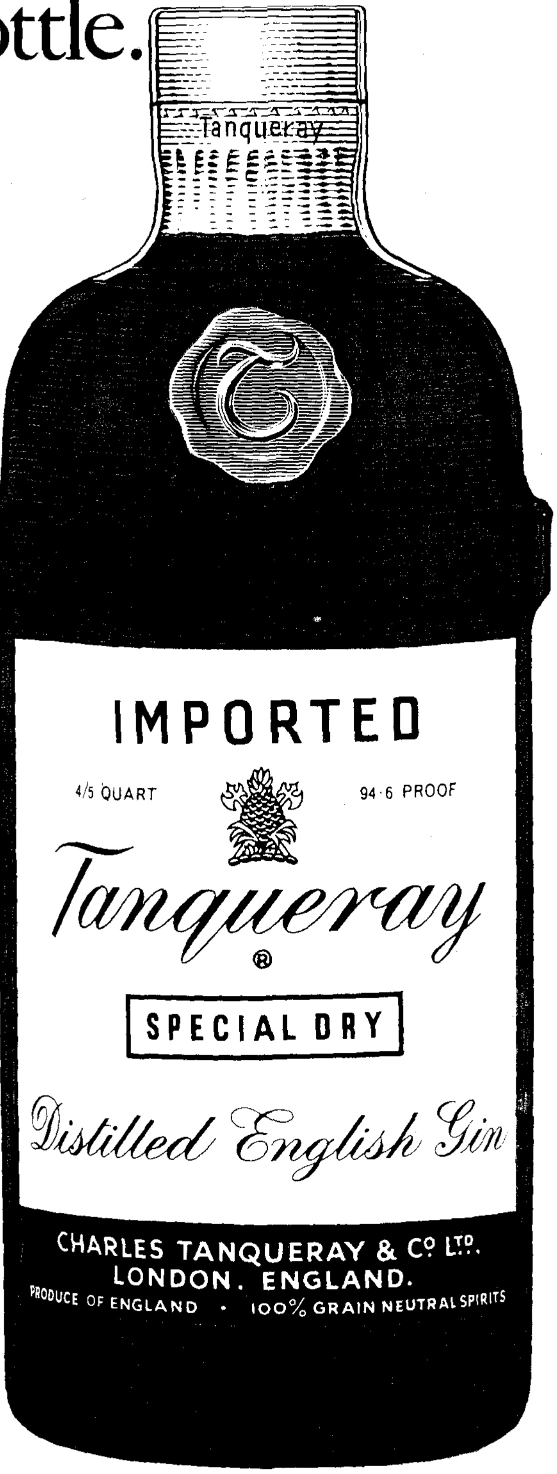

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honest and say 'Twelve and a half, actually,' won't I?"

I nodded.

"You can see she wouldn't like it, can't you?" Miss Millard said.

I said, "I suppose not."

I watched the farmer's wife in the garden below, and suddenly remembered there had been a row of gooseberry bushes not far from where she was standing.

I had always had a knowing look and a precocious manner, and I had read a lot. Somehow it had always been assumed that I knew the facts of life. I did know that babies weren't found under gooseberry bushes, but I didn't know in the least how I could set about starting a baby with Miss Millard or what would happen if she were to become my mistress. I felt confused and idiotic. I also felt unhappy, because it had become impossible to tell Miss Millard how much the place we were looking at meant to me. I should have told her about it right away. It was now too late.

She said, "You're looking very upset, David."

I said, "I suppose I *shouldn't have* told you."

She said, "You know I'm very fond of you, David, don't you? I really do like you very much. We're going to go on being friends, aren't we?"

I said, "Oh, yes."

She said, "Good. I'm glad. We won't let this change anything, will we?"

I said, "Oh, no."

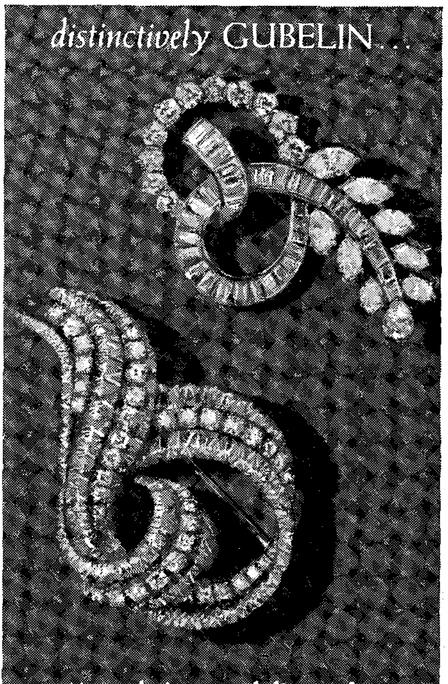
We got to our feet and began walking home.

BUT of course we were two different people afterward. That much became apparent on the following day and on the days that followed, as we walked together, pretending that nothing was changed. She was being kind to me, and I was trying to show that I wasn't hurt. Every word we said was constrained, calculated, and false.

Miss Millard was able to leave with her cure completed toward the end of September, and saying goodbye was painful. I wanted to tell her that I still loved her and always would do so, but we walked up and down on the big lawn in front of the common room, talking nervously about nothing. The grass was wet after a night of heavy rain, and there was a thin scattering of fallen leaves upon it. We stopped and watched half a dozen red admiral butterflies feeding on a large clump of battered Michaelmas daisies.

Captain Wainwright was suddenly beside us. He disregarded me and said, "I just wanted to say best of luck,

distinctively GUBELIN...



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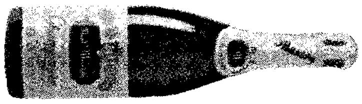

PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA ©1967

Miss Millard, and no hard feelings, I hope."

She said, "Don't be silly. I haven't given that episode a moment's thought since it happened."

He said, "That's awfully decent of you. I can tell you it's been on my conscience and I haven't known how to apologize. I—"

She said, "Please don't. This is quite unnecessary. I know you mean well, but I'd really rather not talk about it." She held out her hand; she said, "Goodbye."

The Captain went very red. He said, "Goodbye." He squared his shoulders and went away.

Sister Gordon came round the corner of Dr. Morris's house, waving. "Coo-ee, Miss Mill-ard," she called, "your taxi has come, dear."

"Oh," Miss Millard said, and gave me her hand. She said, "Try not to miss me, and try not to mind."

I said, "Will you write to me?"

She said, "No, I'm not going to write, David, and I'm going to ask you not to write to me. It will be much better. I promise you it won't be too bad. You'll forget all about me once you get out."

I said, "I won't ever forget you, Miss Millard."

She took her hand back and smiled at me. She said, "Oh, yes, you will."

"Come along, dear," called Sister Gordon, cupping her hands to make a megaphone. "Everybody's waiting."

Miss Millard said, "You see, I have to go now. Are you coming to the car?" All the walking patients generally turned out to give someone who was being discharged a good sendoff.

I said, "I'll stay here. Goodbye, and best of luck."

She said, "Goodbye, David."

We stood for an instant looking at a thrush sitting in a pear tree nearby—so like a very well-made mechanical toy. It was interested in a snail in the flower border halfway between us and the tree in which it was perched. Its head moved as if it were on a swivel, as it shifted its bright eye from the snail to us and back again. Miss Millard touched my right arm just above the elbow and left me.

AFTER that I began to go walking with Mr. Carret, who was up and about again, and two or three weeks later we happened to take the track through the woods which led to the old boathouse by the lake. The neglected but solid little structure, vaguely suggestive of a Swiss chalet, was built out over the water. Two narrow galleries running along its sides provided access to

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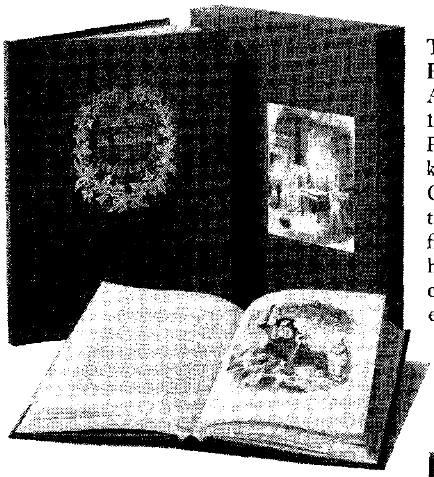

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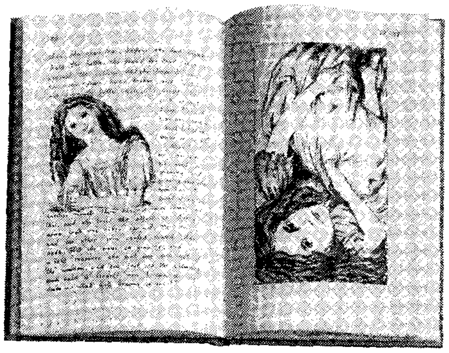

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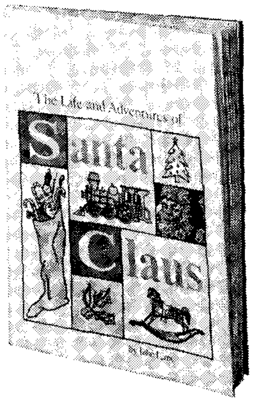

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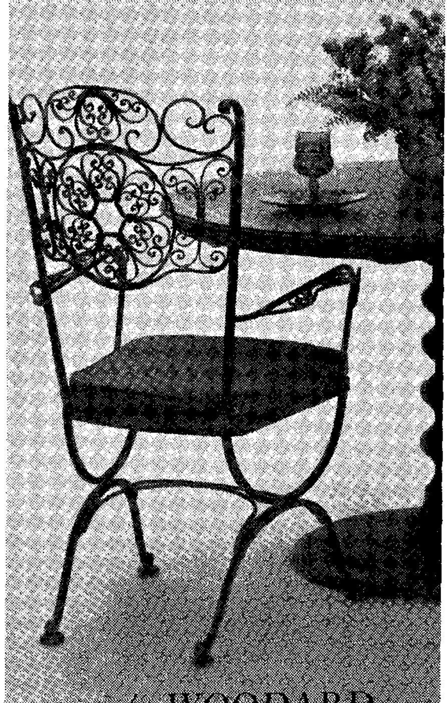

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the dock in front of it, which faced the thirty-acre stretch of water and the billowing woodlands on the far shore. As Mr. Carret and I stepped off the sandy bank and onto the planked floor of one of the galleries, we heard a rapidly suppressed cry of dismay, which seemed to come from inside the building. As we stood hesitating, and while Mr. Carret was still asking me in his husky whisper if I had heard a woman's voice, Captain Wainwright bounded round the corner in front of us. His blue eyes were bluer than ever, his red face a more brilliant red. As he walked toward us, he first put a finger to his lips to warn us to be silent and then made frantic shooing gestures indicating that we were to withdraw. When we had taken several paces on the solid ground, he bent his head toward us. "Delicate situation. Can't explain now. Be good fellows. Buzz off," he whispered. He patted our shoulders, hurried back the way he had come, and disappeared from view. We heard his voice ringing out heartily, "It's all right, dear. The coast's clear. It was nothing to be alarmed about. . . ."

I understood why Miss Millard had always refused to come this way. She had come here with the Captain and something unpleasant had happened. Whatever it was had made her determined to avoid all risk of a repetition of anything of the kind by picking on a twelve-year-old boy as her walking companion. I hadn't been chosen because she liked me or was fond of me; it was just to play gooseberry, and to make it difficult for the Captain to go on bothering her. I did my best to feel ill-used and deceived, but all I could think of was how much I had liked being with her. We had leaned over five-barred gates together, sucking grass stems. We had shared silences. And once I had listened to the beating of her heart. What she might or might not have intended was beside the point. She had become part of my life. Mr. Carret put his large hand on my arm. There was a lot of coarse hair on its back, between the wrist and the knuckles, and a small thick patch on each finger, between the knuckle and the first joint. I remembered overhearing Mrs. Hale telling Mrs. Wragg before their quarrel that she couldn't bear the thought of being touched by "that brute Carret." She said, "He has hands like an animal." I stopped in my tracks and watched his face as he wrote a few words on his patent device. He looked slow-witted, boorish, and unintelligent. He wrote, "Don't think badly of old Wainwright. He can't help chasing women. It's the way he is. Doesn't mean any harm. Not

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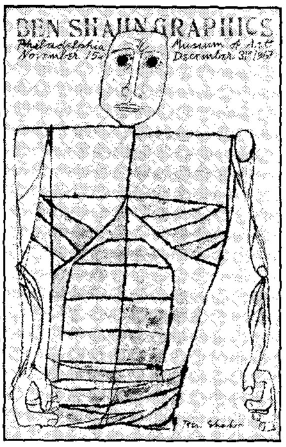

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as ugly as it looks. Anyway, forget the whole thing." His eye was full of concern for me, and for a moment I could see the quick and sensitive being behind the opaque mask.

I said, "Oh, Wainwright's all right. He doesn't bother me."

We walked on.

I learned a little more about the farm a long while later, from an aunt. I was calling on her to leave her a bottle of sherry as a Christmas gift. I'd been out shopping with my daughter, who was aged ten. We had been looking for a present for my son, who was aged eight. We were both very pleased because we'd found him a scale model of a lifeboat with eight pairs of oars, two boathooks like real boathooks, a mast which raised and lowered in a pulpit, and a lugsail. We showed it to my aunt, and it reminded her that I had always loved toy boats when I was small. "And the bigger they were and the more fragile, the better you liked them. A great nuisance they used to be on the train going to Cornwall every summer."

I said, "I thought we used to go to a farm in Norfolk."

She said, "Oh, no, dear, that was just once, and a terrible mistake, too. The beach was all stones, the east wind never stopped blowing, and it was colder than you'd believe. We had a horrid upset with the farm people over that. Madge Eaton—poor Madge—was with us. She sprained her ankle, and while she was nursing it they wouldn't give her a fire in the front room. They said it was their rule—no fires after the end of April or before the end of September. It was all very unpleasant, and we left a week before our time was up. We all agreed that we'd never go to the East Coast for the summer again. After that it was always Cornwall."

I said, "You know, it's always bothered the life out of me that I couldn't remember the name of that place or the names of the people who farmed it."

She said, "It's a wonder to me that you remembered it at all. We had a miserable time there."

I laughed and let it go. I didn't mind finding out how small a part the place had really played in my life. That didn't matter. I'd been there, and I'd brought away something precious.

—Anthony West

•

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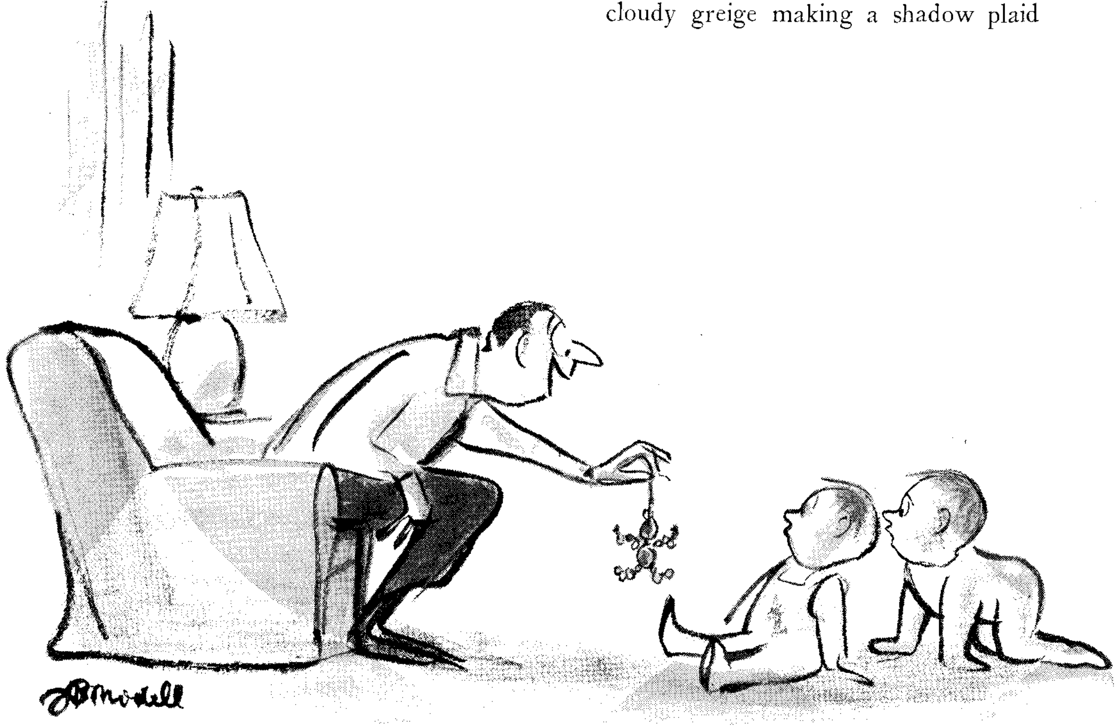
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

IT'S the same all through the world of fashion; now the custom furriers have become infatuated with Youth (and with petite sizes, too), and they use the already established small, raised bustline and sleeves that are set in high under the arms to accomplish the feeling of young verve. Many of the coats, particularly those that are done in flat furs, such as Russian or Argentine broadtail, look like dresses, they are that skimpy. And Esther Dorothy adds a bit of ease by cutting her narrow sleeves with a smidgen of roundness next the elbow, man style, so that the sleeve doesn't ride up when you are elbow-bending—for whatever reason. One thing noticeable about the new coats is that the silhouette that has for the past few years gone casually from high above the waist into a moderately A-line skirt may now erupt into a real circular flare at the hem. It isn't princesse technique, though I *can* discern a few curves down the ribs that are released below into what is sometimes a skating-skirt finish. But don't ask me how they do it. The mighty Emeric Partos, of Bergdorf Goodman, shows a coat of black Alaska seal with wide, rounded lapels, a wide belt of brown suède, a fly front, and a definite swing at the hem. This item takes into account not only the silhouette I was speaking of but a couple of other fashion factors—his perpetual love of belts, and the fairly new association of brown and black. (Brown suède boots go along, to emphasize my point.) Bendel's tiny fur salon essays another New Look with a coat of horizontally arrayed ranch mink that is closed with an industrial zipper. (Zippers of the sort are everywhere nowadays, sometimes blatant and sometimes concealed.) On this mink, a trumpet flare commences way, way down. Esther Dorothy, always an idea woman, presents a coat dress of Russian broadtail (it can be done in Argentine broadtail, too, and that is more youthful in price) with a wide, circular flare that begins on the hips. Anyone in search of a shock should investigate the dirndl fur skirts at Georges Kaplan, of all places. He is the one who was going in for Op designs before almost anybody else, and now he has gone in reverse to being "Sound of Music" *Gemütlichkeit.* One of these jobs is on a coat that is shown in ranch mink with rising shoulders of the leg-of-mutton persuasion. The gathered skirt is entirely in ranch and white horizontal stripes, and a turnover collar of white mink occurs on the Basque bodice. Another high-shouldered job of his is a coat dress with nutria sleeves, a bodice of white and brown lamb, and a dirndl skirt, set low, that is all horizontal bands of the lamb. Wonders will never cease, I realize. There are military overtones here and there; take the beautiful thing concocted by Reiss & Fabrizio of river otter dyed black. (Such stuff sheds water in an amazing way.) This is as sleek as satin. It has narrow martial epaulets, a brass button on the tip of each shoulder, double-breasted buttons in a narrow row down the front, two patch pockets (placed well belowdecks), and a vent at each side of the skirt. (You're in the Army now.)

I guess, though, that the main news event is the notion of mingling two or more furs in savage geometrical patterns that may recall Expo 67. Most of the more splendid examples of contrasts in furs are set in; Partos would rather be expunged than be caught with Bergdorf's name in a coat of his on which appliqué had been used. His is a coat—I must call it sensational, that's all there is to it—of ranch mink with inset white cubes (they suggest one-room houses staggering uphill) and two lighter shades of the mink accomplishing a shadow effect at two sides of each cube. (Yes, I know; a picture is worth ten thousand . . .) He even insets flowers of a deep purple (I say they are clematis, and I say I can't tell what sort of fur they're made of) in an evening coat of white ermine. I'm *informed* that they're ermine, but I never saw a purple ermine, and never hoped to see one. Reiss & Fabrizio favors windowpane checks, two and a half inches square, of ranch on white mink. One of the charmers it makes begins with a sleeveless minidress and ends with a high-waisted coat. A zipper circles the coat beneath the low waistline so that it can be divided into a separate jacket and a miniskirt. (Kaplan, by the way, also admires this idea.) What I liked most at R. & F., though, is a quiet affair—a neutral sports coat with mink in white, jasmine, and a lightly cloudy greige making a shadow plaid



"He's nice enough. He's just not very bright."

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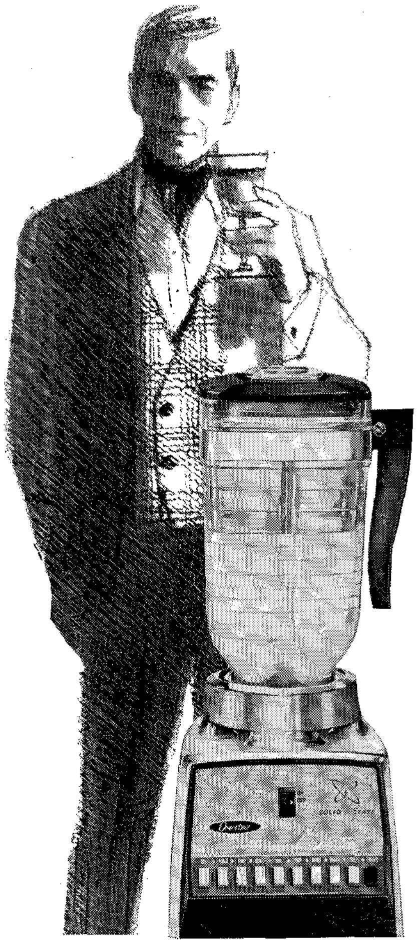

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all over it. It's double-breasted, has a tailored suède belt, and is completely Oh Boy! More vivid are the contrasts in the ski sweaters by Partos. One that is essentially of white mink wears a flat band collar and vertically striped diamonds of rosy-red, homo-tourmaline, autumn-haze, and orchid mink. This is long and zippered and to be worn with pants, and so is his sweater of mink with wide vertical stripes that suggest a giant cable knit even though they are arranged in lightning zigzags. They are bright blue and palomino; the background is white. Kaplan doesn't mind doing a minidress of dark-brown Lincoln lamb, a flat fur from South America; this one has a bold diagonal line of white lamb from one shoulder to the opposite hem and white bands spraying diagonally on each side of this stripe—thoroughly eccentric, is all. There are capes about. These seem awfully hard for our designers to do, but I don't see why. Anyway, Reiss & Fabrizio has done a honey in baby Canadian fisher with a band collar and a wide leather belt in brown in front of the deep arm openings. And there is Esther Dorothy's cape of Argentine broadtail with a hundred-and-twenty-inch sweep, plus her dolman capes of black Russian broadtail with a deep overlap in front. These are to be worn over a sleeveless dress of white mink (may I emit one small whee?) with a zipped-up front.

In fact, there is such a supply of opulence and imagination around that it is hard to know what to choose. A practical investment for a reasonably moderate outlay could be a coat of formal length whose base can be zipped off to make the thing street length. Most of the custom furriers show versions of this, and Partos is especially keen on the notion, though his skirts usually *snap* off and on.

WOULD it be easier to do a point-to-point tour? Here goes: The Partos goods at Bergdorf run a pretty fair gamut, from "F," for fantastic, to "S," for sports. Under "S" list the silkiest possible coat of ocelot in truly smoky tones. This carries a back belt with an inverted pleat below it, fat buttons down the front nearly to the hem, and sporty patch pockets. Next, for "F," comes a long-waisted coat of ranch mink (it ends well down on the hips); four other shades of mink account for the narrow diamonds that compose the skirt. This snaps onto the coat as well as onto a long-waisted top of *jersey*. Next, we have his "loomed" plaid of mink in any color combination

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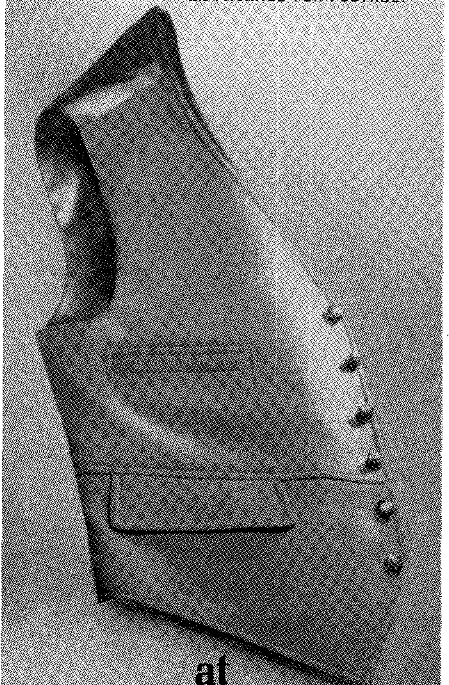

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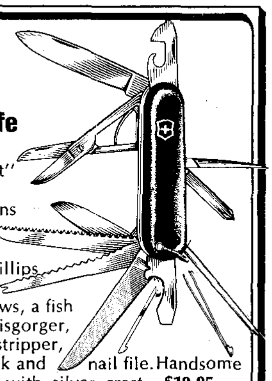

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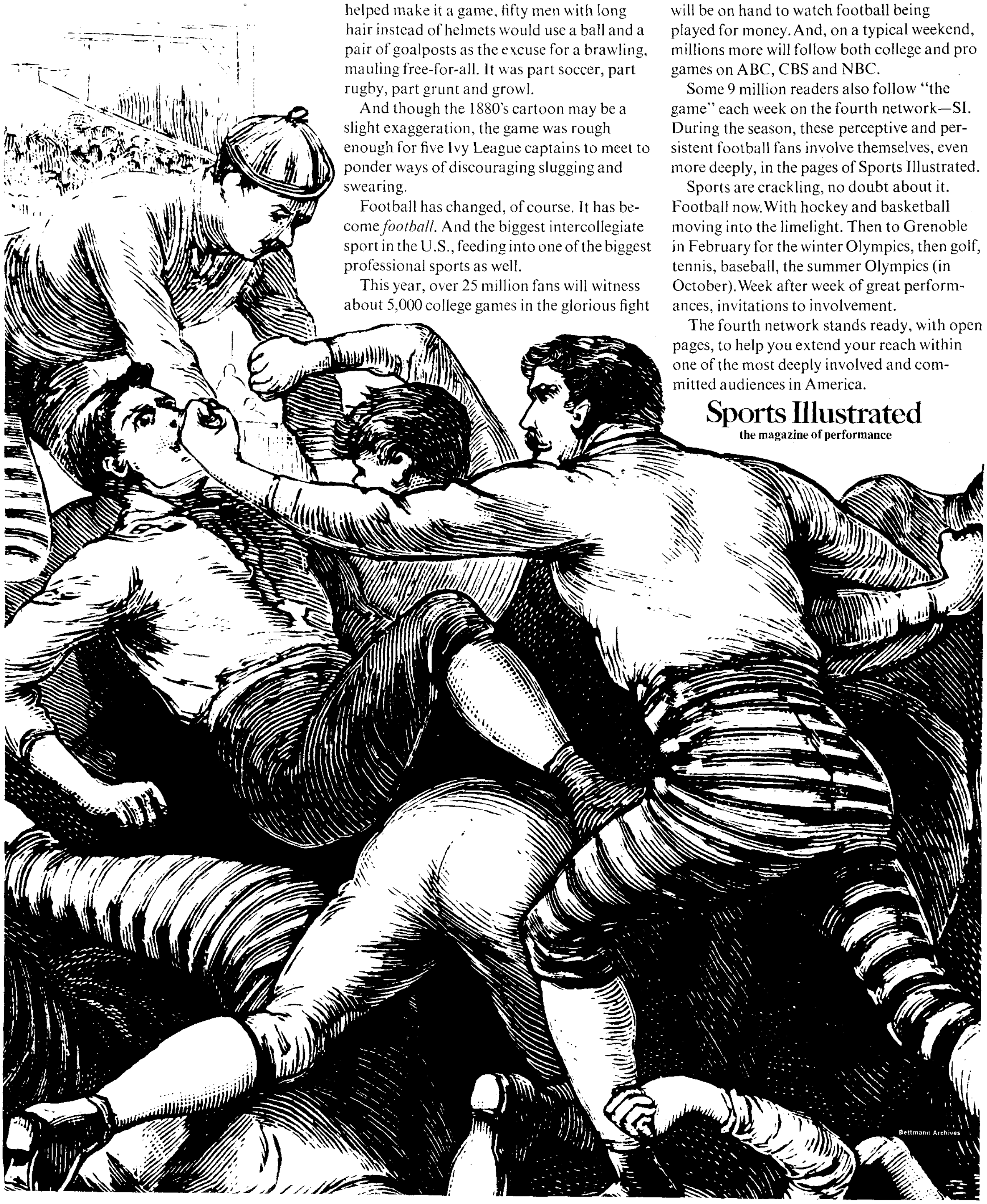

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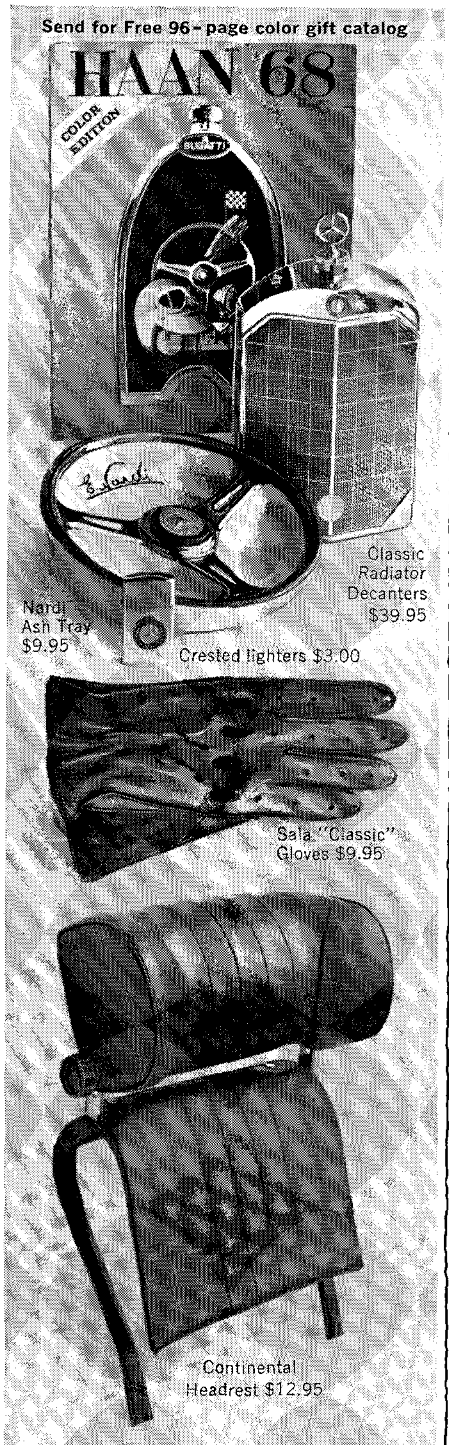

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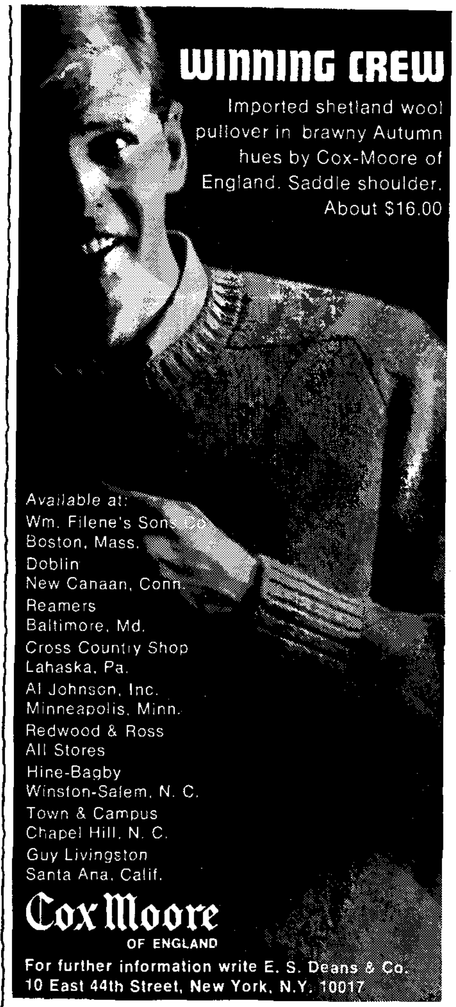
the customer wants. It was shown to me as a natural cross mink (that's off-white with etched black lines, and looking sort of tweedy). On one coat, it involves big, bold black crossbars of mink and white squares of mink at the intersections. (As I was saying, a picture is worth . . .) A sash of black mink comes in from both sides to tie in front. Now arrives a doozy of a slender tailored coat (Lacoste is its name) done in brown river otter with a narrow shirt panel above and a fly front (a Partos favorite) below. And there's a coat of black Alaska seal in redingote garb, with black braid inside the high lapels, an inverted pleat in back, and a narrow strip of double-breasted buttons. A way of being elaborately casual is the coat of black mink in up-and-down stripes. I feel that this scheme of working furs is having a faint revival, and I'm happy about it. For *really* being casual, there is Russian ermine, dyed rust, in a coat that has easygoing lapels of brown suède and a sash tie that is quite bathrobey. A flaring coat of Indian leopard is short, sashed, and revered (I mean it has revers; well, I really mean it is *both*). The buttons, bindings, and sash are all of brown suède. *Elegancia* is represented by a coat of horizontal white Russian ermine with a very wide belt (black velvet) of the corselet type. This job slithers down to an extremely circular hem. Or, for that matter, there's the coat and evening pants of black velvet. A yoke of white ermine goes out over the shoulders, the sleeves are of the same fur, and a lining of white ermine dotted with inset teardrops of black ermine completes the job. Oh, we can dream, can't we?

ASIDE from the firm's crush on those inset geometric designs (as on a ski jacket with a diamond-within-diamond design in jasmine and ranch mink), Reiss & Fabrizio has other things—like having a ball with baby Canadian fisher. One straight-hanging coat (belts haven't taken over *completely* yet) has a round collar that droops a trifle on the nape; the center closing is managed by unobtrusive clips. Fisher also makes the collar of a slender coat of leopard, and a band of fisher goes down the side front. Brown hair seal (and you know as well as I do that this can double as a raincoat) is employed for a coat on which dark-brown kid makes the buttons and the turtleneck collar. That collar is huge, but it can fold over and down. Two one-inch-wide horizontal bands of the kid circle the coat amidships. And



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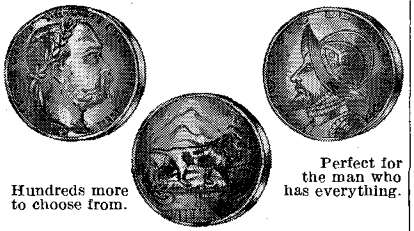

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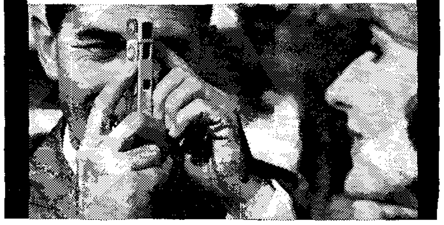

what of a coat of black beaver with a black satin cummerbund? The satin also accounts for the buttoned shirt cuffs inside the sleeves and the notched collar, which can be converted into arrogant revers. Arctic wolf decorates one coat on which cranberry wool is the basis of the sleeves, the collar, the sash, and a wide band down the front. For really hugging the waistline most women thought they had lost, there is a redingote of black Alaska seal, which has a leather belt and a mammoth brass buckle at the base of the long turnover collar. For gala afternoons and those gala dinners, blush-pink Indian broadtail is summoned to produce a dress with a rolled ranch-mink collar and short sleeves. A short jacket lined with ranch is the finisher-upper. For formality, let us consider a cape whose essence is jasmine mink. This one curves out at the center front, and it is very broad and circular at the sides by the time it reaches the hem. R. & F. shows a new version of its perennial coat of chinchilla that can unzip to daytime length for those evenings when even the formal skirts don't come anywhere near the floor.

THERE are all manner of coats, fitted as closely as dresses, in Argentine broadtail at Esther Dorothy's emporium. One champion involves twelve double-breasted buttons, not more than two inches apart, in clusters of four down the front. This bears the curved-out-at-the-elbow sleeves I've already discussed, as well as a lining of white mink that manages not to add bulk. The sleeves are interlined with white satin. Strictly Irene Castle is the coat of dark-brown Argentine broadtail with golden-amber fox around the neck, down the front, on the cuffs, and along the hem. This one parts at the base to reveal the knees, as—come to think of it—what *doesn't* these days? Argentine broadtail is likewise appearing as a coat in a simple dress kind of cut, and in black, champagne, or peacock. The Dorothy shirttail coats of Indian broadtail are dyed soft blue or blush pink. And, because she is an expert on Important Coats for diminutive women, she offers Russian sable, worked vertically, with Those Sleeves going into a bell at the wrist. The link belt is optional, so you can use it for your poodle. Just as grand, in a petite sort of way, is her coat of ombré natural Russian broadtail in grays, very straight and slender, with wide bands that are horizontal in back and curve upward in front. When Miss Dorothy tackles spotted furs, such as cheetah or

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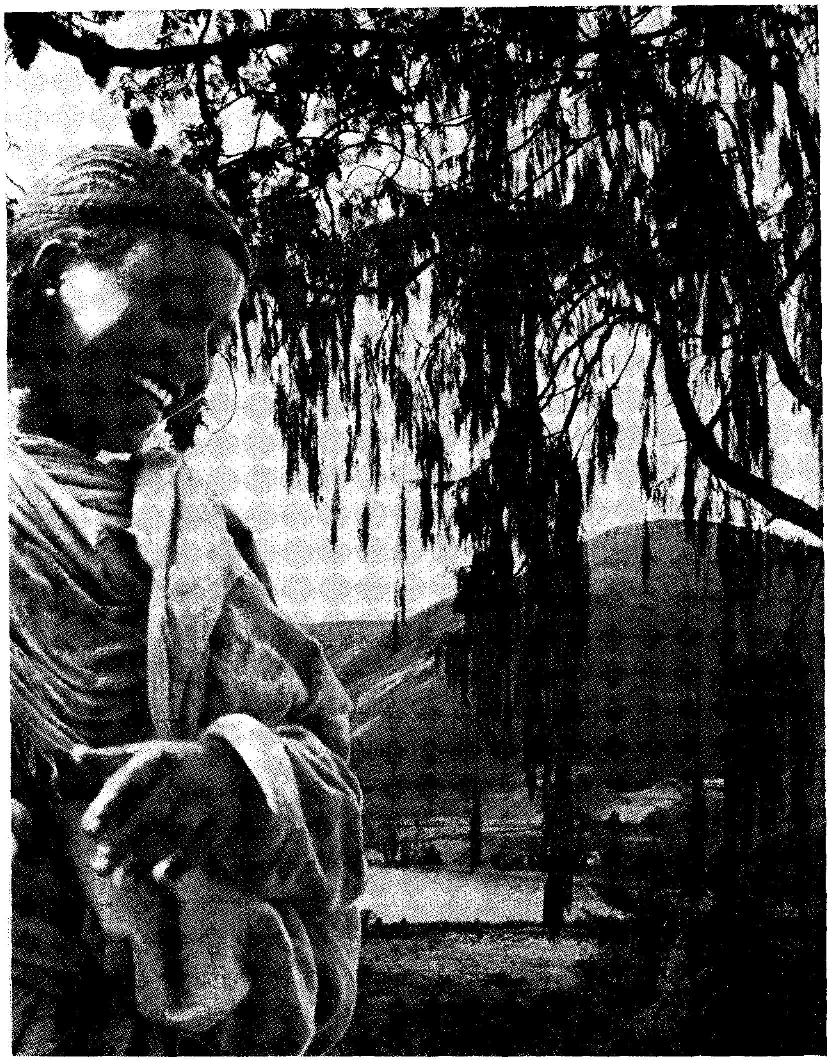

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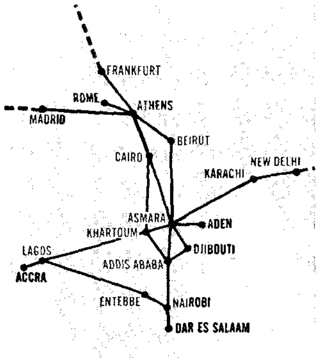

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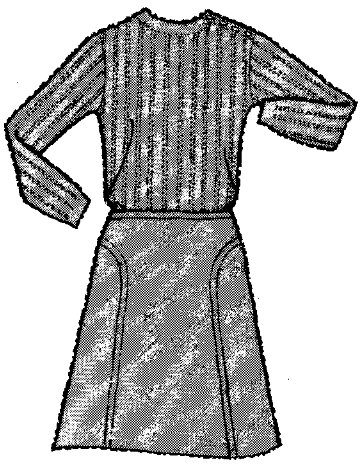

bright &

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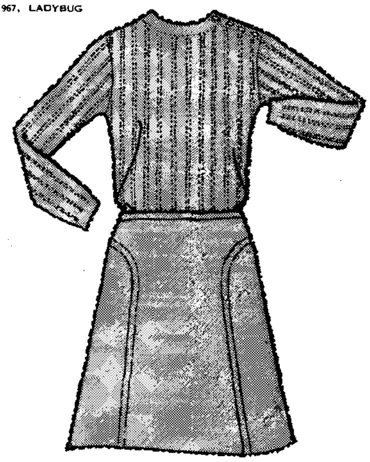

sunny

The crew-neck sweater, buttoned at the shoulder, is virgin wool in a needle-out stitch, brightening the world in Cornsilk, Daffodil, Azalea, Navy, Shamrock, or Forget-menot. The side-panel skirt is fully-lined diagonal twill wool, in equally rejoiceful colors, to match or not. 3 to 15.
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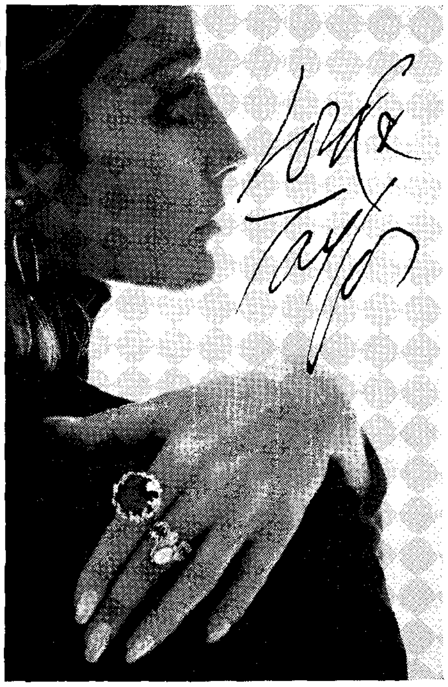
leopard, they are likely to be quite fitted. One stunner has a tiny high back belt, six faceted buttons in double-breasted formation, and slanting patch pockets. In a meeker mood, there is white baroga lamb in coat form, with a lining of black velvet and French cuffs of the same stuff.

BUT the passion for close fitting is not universal. Bendel shows straight-hanging coats that come close to being smocks. Witness one of ranch or sable, worked vertically, with hooks below the waist and a zipper below them. The turtle collar is nearly four inches deep. Another loose-hanging type is shown in beige Indian broadtail, with a high yoke across the front and true smock fullness on a lower yoke in back. This can be done, too, in black Russian broadtail, if anyone cares. American broadtail is the *definite* choice for a tiny jacket that is very short and has elbow sleeves, plus four jet double-breasted buttons below the revers. Bendel inclines to designers of its own, so John Kloss is responsible for a coat of black Alaska seal that has black bone buttons (invisible) in front and a vent flap low in back, not to mention a fly front that extends well below the waist. Double flap pockets appear on one side and a single flap pocket on the other. A coat of jaguar with a convertible collar that goes out over the shoulders has the same arrangement of pockets. Persian lamb in a violet so delicate that you can't detect the hue until the fur is placed alongside pure white makes a couple of coats, one with a deep inverted pleat down each side in front and an easy, convertible collar. Bendel uses fitch, too. All in diagonal stripes, Russian fitch does a coat with a black leather sash; German fitch, which is not as yellow, makes a coat with horizontal stripes and round black double-breasted buttons. This is $960, to quote a rare merciful price. Lots of coats in Argentine broadtail live here, one of them in bone color, with a fat round collar that hooks in front, five pearlized buttons down the front to the A-line skirt, and a trenchcoat strap above the wrists. Another, in black, has high armholes, a high, set-in back belt, and a flaring skirt.

ONE can always count on Georges Kaplan. Take the coat of white swakara (Southwest African lamb, that is), cut very short and circular, with an industrial zipper down the front and on each of the slanting pockets. In a thoroughly innocent mood, there is a coat that gives me pause—of



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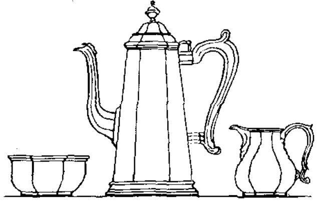

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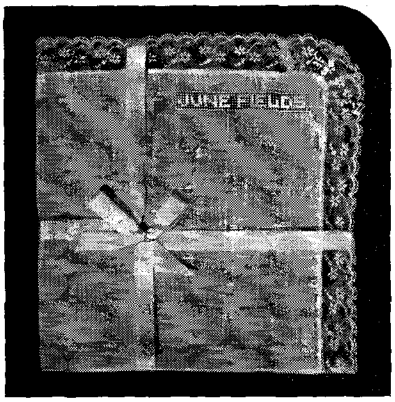

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dark mink with black satin and a double ruffle of white lace on the lapels and jutting upward from the wrists. It's up to you to decide whether you wish to be that quaint. You must make your own decision, too, about a formal coat of Russian sable with the tails creating a deep fringe at the hem. For more conservative tastes, but tastes with verve, there is a beautiful coat of ranch mink whose hemline is really swinging, though not hippie. Two flap pockets appear on each side, the bottom ones near the hem. Then we get to a coat of vertical ranch with another swinging hem; this one is gathered in on a high waist. One more ranch coat has buttons that zig out from the collar to the upper left arm and then descend to the hem. But despite his celebrated eccentricities of design, the M. Kaplan big deal is his ranch-mink day coat with deep lapels, four double-breasted buttons riding high, a high back belt, and an A hem. For formal evenings, he uses tourmaline mink, all diagonals, with a wrapped shawl collar, bell sleeves, and a very full back that is all Vs. Oh, I might as well conclude with one more of the Kaplan pranks—a floor-length coat of monkey fur, black at the top, which comes right up to the ears, and white at the ends of the long sleeves and down at the hem. It isn't that M. Kaplan wishes to make monkeys of us all (he knows we've already reached that point), but it *is* atavism, all right.

—Lois Long

•

WILD ASTERS

I am here to worship the blue
Asters along the brook,
Not to carry pollen on my legs
Or rub strutted wings in mindless sucking
But to feel with my eyes
The loss of you and me,
Not in the powdered mildew
That spreads from leaf to leaf
But in the glorious absence of grief
To see what was not meant to be seen:
The clusters, the aggregate,
The undenying multiplicity.

—Ruth Stone

•

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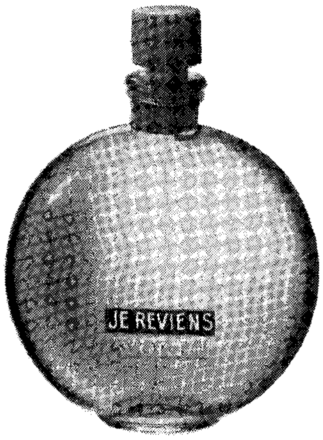

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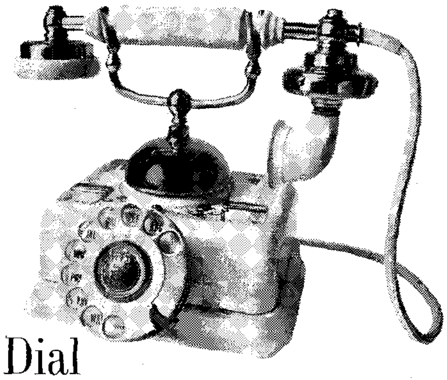

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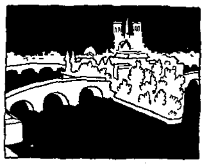
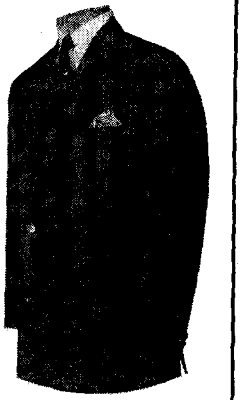
LETTER FROM PARIS

NOVEMBER 1



THE big event here in book publishing and reading is the enormous, six-hundred-page volume called "Antimémoires," by André Malraux, General de Gaulle's Minister of Culture. During twenty years of writing, he became the author of what the French now count as six and a half novels. (The Nazis destroyed in manuscript the last half of what would have been the seventh, published as a mutilated fragment.) One of his novels, "Man's Hope," about his experiences as a bomber with the ill-equipped anti-Franco Loyalist aviators, who threw their bombs at the enemy by hand, was made by him into an epic film. He also published several tomes about his complex reasonings on the metamorphoses of art. But it was his celebrity in 1933 as the young author of "Man's Fate" ("La Condition Humaine"), on the Communist revolution starting in China, where he was then living, that made him world famous and gave him his empire over the intelligentsia of French youth. They are now middle-aged yet apparently still susceptible at least to curiosity about his book of so-called non-memoirs, since it has become a best-seller. Today, Malraux, a well-known, multi-sided personality, like repeated portraits of himself incumbent in different offices and stages, still fascinates the French as no other figure. He is thought of as the last romantic. He is recognized as Malraux the young, adventurous art-treasure hunter in the Far East, the early experimental Communist propagandist in Canton, the indomitable warrior for freedoms in Europe, the man of action as a Compagnon de la Libération in France, and the country's most powerful art lover and mover, who presumed to send the Louvre's Venus de Milo to Tokyo. He is also the accredited intimate of Charles de Gaulle—the disparate leaders whose patriotic intellects together aimed at giving a superior national contour to France's Fifth Republic.

Malraux's epigraph for his new book is a typically bizarre, humorous, exotic analogy as an explanation of why he ceased to be a writer for so many years. On the first page of his book, he cites a Buddhist text reading, "The elephant is the wisest of all animals, the only



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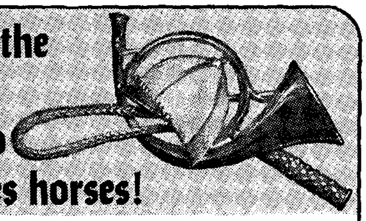

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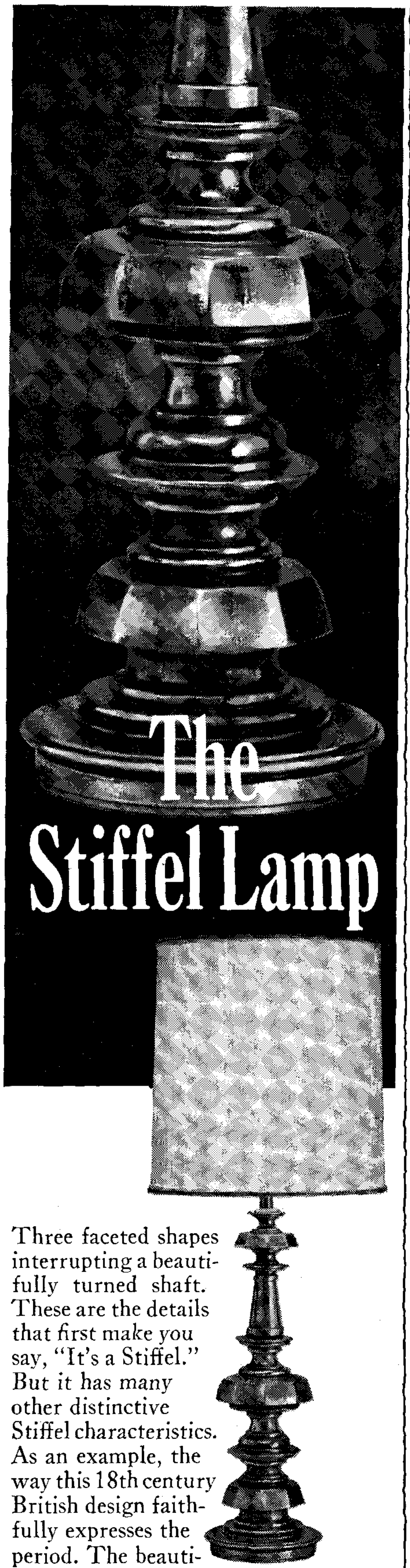

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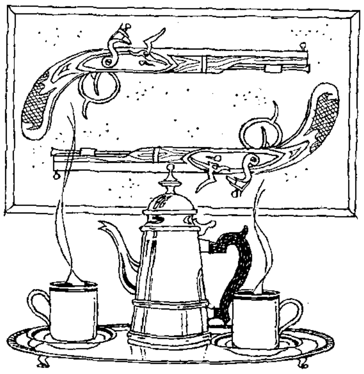
one that recalls its earlier lives. Thus it remains quiet for long periods, meditating upon them." From his own meditation Malraux emerges to say in his preface that his non-memoirs contain no confessional materials, since today they would be puerile "compared to the monsters brought forth by psychoanalytical explorations." He also states sombrely, "Man finds the likeness of himself in the questions that he asks. The man you will find in this book is one who agrees with the questions that death asks about the significance of the world." As is well known, death is for Malraux the imagined companion of his mature life, with whom he holds dialogues, more or less, in all his books. A special foreword gives death a positive editorial function in relation to the publication of this new volume, stating that it is only part of an opus that may well include three more volumes, to be published integrally only after the author is dead.

The currently published portion was written as the result of a journey, ironically counselled by Malraux's physicians as a rest cure, two years ago. This took him back to parts of the Orient that he had known in his youth and probably emotionally engendered the present volume, which contains a heterogeneous reassembling of a whole Malraux library of the basic verities. Exceptional in the book are the happy accounts of his repeated visits to the Cairo Museum and the Sphinx, from whom, since the first time he saw her, has flowed an inspiration for his affection for multiple non-Christian gods and antique art, as if she, with her cat paws in the sand (Malraux is a noted cat-lover), represented the stony pet that symbolized art itself for civilized human beings of old, with her immortal answers to questions forever insoluble in the dry desert air.

For American readers of "Antimémoires," the most interesting new elements will be Malraux's great interviews with two of the latest national Eastern leaders—Nehru, now gone, and Mao, now ill. As a writer who has helped make history and is possessed of acute presbyopic political eyesight, which has often enough seen history coming, Malraux, being a novelist, is an incomparable reporter when dealing with heroic historic figures on whom he turns his listening ears and observant eyes. In Nehru's office in New Delhi, the two men of good will, who had last met more than twenty years before, sat at a table of polished precious wood, in which was reflected the rose carried by the gentle chief who governed India. He read



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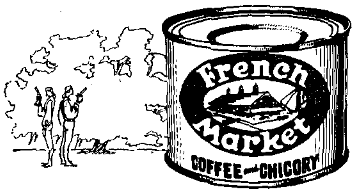

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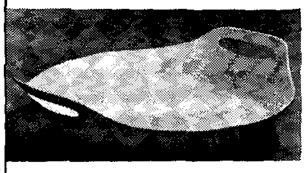

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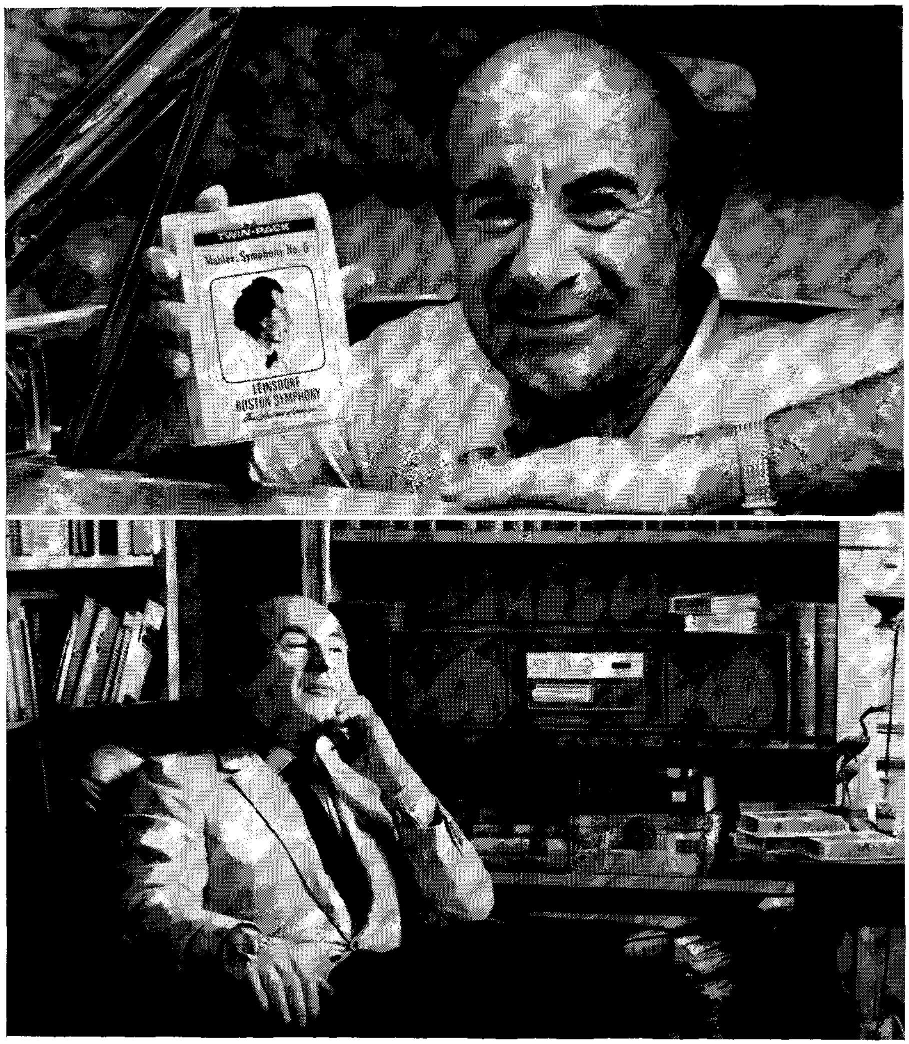
Malraux's letter of accreditation from de Gaulle and, with a smile, said, "So now you are a Minister," which Malraux translated from its Hindu background to mean "So now you are in your last incarnation." Along with the rose, Malraux saw reflected in the table Nehru's face, "of which history will save only the mask." Malraux adds, "His was a Roman visage, made a little heavy by the lower lip, which gave his smile the seductiveness that brings to a man of history an imperceptible innocence. I had known him when he had the air of a leader of the Maquis . . . Now he showed me an ironic benevolence that was also a little weary, covering a firmness that it did not hide. Age had less aged his face than it had given him another face, as happens to many men who once looked like their mothers, and look like their fathers only when growing old. His gestures, formerly quite broad, were now directed toward his body, the fingers almost doubled up. In his gestures I saw the real difference between the Nehru of former days and my present interlocutor. Authority itself is a question of age."

Nehru did not take de Gaulle's Fifth Republic seriously, Malraux reports. But his observations were serious indeed on the decline of England, which he had known for so long as the first of the world's powers. He had watched the decline, too, of Europe, without forgetting that he had also seen Germany and Russia being reborn. Great Britain, Malraux said to him, had conceived its world policy, but not the United States. "It has become the most powerful country on earth without having wanted to be," he continued. "This was not the case with Alexander or Caesar or Tamerlane or Napoleon; their hegemonies were the consequences of conquests. That is perhaps why the United States makes war well and peace poorly." Then they started a discussion of Communism. Nehru thought it less important than formerly. He did not envision a war between Russia and the United States. Of China, he said that each time she became China again she became imperialist again. For Malraux, history over the last forty years had been the upsurge of Communism and the substitution of America for Europe. For Nehru, history had consisted of decolonization and the liberation of Asia. His state Socialism was not tied to the Soviets'. His recent history was that of the liberated underdeveloped countries, "which should change their civilization." He went on, "Science and machines in two hundred years have made a civilization very different from the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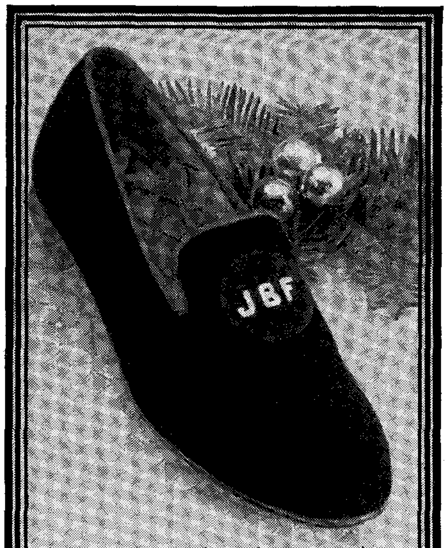
one that existed at the time of the French and American Revolutions. The India that science and machines will produce in a hundred years will little resemble India today, and maybe not Europe either." For him, the Soviet Union symbolized planning. Would it prove more efficacious against famine than liberal capitalism? The maintenance of independence and the industrialization of India could be founded only on a state. Nehru was conscious of the feebleness of the state he had elaborated, "so I must reinforce it." He believed all revolutions to be inseparable from an ethical will, from a desire for justice. Social justice had proved to be India's most difficult problem. The consciousness of caste was stronger among Indians than that of class. To create modern India, he had been forced to lean indirectly on his people, associating the humblest among them with this great effort. "India must be mobilized by herself, not by government order," he said. But age-old India saw in social injustice a part of the cosmic order, which was necessarily just. He pitied India, knew its misery, but wanted it dedicated to a unique destiny—that of becoming the conscience of the world. Malraux asked him, "Since your independence, what has been your most difficult task?" "To make a just state with just means," Nehru answered in one quick breath.

The interview with Mao Tse-tung took place in 1965 in Peking in the People's Palace at three o'clock in the afternoon. This building had an odd façade of Egyptian columns with red lotuses on their capitals, and a reception room more than three hundred feet long. Among the group awaiting Malraux were Mao and the President of the Chinese Republic, Liu Shao-ch'i, to whom Malraux carried a letter from General de Gaulle. Mao's welcome was cordial, even familiar. "The entire party sat down on rattan chairs with little white doilies on their arms. It was like the waiting room in a tropical railway station," Malraux writes. He made out the face of Mao against the light: "round, smooth, young. The celebrated wart on his chin was like a Buddhist sign. A serenity all the more unexpected, since he was supposed to be a violent man. Behind him his nurse in white." (Malraux knew, although he does not state, that Mao suffers from Parkinson's disease.) The interpreter was a Tonkinese girl who spoke perfect French.

"Once the poor make up their minds to fight, they always beat the rich," Mao began, apparently without prelim-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inaries. "Look at your French Revolution." After the coup by Chiang Kai-shek in Shanghai, which broke the Communists' rise, the Chinese Communists around Mao fell apart. "As you know," he continued, "I decided to go back to my village. In other days, I had known the great famine of Changsha, with the decapitated rebels' heads stuck on high posts, but I had forgotten. Within three kilometres of my village, when I returned, not a piece of bark was left on the trees up to a height of four metres. All had been eaten by those who were hungry. We could make better fighters out of men obliged to eat bark than out of the chauffeurs from Shanghai, or even the coolies."

"Gorky said to me one day in front of Stalin, 'Peasants are the same everywhere,' " Malraux said.

"Neither Gorky, a great vagabond poet, nor Stalin knew the slightest thing about peasants," Mao replied, adding that there was no sense mixing up kulaks with the wretched inhabitants of an underdeveloped country. Around 1919, he said, he had read the "Communist Manifesto" and had helped organize the workers—"and there were more workers than you would think in the Chinese Revolutionary Army." Those who did not go on the Long March made a mistake; Chiang Kai-shek exterminated more than a million of them. "Our people had always hated, distrusted, and feared the soldiery," Mao went on. "They soon saw that our Red Army belonged to them. No class privileges. We all ate the same, wore the same clothes. The soldiers could gather and talk. Above all, the officers hadn't the right to beat or insult them. The troops against us were more numerous, and aided by the Americans, but we often were the victors. You have to learn to make war, but it is simpler than politics. In war, you merely have to have more victories than defeats. In a certain way, the Long March was a retreat, but its result was like a conquest." He spoke bitterly of the Kuomintang and of how those suspected of disloyalty to it were buried alive—peasant women prayed to be born dogs in the next life, so as to be less wretched. "To establish fraternity more than to win liberty was the aim," Mao said. "Revolution is a passionate drama. We did not win the people by appealing to their reason but by developing hope, confidence, fraternity. Faced with famine, the drive for equality takes on a religious character."

During the interview, Mao made no gesture except to carry his cigarette to

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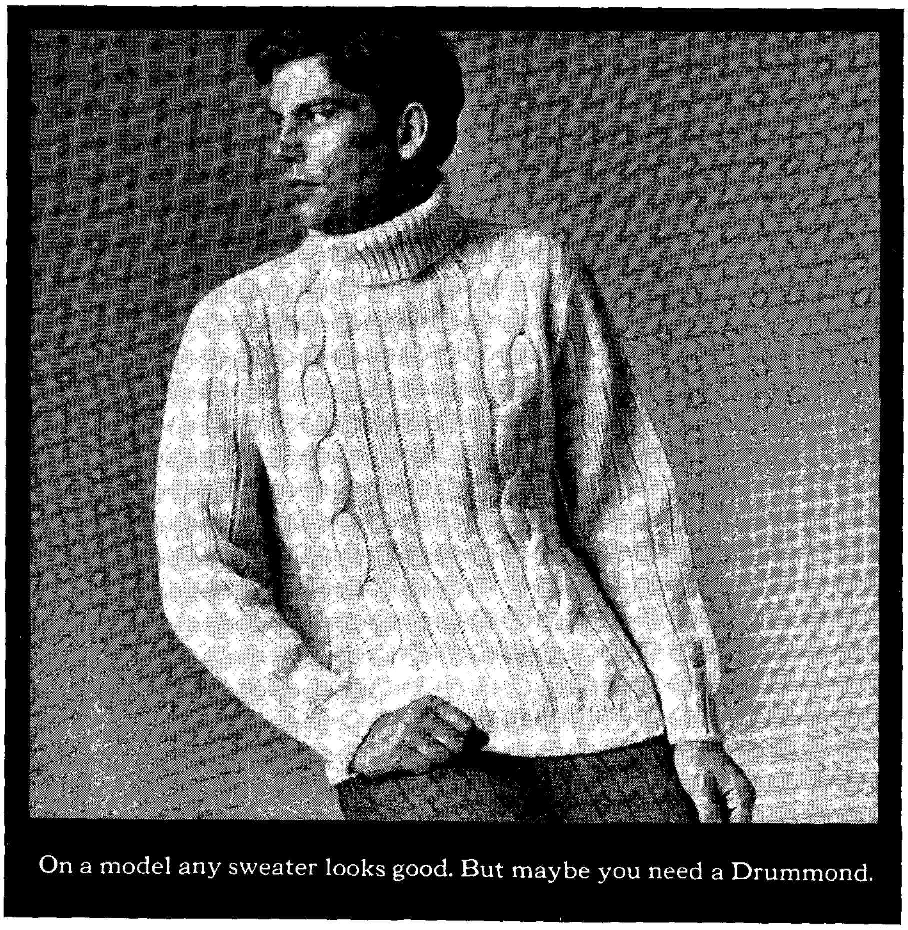

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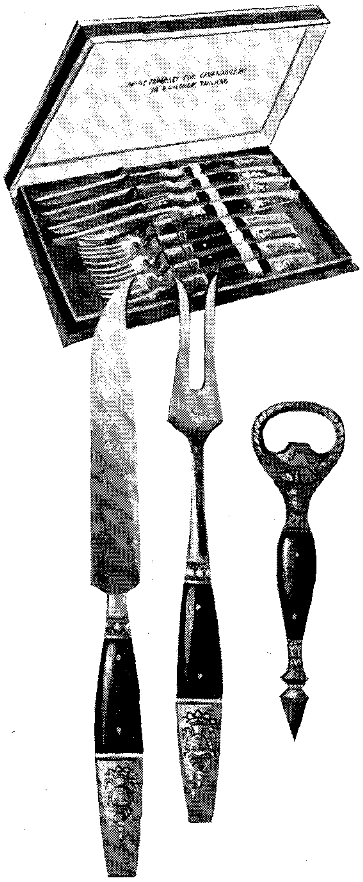

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his mouth or to lay it on the ash receiver. "In his over-all immobility, he did not seem a sick man but an emperor of bronze," Malraux says. When Malraux asked whether the opposition was still powerful, Mao replied, "The intellectuals' thoughts are anti-Marxist. Strategically, imperialism is doomed, and with it capitalism, beyond a doubt. Left to itself, humanity would not necessarily reëstablish Communism, but it would reëstablish inequality. You remember that Kosygin said at the Twenty-third Congress, 'Communism is a rise in living standards.' Obviously. And swimming is a way of wearing a bathing suit." He went on, "We are not eating bark, but we are only up to a bowl of rice daily. Revisionism would tear that bowl of rice from our hands. The Soviets' revisionism is an apostasy. It is the death of the revolution. I think that Russia will emerge from its Stalin regime without returning to real capitalism. Just a certain liberalism. I remember the time when you didn't talk politics to your wife. When I heard that the Russians dared make jokes about their government in the Métro, I thought there had not been just a softening of what I had known but a radical transformation." Mao believed that each intervention of the United States made it an object of hate for the poor and revolutionary majority. A new fact, he said, dominated all the political ideologies—a nuclear war would destroy all the nations engaged in it—and he declared that the United States would not use nuclear arms in Vietnam, any more than it had in Korea.

When Malraux said goodbye, Mao "put out a hand that was almost feminine, with rosy palms. To my surprise, he accompanied me, the Tonkinese interpreter between us, a little behind, and his nurse behind him. Mao walks step by step, stiff, as if he did not bend his legs—more the emperor of bronze than ever. He has not been struck down. He has the uncertain equilibrium of the statue of the Commendatore in 'Don Giovanni' and walks like a legendary figure come back from some imperial tomb."

—GENÊT

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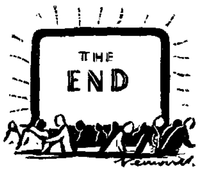
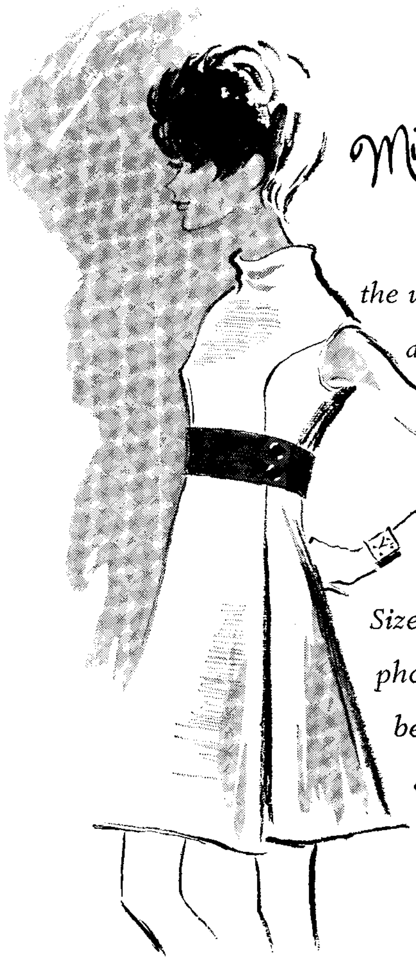


“CHAPPAQUA” is an exceptionally interesting movie, written and directed by a courageous young American named Conrad Rooks, who also plays the leading role. I speak of Mr. Rooks’ courage not only because, as an amateur actor, he has dared to take a part that would offer difficulties enough to a seasoned professional but also because by doing so he invites us to assume that the story the movie tells—an account of an anguished and by no means certainly victorious struggle against alcoholism and drug addiction—is *his* story. Permitting us to make such an assumption, true or false, has risks, not the smallest of which is that it may lead us to underestimate the amount of invention the movie contains and therefore to see it as less of a work of art than it really is. Based upon no matter what facts, “Chappaqua” is first of all a superb feat of imagination and not a documentary, but it has a forensic purpose, and Mr. Rooks must have felt that this purpose would be best served by his identifying himself (very flesh of very flesh) with his tragic hero. He chose to hazard becoming merely notorious in order to guarantee the authenticity—and therefore the usefulness as possible examples to the rest of us—of the horrifying experiences that the movie depicts.

Much as I admire Mr. Rooks’ selflessness, I believe it was unnecessary; by an irony, his movie succeeds so well as a fiction that the last thing it requires is the certification of having actually happened. Judged from a narrow point of view, Mr. Rooks’ implied Whitmanesque affidavit (“I was the man, I suffered, I was there”) might be argued to be a presumptuous irrelevancy; from the broader point of view of movies in general, it has the value of sheer rarity. Thinly disguised autobiography is a genre that, though commonplace in poetry and the novel, has found surprisingly few practitioners among movie-makers. “8½” is perhaps the best-known specimen, but Fellini took care to get help from several expert hands in the writing of the screenplay and to cast Marcello Mastroianni as its hero—quite properly, for no sensible director would ever think of casting Fellini as Fellini. Mr. Rooks hap-



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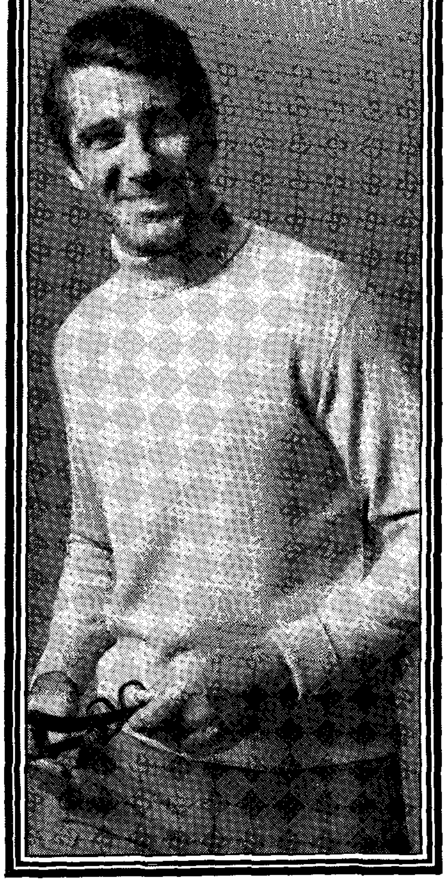
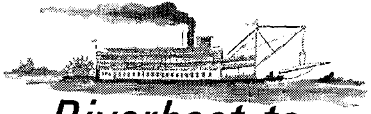


pens to have a physique and presence admirably suited to the character he portrays, and if he has given this character a name (Russel Harwick) different from his own, it may have been for the sake of verisimilitude: "Conrad Rooks" looks as thoroughly made up as, say, George F. Babbitt or the Duke of Omnium.

The plot of "Chappaqua" can be summed up in a few words. An evidently wealthy young addict flies from New York to Paris, where, at a private clinic somewhere in the suburbs, he takes a cure that may or may not prove permanent. But the real settings are not the Central Park Reservoir, or a plane high over the Atlantic, or the steep-roofed nineteenth-century château that houses the clinic, but the wild and terrible moon country of an exploding mind, and the real action of the movie consists of a disoriented mingling of recollection and fantasy. Mr. Rooks and his gifted director of photography, Robert Frank, have managed to find convincing pictorial equivalents for an extraordinary range of mental states. Like a flung top, the movie seems to spin headlong in widening circles, with nothing but velocity to give it the erect posture of a purpose, but soon enough we perceive that it is spinning toward a particular point and that its velocity is, if anything, increasing. At the climax, the movie turns on its own center with an intensity that gathers up and consumes all its earlier metaphors of retreat and emergence into the single metaphor of a helicopter spiralling upward over the roof of the château; at that moment the hero is simultaneously a figure in the helicopter, waving a cheerful goodbye to his former keepers, and a white-jacketed figure madly mounting the topmost stony pinnacles of the château.

The cast of "Chappaqua" is surely one of the most diverse in movie history. It contains, among many others, Jean-Louis Barrault (the gentle doctor in charge of the clinic), William S. Burroughs (a splendid villain), Allen Ginsberg, Ravi Shankar, Paula Pritchett, Ornette Coleman, Swami Satchidananda, and the Fugs. The brilliant editing of "Chappaqua" is by Kenout Peltier, and much of the score was composed by Ravi Shankar. It only remains to add that the title refers to a sacred spring and has little to do with the pleasant town of the same name in Westchester County.

PAUL NEWMAN is at his best in "Cool Hand Luke," a well-written melodrama about a young Southern



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misfit who asks of life only that he be allowed to go to hell in his own harmless fashion. Life refuses to accommodate Luke; perceiving more strength in him than he himself wishes to perceive, it sets about measuring, by one harsh test after another, the precise degree of suffering that he is able to sustain. Sentenced to prison for a foolish crime committed on a drunken spree, he becomes, against his will, the hero of his fellow-prisoners. Step by step, he is driven by the injustice of their admiration and the inhumanity of the prison authorities—to say nothing of the cruelty of a God who has had the temerity to abscond with Himself—to accept the mastery of his fate. Bitterly, having intended nothing so far above his needs as to be loved and hated ("I never planned a thing in my life"), he flies like an arrow to sudden, bloody death. Mr. Newman's Luke is a genuine creation, funny and touching; George Kennedy is superb as his illiterate buddy whose devotion speeds him to his doom; and Jo Van Fleet has a single marvellous scene as Luke's dying mother, who comes to say goodbye to him in prison, propped up in the bed of a ramshackle truck. The director of "Cool Hand Luke" is Stuart Rosenberg, and the authors of the screenplay are Donn Pearce and Frank R. Pierson. The director of photography, Conrad Hall, provides as a continuous backdrop a portrait of a midsummer countryside so scorching and dusty that one's throat grows parched.

"THE COMEDIANS" is a long, conscientious, and not very compelling movie, taken from the novel by Graham Greene. The chief architect of the failure of the movie is Mr. Greene, who wrote its lifeless screenplay. The director, Peter Glenville, has made the mistake of doggedly following Mr. Greene and has been doggedly followed, in turn, by Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor, whose lovemaking is nearly as embarrassing as Mr. Greene's occasional irruptions of fine writing. Circling the Burtons are Sir Alec Guinness, Peter Ustinov, Paul Ford, and Lillian Gish, all of whom do their best, and all in vain.

—BRENDAN GILL

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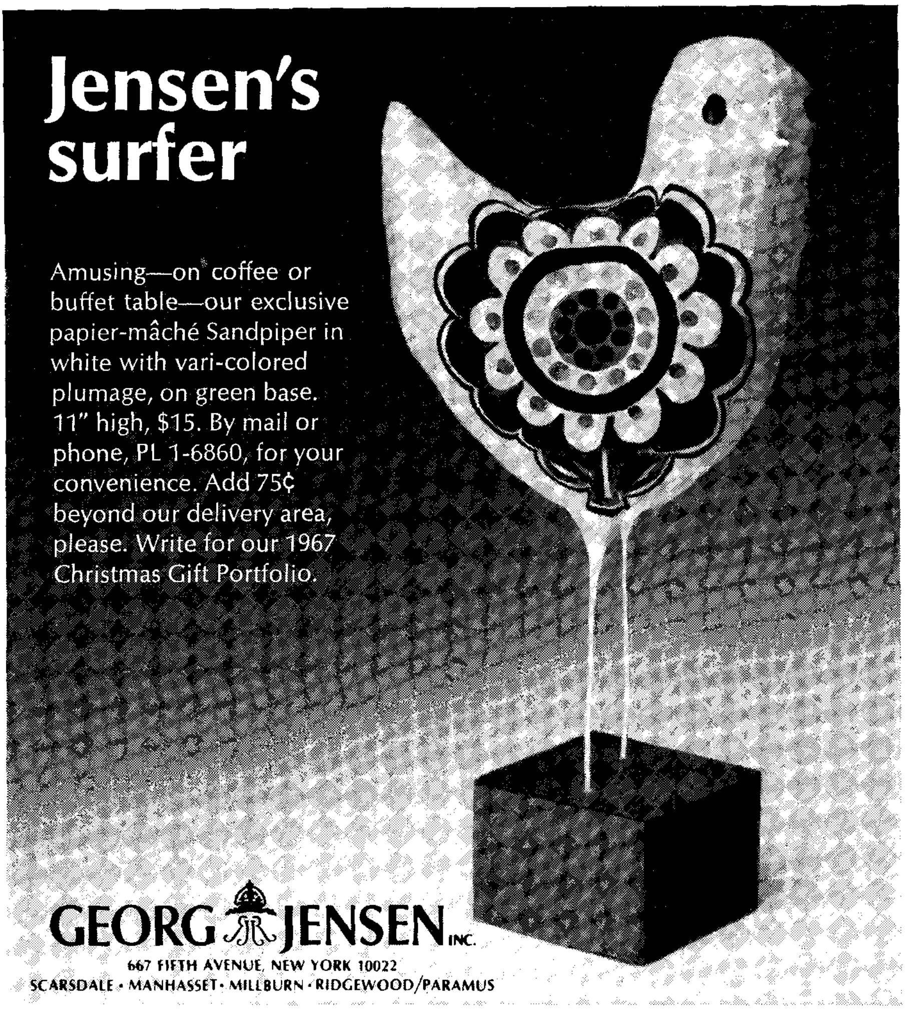

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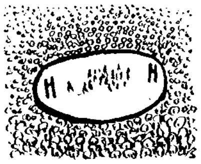
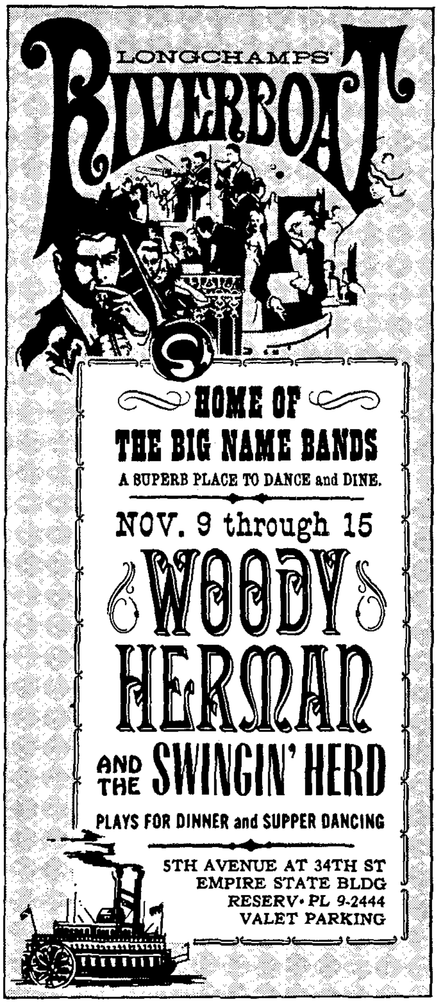
FOOTBALL

Where It Will Stop, Nobody Knows



AT three-forty-six on the afternoon of Saturday, October 28th, Gene Ryzewicz, the Dartmouth No. 1 quarterback, was in control of an absolutely splendid situation—Dartmouth 20, Harvard 0, and only seventeen or eighteen minutes of playing time to go. It had been an absolutely splendid season, on defense as well as offense—Dartmouth 28, Massachusetts 10; Dartmouth 24, Holy Cross 8; Dartmouth 23, Pennsylvania 0; Dartmouth 41, Brown 6. But in Ivy League football the life of a team is as brief (nine weeks) and as full of delicate imbalances as the life of the butterfly. (The analogy ends right there.) A nifty sprint by Ryzewicz incurred a penalty, a Ryzewicz pass netted only a yard, a pitchout-into-forward-pass went agley, and a quick kick carried just twenty yards. Harvard banged on to a touchdown, blocked a kick and grabbed one more touchdown, and latched on to another Ryzewicz pass for a third score. Dartmouth collected the pieces of itself and, helped enormously by two Harvard penalties, got a field goal and pulled the game out of the frying pan. Breathing triumphantly if a bit heavily, it moved on to Yale Bowl last Saturday. In thirteen minutes and two seconds, Yale was in the lead by 21–0, and—though the Yale coaching staff seemingly sought to ease the pain by sending every substitute to its name into the match—the team carried on to a final score of 56–15. What accounts for this midseason upsurge is, in part, Brian Dowling, who, though he operates with a bandage on his cracked throwing wrist, appears to fill his teammates with a holy-war zeal. To the nonpartisan observer, his celebrated passes are nothing at all—just big, heavy, slow, high lobs, whose direction can be guessed by everyone. Nevertheless, so many of them reach Yale men that the net effect is pagan rout. And Calvin Hill, Yale's big lorry of a runner, is not very fast, but he *is* accurate, whether running (likewise in bandages) or throwing. Saturday, he even managed a couple of ballet leaps to snag Dowling passes. Every Yale *man* had a *fine* afternoon, and toward the end Court Shevelson, one of the Yalies who have been put into the background by this



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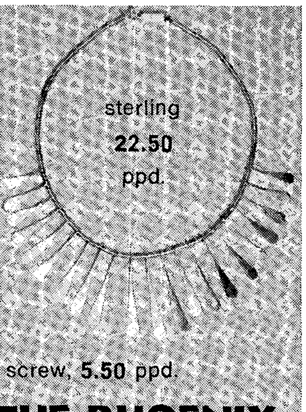

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year's outpouring of rapid backs, was inserted to make a fine catch of his own. Disaster or no, Dartmouth still throws a pretty ball and runs a pretty reverse (the one that suddenly springs Bill Donovan or Bob Mlakar through an unsuspecting line), but there will always be days when a given Ivy League team, run by someone like Dowling, is never going to have to look homeward—not even for a word of advice from its coach.

ARMY went from its Halls of Montezuma (that's West Point) to Greenland's Icy Mountains (Colorado Springs) last weekend, and a frozen sentry who managed to peep over the snowbanks that flanked the playing field claims that the temperature got down into the twenties. The field belongs to Air Force, and, unlike the spectators, it cannot freeze, because of an electric blanket underneath. Air Force has had a hard time this season (no harder than its schedule, though), and Army, winning 10–7, by the grace of great skill and a slice of superb luck, did not improve the situation. Cold though its hands were, it fumbled only twice; Air Force didn't fumble at all, except on an end-zone pass that would have beaten Army (the superb luck aforesaid). Kurilko, who can (and did) kick a field goal, and whose punts (one travelled seventy yards in the air and went out of bounds on Air Force's ten-yard line) are almost weapons of offense, helped out—especially when one Air Force cadet signalled for a fair catch and another one caught and ran with the ball. (There's a penalty for that rare occurrence—a penalty for, bafflingly, "delay of game.")... Villanova (won two, lost five) beat Holy Cross last Saturday, 23–14 (the Holy Cross that had overwhelmed, at the start of the season, what had looked like just another Yale team), and Colgate, for years the outside scourge of the Ivy League, won for the first time this fall, beating Lehigh, 20–7. Cornell, which had once looked like this season's *inside* Ivy League scourge, had a time of it beating Columbia, 27–14—a Columbia that operates largely by dint of Domres, its quarterback, and not much else. Princeton, saving a number of its pet players for the Harvard-Yale-Dartmouth syndrome to come, beat plight-filled Brown, 48–14, and Harvard, sparing neither the rod nor its stars, spoiled Pennsylvania's afternoon—Harvard 45, Pennsylvania 7. Events like these show that some of the imbalances of the Ivy League are not delicate in the least. —J. W. L.

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ONWARD AND UPWARD IN THE GARDEN

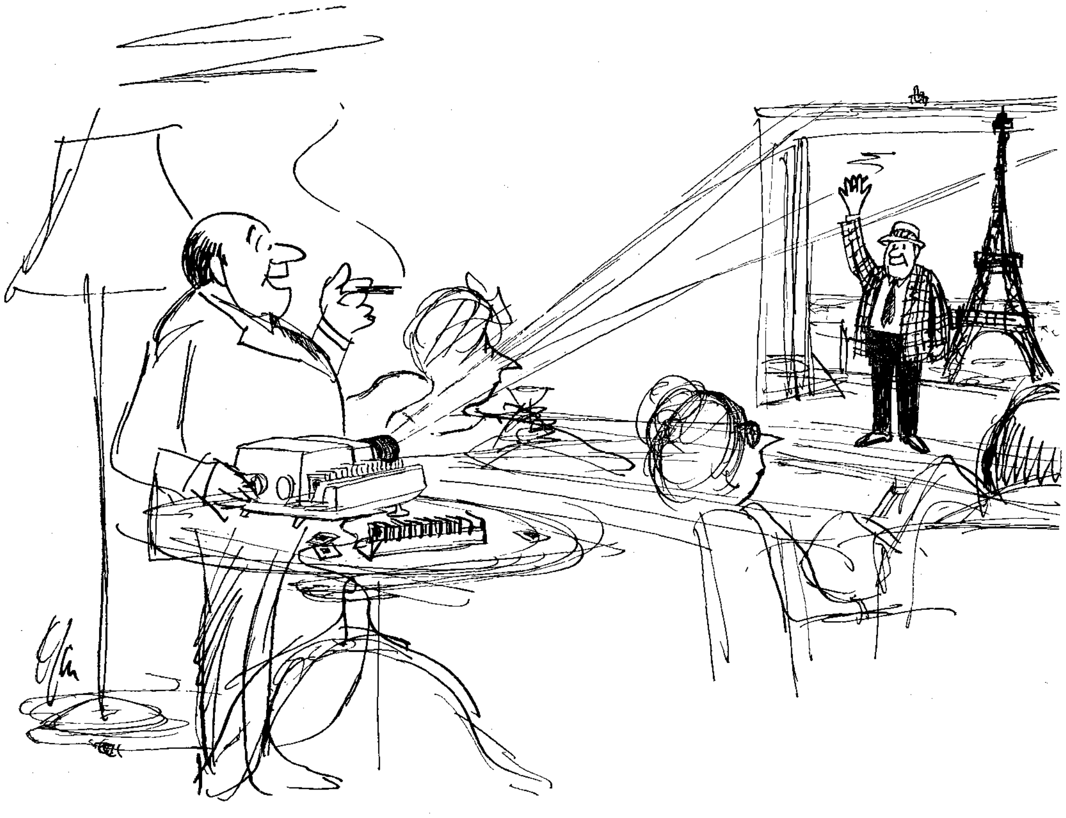
THE FLOWER ARRANGERS—II

PEOPLE have been arranging flowers in one way or another since the beginning of civilization. Having wandered hit or miss over the ages, following the course of this odd yet natural preoccupation, or vice, I'd like to look at what is going on in the art, or sub-art, of flower arrangement in this country today. The answer is plenty. And the key words are "Garden Club" and "Flower Show." While we do not have several million citizens of both sexes attending schools of flower arrangement, as Japan has today, the number of American amateurs, mostly women, who are happy victims of this obsession is formidable. Of our fifty states, forty-nine have state garden clubs, and almost every local garden club in these forty-nine states, whether a big-city club with many branches or a smaller club of the towns and villages, is a member of its state Federated Garden Club. The forty-nine state clubs, plus a fiftieth (the Garden Club of Washington, D.C.), are again federated under a higher power—the National Council of State Garden Clubs, Inc., which is the controlling nerve center of American flower shows and thus of the aesthetics of flower arrangement.

As a person who likes to grow flowers and bring them into the house, I am all for the local clubs, even though I have never joined one. They often do a great deal of good. They plant the public places that need planting, they teach conservation, they befriend wild flowers, they befriend the birds—natural allies of all gardeners. During the year, most of these small clubs import speakers to talk on such matters as horticultural practice, landscaping, flower diseases and their cure, air and water pollution—any and every subject a gardener is interested in. The little clubs, especially in the summer-resort areas, also provide a democratic meeting place for the local residents and those "from away," and sponsor pleasant social gatherings for many disparate but like-minded gardeners. In general, too, garden clubs pursue the admirable if awkwardly named new goal of Beautification. It was the Mock Turtle, you will remember, who took courses in Reeling and Writhing and in "the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision." Alice protested to the Mock Turtle that she had never heard of "Uglification." Mrs. Lyndon Johnson, I'm glad to say, has not only heard of it but seen it, and she has made a beginning, with the help of the Congress and the garden clubs, the city fathers and the urban-renewal authorities, toward bringing about a change for the better in our cities and towns and along the highways uglified by man. The results on the highways are still in doubt, with Congress reluctant to appropriate enough money and billboard advertisers alert to preserve their signs. In the course of all this, I fear, Mrs. Johnson and the garden-club ladies have had a few scarifying lessons in Derision.

Though the activities of the local garden clubs are generally benign and beneficial, the scene changes a bit when you get up to the state level, where you run into the subtle influences of the state clubs, with which the local clubs are affiliated. The scene changes even more markedly when you advance to the highest level of all—the National Council of State Garden Clubs. Here you first encounter "suggestions," then rules and regulations, then certified schools of flower arrangement and Council-trained, Council-accredited judges of flower shows, who have attended the Council-certified schools. Here, in short, you encounter "the word." They give it to you straight.

Garden-club judges have a powerful influence on contemporary aesthetics because they judge not only the horticultural exhibits (home-grown potted plants, specimen flowers, and vegetables) but the "artistic divisions" of the Council's so-called "standard" shows. (For "artistic division" read "flower-arrangement division.") Conformity stultifies art, and this club system, as I have observed it at work, does call for conformity despite the comforting foreword to "The Handbook for Flower Shows" of the National Council of State Garden Clubs, a two-hundred-and-thirteen-page manual on the staging, exhibiting, and judging of shows. The book, we are assured, is not a mandatory statement of rules but a guide to freedom "within the framework of National Council requirements." The quoted phrase is the joker. The framework is so rigid that, happily, most of



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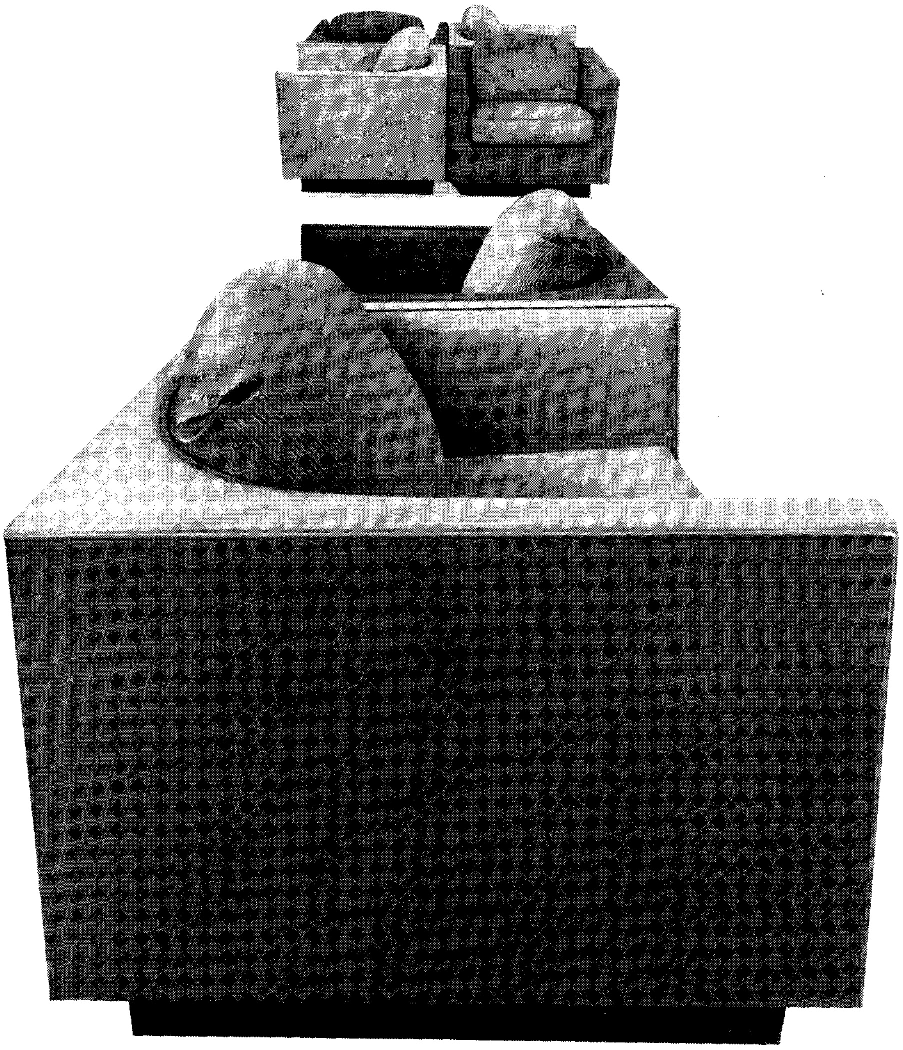
the small-town clubs, for sheer lack of exhibitors and organization, cannot achieve a "standard" show, and their members are thus released from the necessity of conforming and can arrange their flowers in any way that pleases them. Often, though, one or two fully accredited judges, who have gone through the stern disciplines of the Council training, are brought in to judge a small-town flower show, whose exhibitors are thus subjected to the criticism of an accredited person and influenced by his verdicts and his dogma. Judges usually write brief comments of suggestion, approval, or rebuke on each arrangement of flowers exhibited. A mere viewer, like me, can and usually does read these comments. One I read last summer astounded me. One of our best local gardeners and arrangers had used the old-fashioned flower Baby's Breath in several of her entries. She won a blue ribbon with one of these, but even so a visiting judge had written this note to her (I quote from memory): "You really should *not* use Baby's Breath. It would never be accepted in a standard show." (There is, by the way, no rule in the "Handbook" that says this.) Now, I'm not wild about Baby's Breath; I remember from the early part of the century too many florists' bouquets of roses that were ruined by being stuffed with it. But it occurred to me that if Odilon Redon could paint this delicate flower into some of his still-lifes of flowers there was no reason at all that a Maine woman should be admonished for including it in her arrangements if it was her pleasure to do so. Moreover, she had used it intelligently, in an original and unusual way, and not as filler material that might kill the outlines of other flowers.

Six times a year, the Council issues a bulletin titled *The National Gardener*, to jack up, instruct, and edify its judges and local officers and its members, who may subscribe to it for a mere dollar a year. A 1964 issue of this publication claimed four hundred and eleven thousand members—a figure that has swelled considerably by now. If you add to this Federated Garden Clubs membership the twelve thousand members of the Garden Club of America (a hundred and seventy-four branches but no control of the branches from above), *and* the members of the totally unaffiliated local garden clubs and horticultural societies, *and* the members of the numerous specialized plant societies, who hold shows of their own, *and* the professional arrangers—florists, teachers in schools of arrangement, arrangers of bouquets for museums and



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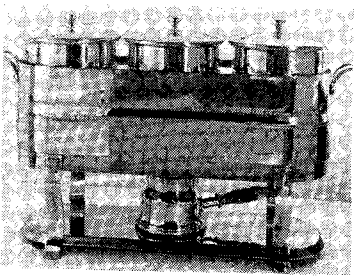

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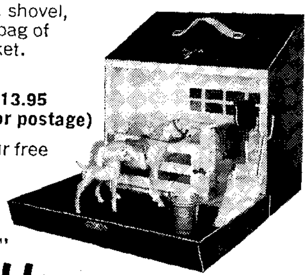

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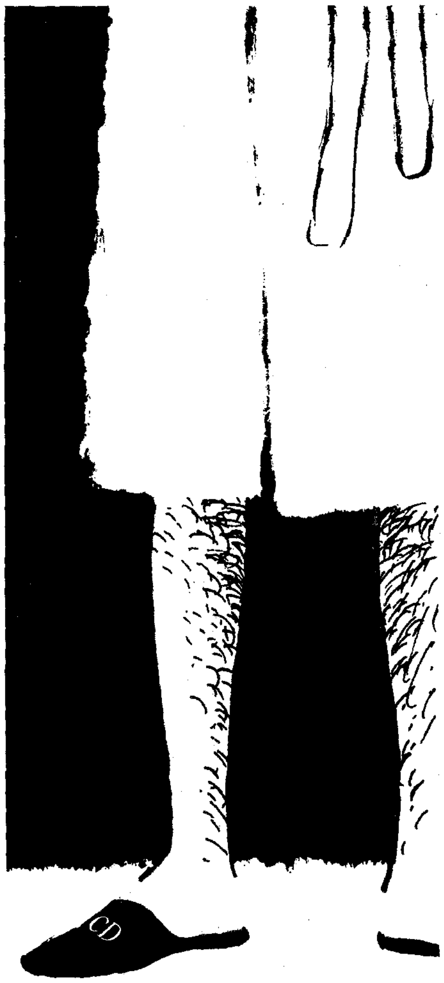

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historical monuments like Mount Vernon, Williamsburg, and the White House—*and* the many members of Ikebana Societies, specializing in the Japanese style, *and* (most numerous of all the groups) women, like me, who belong to no club or society, attend no school of flower arranging, and are *simply average householders—country* dwellers or office workers or suburbanites, to whom arranging flowers is an accepted part of their lives—it is easy to believe that half the women of America are putting fresh flowers into vases fairly constantly. Some of the exceptions are those who buy artificial flowers for their homes and let them stay put, growing dustier and dustier and smelling more and more strongly of plastic as the years pass. Many of them do so for lack of time, lack of a garden, lack of money to buy fresh flowers, or lack of the patience needed to grow live plants. Yet some people actually seem to prefer artificial posies, even people who do not lack for soil, money, time, or patience. There *are* a few good replicas, but no matter how good they lack that essential ingredient, the lustre of life. I could hardly believe it when I came upon an artist painting a still-life with phony flowers as her model.

To return to the millions who arrange real flowers, the ones who are influencing taste are the ones who have developed what is now called, in the Council's "Handbook," the contemporary "American style . . . combining certain features of both Oriental and Occidental flower arrangement." What *is* this style today? The "Handbook" gives a part of the answer, as we shall see, and so do the flower shows and the flood of illustrated non-books on how to arrange flowers.

MOST flower shows in this modern day are built around a theme. In my area in Maine, the show season opened this year on June 8th, with a combined show of the Brewer Garden and Bird Club and the Bangor Garden Club. The Bangor paper reported that the theme was "Rhapsody in June." The "Handbook" tells us that themes for shows are usual but not required; of recent years, however, I have (with one exception) not visited a flower show outside of New York City that did not boast a theme. Themes, I have discovered, give rise to sub-themes. In the Brewer-Bangor show, some of the sub-themes in the "Artistic Design Division" were "Father's Day," "Spring Ecstasy," "All in the Merry Month of June,"

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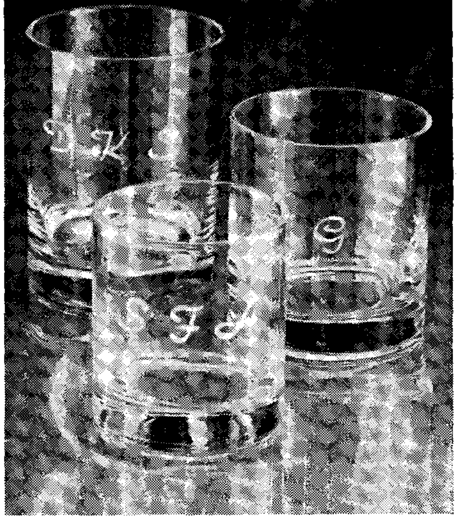

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"Stag Party," "Rainbow," and "June Breezes—a line arrangement of flowering branches suggesting rhythm, using a bottle as container." The show was a standard show, judged by a battery of judges—most, if not all, of them accredited—and held under the guidance of the National Council of State Garden Clubs. The usual blue, red, and yellow ribbons were awarded in each class, as well as the coveted Tricolor Award and the Award of Distinction and the Special Creativity Award and the other special awards that are given in standard shows.

The judges who handed out these ribbons, since it *was* a standard show, must have come from among four levels of certification set by the Council, the lowliest of which is a Student Judge who has passed three of her five required courses and is perhaps busy gathering "judging points" in her slow advancement toward accreditation. The requirements for the four levels are set forth in infinite detail in the "Handbook." The Student Judge, it says, must complete five flower-show courses approved by the Council with a passing grade of 70, in a school sanctioned by and under instructors approved by the National Council. She may take no more than two of these courses under one instructor and take no more than two courses in any calendar year; she must obtain exhibiting credits (five blue ribbons at standard shows or at shows of one of the "recognized national plant societies") and judging credits in five similar shows. She must do outside reading for every course (the "Handbook" is part of the required reading for each one) and she must pass an exam on her reading with a grade of 75; the reading exam must be taken no sooner than three months or later than eighteen months after the other courses have been passed. If everything goes along without a hitch and the poor woman doesn't come down with flu and miss a course or fail one and have to repeat it, she will have spent nearly three years on her novitiate before she reaches the second level—that of Accredited Amateur Judge. For the next three years she can relax a bit and go around judging. Then her accreditation expires and she must start refresher courses, furnish evidence of having judged six shows, testify to having submitted five exhibits in standard shows and to being a subscriber to *The National Gardener*. If she can meet these tests, her accreditation can be renewed and she can begin another ascent by attending advanced courses and symposiums. This leads to the

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low-level summit of Senior Judge, at which she will receive lifetime accreditation. Finally, if her cry is "Excelsior!," the peak itself will come into view, and after two more advanced symposiums and more service as judge and exhibitor, *and* provided she doesn't forget to renew her subscription to *The National Gardener*, she will stand on Darien—a Master Judge, though not necessarily silent. And to think that she perhaps began the long climb only because she loved gardening and flowers!

Ten and a half pages of the "Handbook" are devoted to how to set up and run an accredited flower-show school as part of the Council's system. Each state club is urged to set up such schools. (There are two in my lightly populated state.) The curriculum covers flower-show practices, basic horticulture, design in general, design in arrangements and plantings, period design, specialized studies in four varieties of plants, color, point-judging, ethics in judging procedures, and much, much more. Perhaps the most sobering fact is that all instructors must be approved by the National Council, but no hint is given as to what education, experience, and general background are needed for approval. One cheerful sentence announces that criticism of National Council policies or of the "Handbook" jeopardizes the instructor's standing if the criticism is made to his or her students. He or she may complain only to the Council's National Chairman of Flower Show Schools Committee. Control from the top is the watchword. The courses appear to be crowded into three days twice a year, and must therefore be quite superficial compared to the scientific courses in horticulture, open to amateurs, that are given by the botanical gardens and arboretums and by many of the state universities in their extension work. Some of the state or city horticultural societies also offer excellent courses. For an arranger seriously interested in the principles of design, the art schools and schools of design also offer courses.

The "Handbook's" chapter on "Artistic Design" contains an astonishing collection of didactic material, some of it informative, some of it inadequate (in its historical list of French styles in art and in bouquets, it entirely omits French *modern* art), and more of it abracadabra to a simple gardener who merely knows how to raise flowers and enjoys placing them in vases. Take color. A garden-club judge must, and a garden-club member should, I take it, know how to use the color wheel, understand

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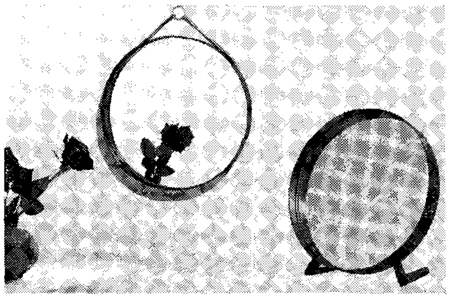

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the color triangle, and distinguish between such terms as "hue," "chroma," "analogous colors," "complementary colors," "split-complements," "tint," "tone," and "shade." Or take design. In the "Handbook" it includes balance, dominance, contrast, rhythm, the parabola, line arrangement, massed line, expressive arrangement, and abstract arrangement. We also hear from the Council on the matter of niches, recessed spaces, backgrounds, table-setting, and "assemblages." The section titled "Occidental Flower Arrangement" starts out with the dubious statement that flower arrangement in the West has never been an "intrinsic part of religious ceremonies"—there goes Francis Kilvert's "Easter Idyll," from which I was gratefully quoting last week—and, forgetting the Greek and Egyptian religious offerings to the dead and the traditional decorations of churches and graves in Europe and America, skips blithely through the centuries in three pages to "Contemporary American Flower Arrangement—20th Century": "Not only have Americans learned to create beauty with design and color, but we have developed the ability to make our flowers speak a message." It strikes me that flowers, since they first appeared on a hitherto barren planet, have never had any trouble speaking their own messages. The messages they speak in flower arrangements, and especially in those created for flower shows, are messages sent out by garden-loving men and women, all too many of whom are now struggling to transmit the messages suggested by their flower-show committees. Before I take up these messages, let's first consider the florists who send floral messages every day in the course of their work. They are, of course, a special case—the true professionals, who make a living by flowers.

Many florists are graduates of commercial schools of floristry. All arrange flowers in the natural course of events, and a few are very good at it. In the biggest cities, there are gifted craftsmen who can create artistic bouquets of all sizes and for all purposes; many of them use unusual flowers as well as the old familiars. In the smaller cities, the flower stores turn out for the most part a standardized arrangement set in floral sponge and graded for price, so you can order by number a bouquet to suit your pocketbook. Yet even florists have their fads in arrangements and follow the trends of the year. Six years ago I was sick in a hospital in a city strange to

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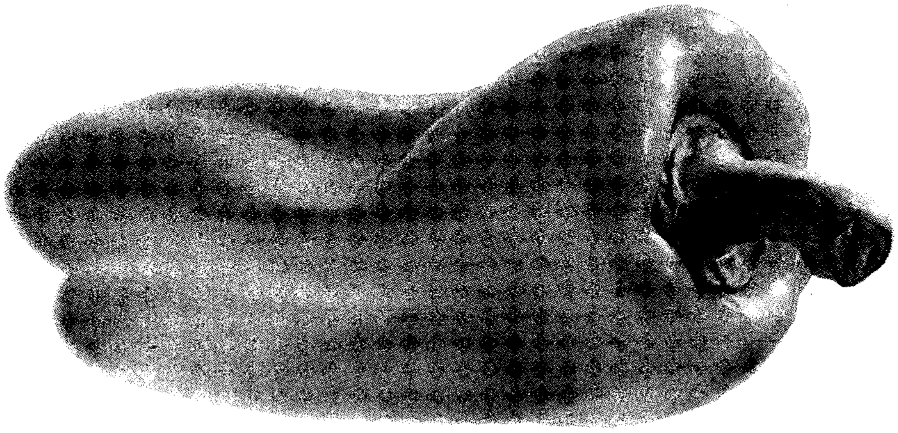

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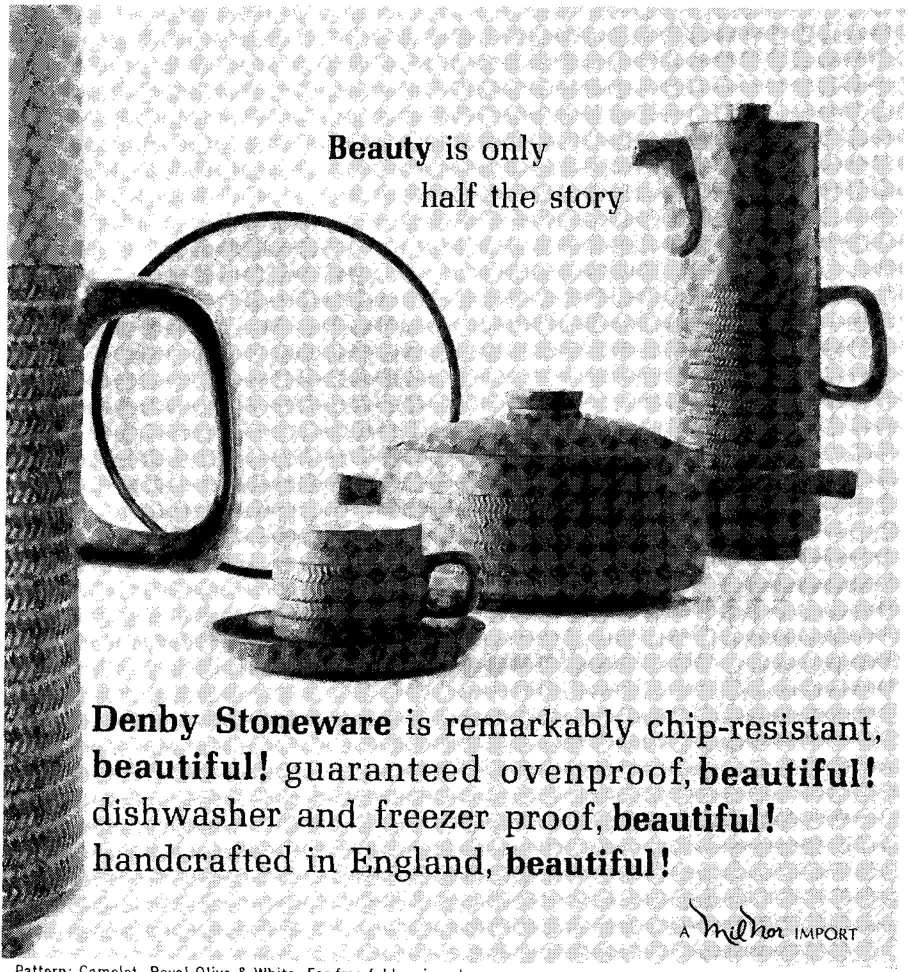

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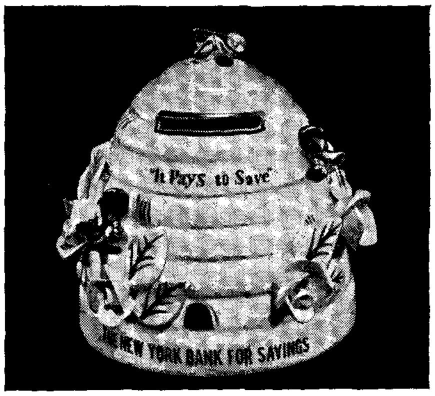

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me and my family. My loyal but distant friends rallied round and wired me flowers. These floral tributes arrived from as many as half a dozen stores in the city, but all of them were as like as two peas, for that year the florists of that city had discovered the flat-faced triangle set in a low container. Most of the triangles rose to a point in the exact center; a few of them bore to the left or to the right, and most of them were made up of gladiolas or chrysanthemums, the florists' standbys. They were pretty, and they all gave me pleasure and saved the day for a lonely patient who had the added pleasure of wondering just how this particular stylized form had happened to hit this particular city that season—some teacher in a local school of floristry, perhaps? Fads also hit the amateurs. A show in New York one year had a vast preponderance of peaked, narrow arrangements rising high and thin, so strikingly so that when August and our village flower show rolled around I decided to make a parody arrangement and enter it. I constructed it to look as tall and narrow and ugly as possible. This was easy, because I happened to have a particularly hideous purple gladiola in my vegetable garden that year and a fine white specimen. Two sprays of purple and one of white with a leaf or two, all crowded together and rising high and thin, made an effect that amused me, but nobody recognized the thing as a parody and I deservedly received a solemn comment on my ill-considered prank. In the same way, the illustrations of flower-arrangement books show the current fads and trends, which stem from many sources. I don't often keep such books, but I saved one from 1958 titled "Flower Show Ribbon-Winning Arrangements," by Mrs. Raymond Russ Stoltz (Scribners). Some are lovely, some to me look silly (as all farfetched interpretations of a theme do), and a few have that peaked, narrow look that was just coming into style when the book was published.

DESPITE my reservations about the National Council and the heavy hand it lays on American flower arranging, I love to go to flower shows, even standard flower shows conducted under the Council's aegis. A couple of winters back, I went to one held by the flourishing garden club of a medium-sized Florida city. It was staged in the city's biggest auditorium and was called "A World Tour of Gardens." The flower-arrangement section, so big it occupied more than half of a fifty-page

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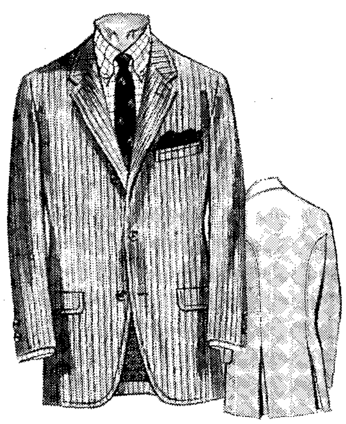

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catalogue, came under the heading "Artistic Division: Round the World with Flora." Well, as usual in recent years, there were mighty few flora in the arrangements so lovingly and painstakingly devised by the devoted ladies of the many chapters of the club. Backgrounds and what are called in flower-show language "accessories" ruled the day. There were nineteen classes under this heading of "Artistic," with such titles as "Australia—Land of the Boomerang," "France—Pomp and Elegance," "Korea—Country of the Morning Calm," even "Never Never Land." For each class there were strict requirements. Five of the classes allowed only dried or painted material, seven specified fresh. The others called for a mixture of fresh and dried material, but far more dry stuff than green stuff was in evidence, and this in a flower-laden city at the height of its semitropical bloom. No wonder that when my husband accompanied me to an earlier show in the same building he looked around the vast hall and asked, "Where are the flowers?" This year he waited outside—said he'd seen enough dry-ki to last him—while I fought my way in. (The show had been open an hour and my ticket number was three thousand and something.)

Here, reconstructed from almost illegible notes, is a rundown of a few of the entries:

ICELAND: Rules requiring an abstract to interpret the feeling of cold. Some fresh plant material must be used. The blue-ribbon winner's fresh material was one white chrysanthemum inserted in a piece of twisted cedar that had been painted white and rested on a heap of broken pale-green glass. (I own a pair of pale-green glass book-ends, and I couldn't help wondering whether the exhibitor had taken a hammer to a similar pair of her own.) This exhibit won the Creativity Award.

NEVER NEVER LAND: Requirements: "Avant-Garde—Some fresh plant material must be used." A paper-covered cardboard cylinder had been painted red and peppered with red sequins stuck on while the paint was wet. Cylinder held some flowers and artificially curled papyrus. "Camp, perhaps," I noted, "but not Avant-Garde." Won a blue ribbon. Another exhibit was fashioned of two long coils of half-inch copper tubing that had been tortured into intertwining circles. Out of each of the four sawed-off ends of the tubing one small magenta-pink rose drooped, already sadly wilted—the "fresh plant material." Intended, no

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doubt, as an abstract—the current rage.

ENGLAND: The exhibit to interpret a Shakespearean character, the name of the character to be printed on a card. When I couldn't get near enough to read the cards, the fun was to guess the characters. Often it wasn't hard. Juliet was represented by three red roses and a paper-cutter shaped like a dagger, and the balcony was an ivy vine with a mass of green podocarpus at the base. Shylock (or maybe it was Portia; I couldn't get near enough to see) was suggested by a postal scale (or maybe it was a fish scale), a heap of imitation gold-wrapped coins, and a branch of prickly Crown of Thorns, with its pink blossoms.

PERU—LOST CULTURE OF THE INCAS: Required "a design using gold and other rich colors with dried, painted, or treated materials." The blue ribbon went to an entry involving gold-painted palm fronds, fungus, dried red celosia, and a figurine. A real beaut.

ITALY—THE FOUNTAINS OF ROME: "Must give the illusion of water or use water as part of the composition, featuring fresh aquatic material." One entry consisted of a shallow oblong lead container holding half an inch of water, some green water plants, and the fleshless headbone of a catfish. The last was aquatic material, all right, but could hardly be called "fresh." Another lady, though, had ingeniously suggested a fountain by the curled, unfolding fronds of ferns, and the arrangement was pleasing. But is this arranging flowers? To me it's more like playing a game—a game little girls might play on a rainy afternoon.

FRANCE—POMP AND ELEGANCE: Required roses and permitted accessories. Led to an absolute orgy of the latter—opera glasses, kid gloves, fans, lace, jewelry, yards and yards of artificial pearls. In contrast to the other classes, the bouquets were fairly opulent—usually a big vaseful of roses with gloves, pearls, fans, or whatever, ranged round the base. One was against a purple velvet background. I heard one spectator say as she passed a handsome jar of roses and other flowers, "That's the only thing she knows how to do—an absolutely *stuffed* vase."

Some exhibits were beautiful; the majority were modernistic, extremely studied designs. Old dried vines, I discovered, are particularly beloved for the abstracts. Design is now everything; flowers, as such, don't count. The old idea of bringing flowers into the house and preserving their natural

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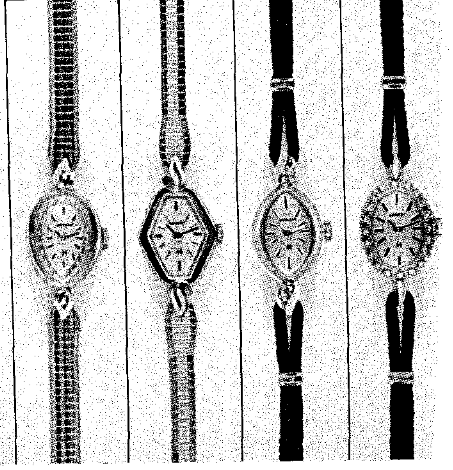

beauty for several days in a bowl of water is forgotten. In the same show, the growing plants, not the arrangements, were what interested me; they were lovely, and they at least indicated that most of the exhibitors were capable of growing a good potted plant, a hanging basket, an orchid, or a cactus. The "Horticultural Classes"—i.e., specimen flowers of almost everything from a humble ageratum to a Eucharis lily or a Bonzai—showed that the ladies of the garden club also knew how to garden. How the exhibitors have time to grow anything, though, and still spend the days it must take to gather accessories is a mystery. Bad, cheap statuettes of animals, wrack from the beaches, pseudo-Oriental figurines, junk from the junk-jewelry counters, plunder from the drugstores, the notion counters, the wastelands—these were much in evidence in the exhibits. Some of the ladies must have travelled to distant lands for their exotic accessories—hemp and straw and grass mats from Tahiti, brass and copper pots from India, bits of carved ivory from Taiwan, a temple bell from Thailand.

The 1962 flower show in the same Florida city had as its theme "Horizons—Far & Near." Of the twenty-three classes under this heading, I particularly remember "Artistic Horizons," for which the rules read, "An interpretation of fresh and/or dried plant material, suggesting the painting of an artist. Staged before a thirty-inch circular background. Name of artist to be written on a small card." Of course the one representing Dali won, with a limp watch as its main feature. The best by far was Marcel Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase," done in planes of cleverly clipped green material, such as palmetto and palm, and the stiff, swordlike leaves of the yucca. The woman who created this, a painter herself, knew her Duchamp painting and made a reasonable facsimile of it in plant material—a clever stunt and a handsome thing to look at, but again very far removed from the old idea of bringing the garden indoors.

In general, the flower shows of the South seem to go in for interpretations of more elaborate themes than do those of the North. Several years ago, a South Carolina friend sent me some pages clipped from show programs dating back to the late fifties and early sixties. I've saved them, because the themes of some of their classes delight me. One show had no general theme, but one of its classes in "artistic arrangement" had the general heading "'Only in America,' Honoring Char-

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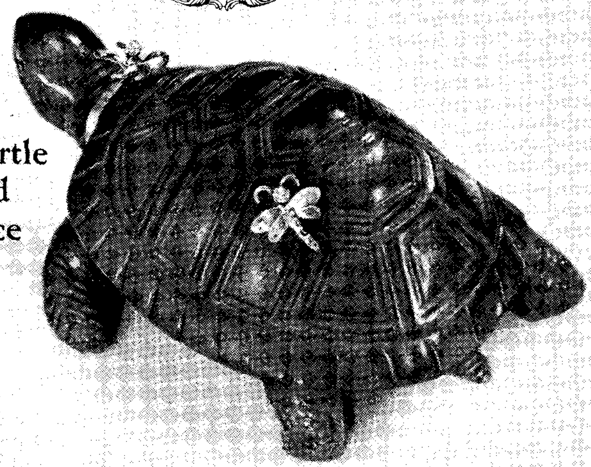
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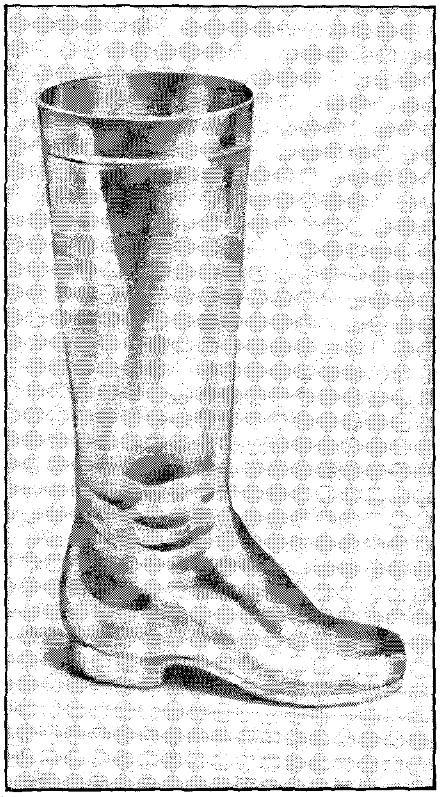

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lotte's Own Harry Golden," with these sub-classes: (a) The Statue of Liberty, (b) The Fourth of July, (c) Athens, Ga., 1891, The First Garden Club, (d) The Free Press, (e) The Declaration of Independence. Challenging, any way you look at it. I have pondered and pondered and haven't been able to decide what flowers I would choose to represent the Free Press. The Declaration of Independence would be easier: an arrangement of Bugle Weed or Achillea-the-Pearl or any of a number of other rebellious, takeover plants that submit poorly to control in a border would do very well. The ladies on the program committee were not thinking only of the American past, though. Another class in the show was titled " 'You've Never Seen Anything Like This Before!' Cape Canaveral—Outer Space."

The program of another show in the Carolinas did have a general theme, along with some pretty sketchy spelling and proofreading: "The Gardner's Twenty-third Psalm," which is apparently some gardener's paraphrase of David's beautiful poem. Each class in the show carried a quote from this pseudo-psalm. Class 1 was " 'The Lord is my Shepherd. . . .' An all white arrangement expressing an etheral quality;" Class 4 was " 'He giveth me wisdom when I become discouraged, only for the asking.' An interpretive arrangement featuring an accessory." Class 8 was " 'He sendeth the bees for a great purpose. . . .' An interpretive composition expressing God's plan for continual life."

A local annual iris show in the same region centered on dreams: " 'A Dream of Heaven'—composition depicting a spiritual quality; if all white, use a backdrop of colored velvet." "Day Dreams," "A Nightmare," " 'Pipe Dreams,' men's division"—you get the idea. I myself would have had most fun with that nightmare.

THE flower shows of the North often have for their theme something as simple as "Dawn Till Dark," yet even a New England village show can follow a complex theme if the occasion really calls for it, as happened in 1958, when our neighboring town of Blue Hill was approaching the two-hundredth anniversary of its founding. The theme of the Blue Hill Garden Club's flower show that year was, naturally, "Blue Hill's Goodly Heritage," and the classes had sub-themes like "Pioneer Community Founders," with arrangements to be of the Early American type in pewter or

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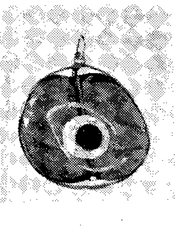
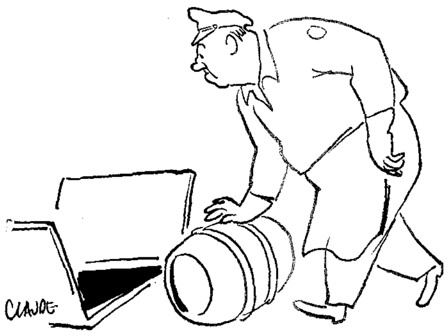


tin containers, and "Benefactors," one of whom, Jonathan Fisher, the famous Congregational pastor, was remembered by eighteenth-century parlor bouquets. Under "Culture," two musicians who were early Blue Hill rusticators were honored—Franz Kneisel, the distinguished violinist, by "A Symphony in Colors," and Ethelbert Nevin by arrangements featuring any of his compositions (his "Mighty Lak' a Rose" was a setup). One living writer, Mary Ellen Chase, a native of the town, was greeted by arrangements of "Flowers from the Bible," one of them a masterpiece of research. Blue Hill's history of industry was represented by four subclasses: Shipbuilding (blue flowers in boat-shaped or oval containers), Lumbering (red flowers in wooden receptacles), Mining (nasturtiums in copper or brass), and Blueberries (berries and foliage in any container). I remember this show as one of the most delightful I have seen, running from period to modern arrangements, all of them simple and few of them farfetched or too literally interpretative. Kitchen utensils as containers are much favored in New England country shows, and any arrangement in an antique coffee mill is apt to take a ribbon. One did that year in Blue Hill. In small shows like this, the exhibitor at least appears to be having fun and to be less competitive in spirit than exhibitors I have observed at standard shows. Certainly he or she need follow less restricting directions and rules, and an air of relaxed pleasure prevails for participants and viewers alike.

New York City's annual International Flower Show is an affair quite different from the garden-club shows, which are all put on by amateurs. The International is open to florists, nurserymen, professionals of all kinds, as well as to amateurs, and it has numerous educational exhibits. Its exhibitors range from universities and botanical gardens and horticultural societies to the Federated Garden Clubs and the Girl Scouts. Flower arrangements are always there but do not predominate. The great beauty of the show is its gardens of



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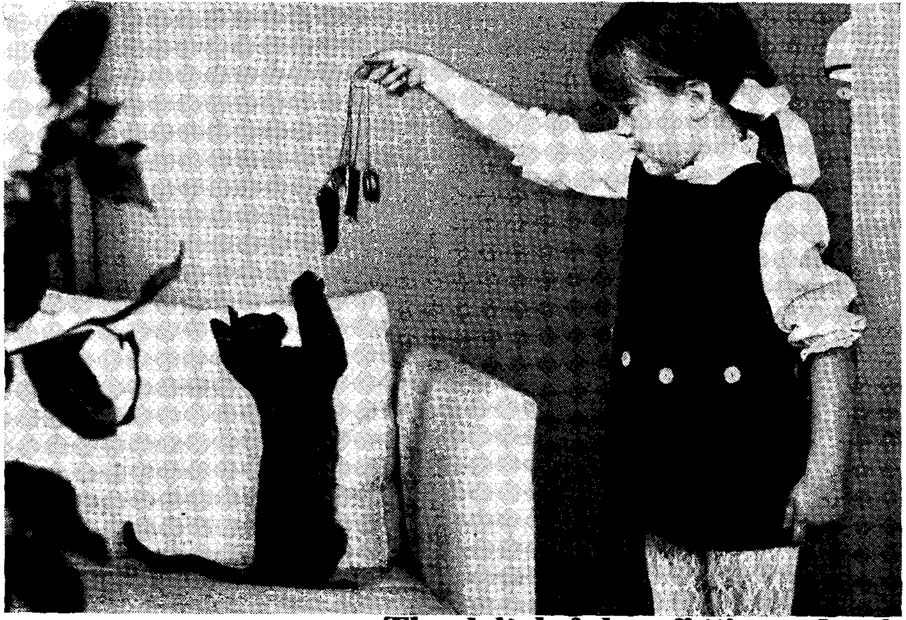

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seemingly growing plants, which are mounted by owners of the few remaining great estates that have professional gardeners, or by nurseries, botanical gardens, and commercial growers. (A great deal of floor space is given up to commerce and to sales of garden equipment.) When I lived in the city, I seldom failed to attend the shows, which were then held in the Grand Central Palace, in the dear, dead days when Bobbink & Atkins always seemed to carry off the grand prize for its garden display of roses. (I haven't ceased to mourn the demise of B. & A.'s famous rose catalogue.) In those days, too, the fun was to go early and see the lady amateurs installing their flower arrangements in niches. How simple and satisfying their pleasant vasefuls seem in retrospect, for naturalism prevailed, well before modern design and abstracts or thematic interpretation took over, and, of course, before show rules and regulations became so formidable. The last New York International I visited *was the first to be held in the* Coliseum, in 1957, and my chief memory is of its vastness, the fatigue it involved, and the difficulty of finding my way about. I did finally come upon, on the floor above the main exhibits, the sections allotted to *ikebana* demonstrations and to Occidental flower arrangements, and made some irreverent notes on the latter. They had best be forgotten except for one scribble of summary: "Towers, triangles, shooting branches." My jaundiced summation of today's International Show's bouquets would surely be quite different, for even in the short time that has passed the styles have changed beyond recognition.

BOOKS on flower arranging are a dime a dozen, or, to be more realistic, nearer to seventy-two dollars a dozen, at today's prices. I have been looking at them halfheartedly for years. A few I have kept because they are useful handbooks, and others because they are interesting in their graphic reflection of fads and trends. One of the few books on the subject that have endured at all (it is perhaps the only classic in its field) is Gertrude Jekyll's "Flower Decoration in the House," published in 1907 by Country Life and George Newnes, of London. The book, which lacks the range and literary quality of the more famous Jekyll books, is now out of print, but Scribners' 1964 Jekyll anthology, "On Gardening," has a good section on "Flowers in the House," taken from "Flower Decoration" and some of the other less specialized books. Granting

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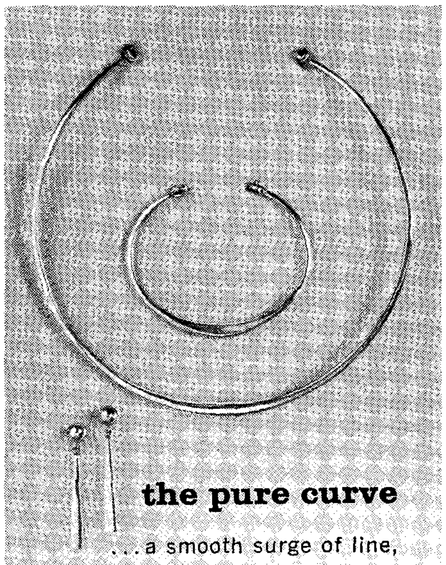

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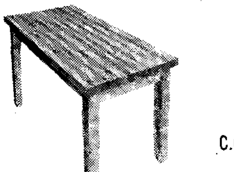

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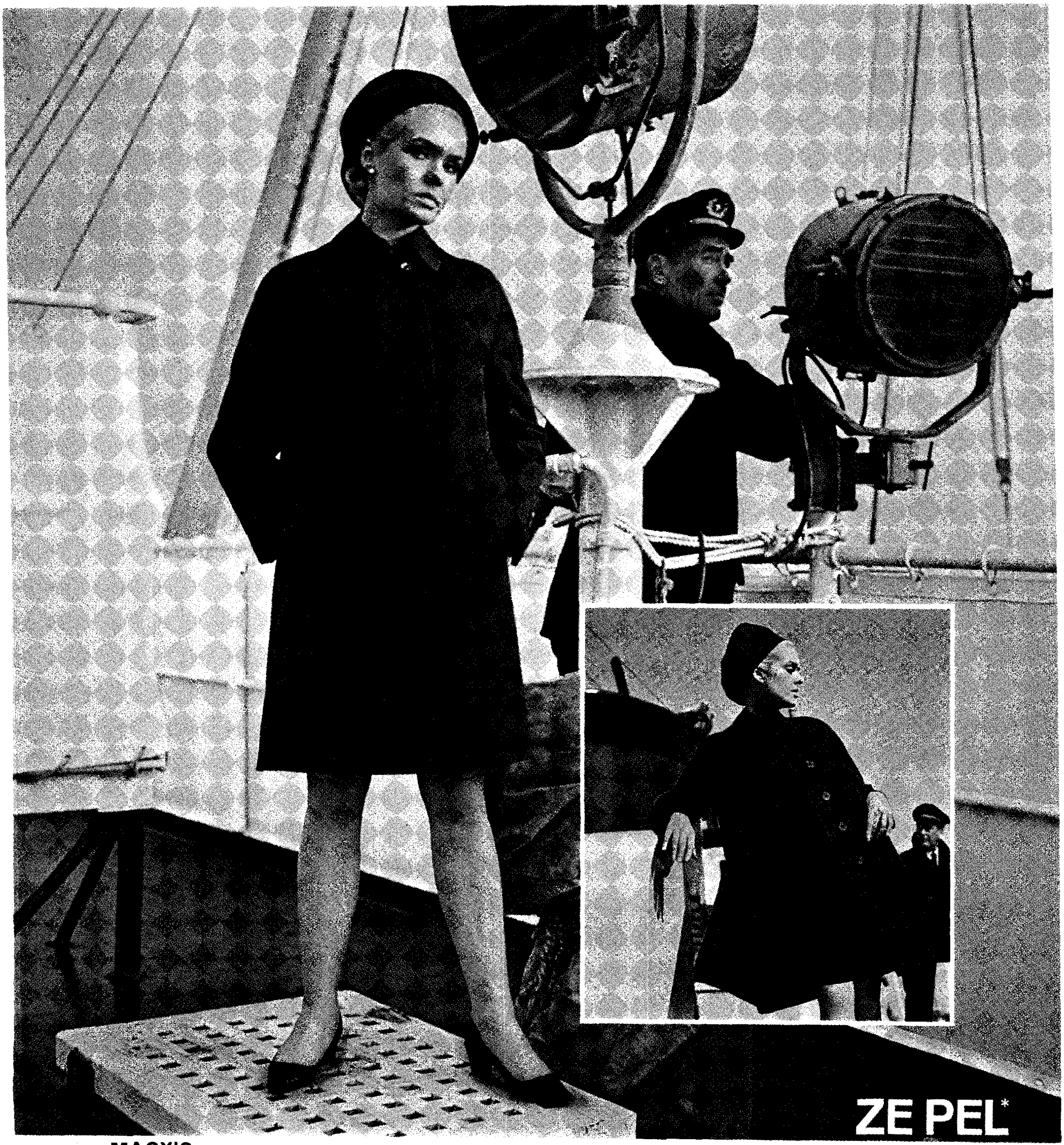

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that "Flower Decoration" is written by an Englishwoman with a huge garden and a retinue of gardeners and household servants, the book still contains a lot of sensible advice for anyone—how and when to cut flowers in order to make them last, what sorts of containers are useful and attractive (both costly and cheap ones), and a discussion of foliage and flowers, season by season and month by month, with Miss Jekyll's ideas on which ones combine well. I don't agree with all her preferences in color, and although she was avant-garde for her period, some of her arrangements today seem rather heavily Victorian. I don't admire every vase of flowers, fruit, or foliage shown in the now rather old-fashioned photographic illustrations, but I do admire her approach, which avoids fussy props and adjuncts and is content with putting a few lovely flowers freely and easily into a vase that suits them. Many of her containers were collected in her travels; she was an artist as well as a gardener, and she designed a whole series of simple, inexpensive glass containers that were named "Munstead vases," after Munstead Wood, her home and garden. Most of her arrangements give me a sense of peace and harmony; they lack entirely the sense of effort and the self-consciousness so apparent in our contemporary flower-show exhibits.

If winning prizes at flower shows is your ambition, Gertrude Jekyll will be of little help today. Instead, turn to a book like "How to Make Cut Flowers Last," by Victoria R. Kasperski (Barrows, 1956). The author was at that time the professional flower arranger at the historical monument of Mount Vernon and had made a study of all the factors that prolong the life of a bouquet. Hers is a helpful handbook. As things are going now, to win that garden-club Creativity Award an abstract arrangement may be your best bet, and you might turn to Emma Hodkinson Cyphers as your guide. She has written many books on modern arrangements and she is more open-minded about what Lafcadio Hearn would call the "vulgarities" of the past than some of the other writers on how to construct abstracts from garden trash. Her "Modern Abstract Flower Arrangements" (Hearthside, 1964) has chapter headings such as "Perspectives in Choosing Plant Materials *and Substitutes* (the italics are mine) and "Symbols for Interpreting the Nonperceivable." The book is copiously illustrated with photographs of what to her, anyway, are abstract arrange-

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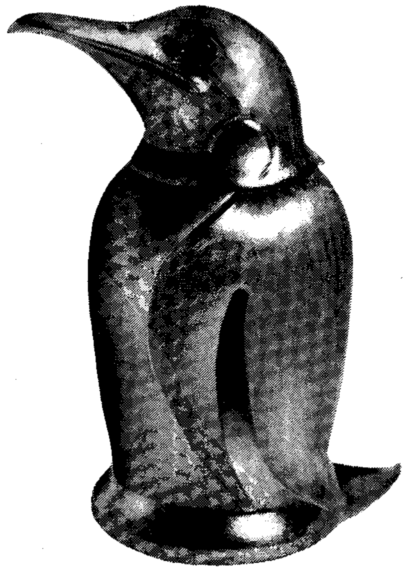

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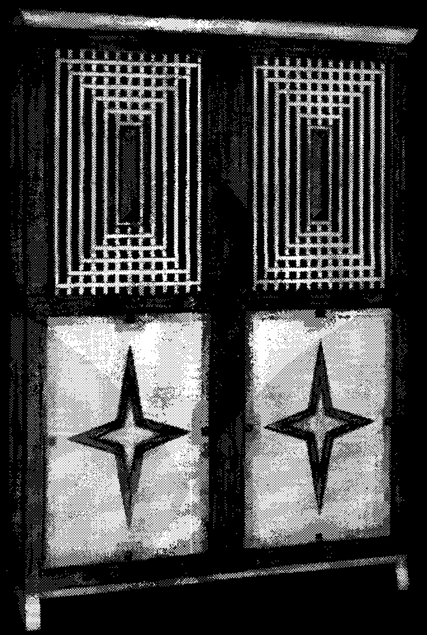

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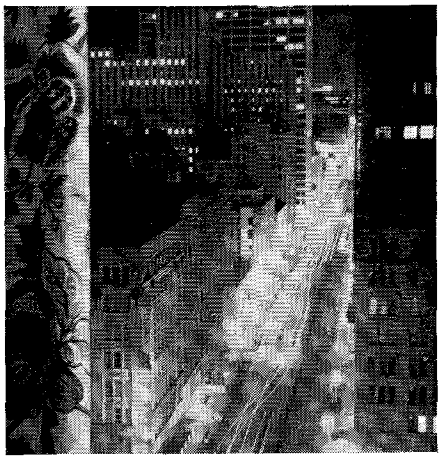

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ments—some really good, some outlandish, and some, to me, not abstracts at all. My symbols and hers for perceiving what can't be seen may not be the same, but Mrs. Cyphers earnestly wants to keep you up to date, so I thought I'd better mention her. She can teach you how to make a stabile or a mobile out of something approximating plant material—balsa-wood discs sprinkled with caraway seeds, for instance, combined with dried pods and stems. "The Driftwood Book," by Mary E. Thompson (Van Nostrand; enlarged second edition, 1966), is for those who like to combine driftwood with flowers. I don't happen to. If I must have driftwood in the house I prefer it by itself, if at all, as a piece of nature's sculpture, but this is a rather good book on how to collect, condition, and use driftwood if you can stand the wrack. If miniatures are your hobby, there's a really professional and thorough book by Lois Wilson, "Miniature Flower Arrangements and Plantings" (Van Nostrand, 1963). Mrs. Wilson's researches reach into antiquity and her illustrations in color and black-and-white of today's tiny bouquets are attractive. Her many appendixes giving lists of suitable plant material, names of nurseries where they may be obtained, and so on will be helpful to the gardener as well as to the arranger. (As a child, I collected miniature china animals and miniature shoes from foreign countries. My meagre collections don't exist today, but I know now they would have been a treasure trove as accessories for an exhibitor of miniature bouquets.) If larger accessories are what you long for as an exhibitor, "Flower Design with Accessories," by an Englishwoman named Merelle Soutar (Van Nostrand, 1964), is the best handbook I've run across. A few of the figurines shown in the illustrated arrangements seem to me dreadfully bad as art and thus ruinous to any flower display, but there are more good ones than bad ones, and they are all many cuts above those I saw in that Florida flower show.

I have never arranged flowers for a church, but the many who do will find good suggestions in a modern English book, "Arranging Church Flowers," by Molly Purefoy, published in London by Pearson in 1964 and a year later in this country by Hearthside. The background of the book is very Church of England, but, barring a few special English Church rules, at least one of which—no flowers in the font—seems to have been made since the days of Francis Kilvert's "Easter

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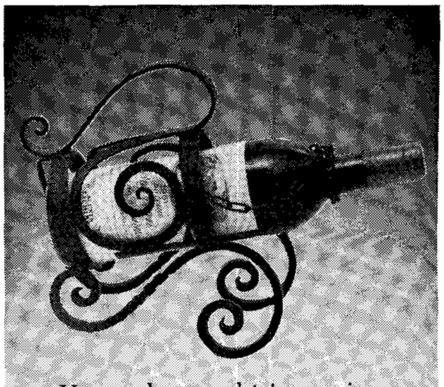

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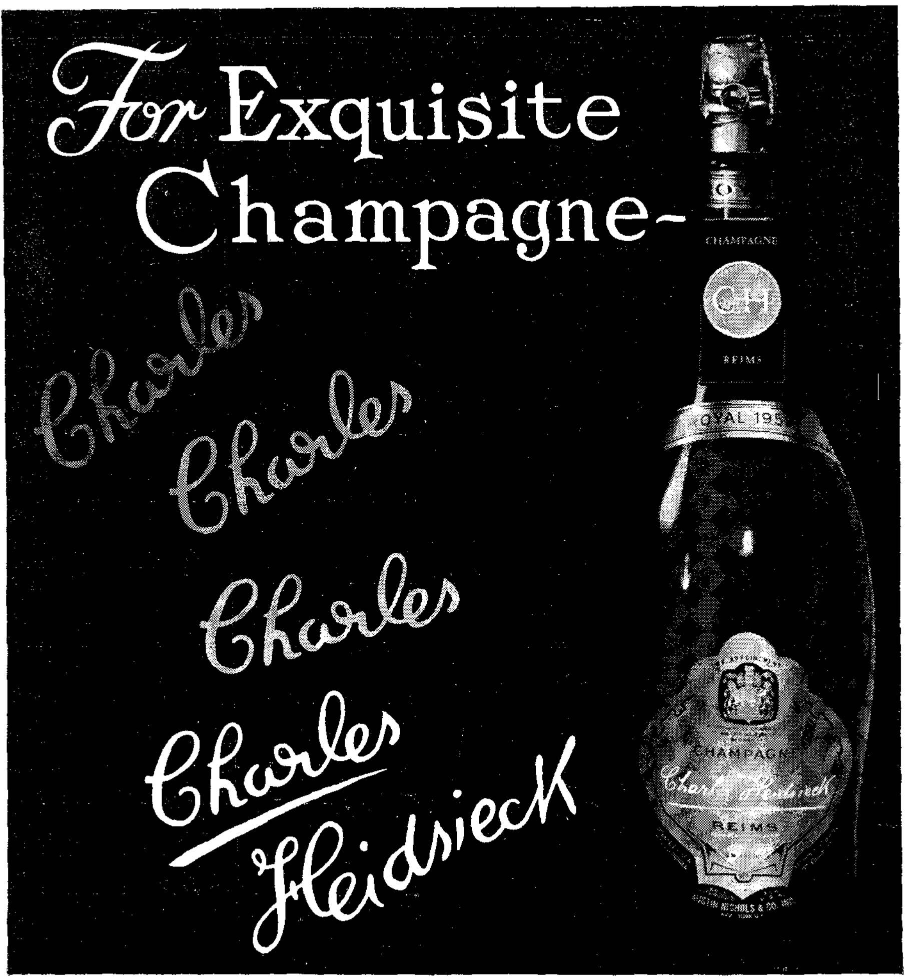
Idyll," it is completely adaptable to any denomination. Its many plates are exemplary color reproductions and pleasing to look at, and its text might well be described by the book's subtitle, "Up to Heaven—Down to Earth." Almost every arrangement shown could be termed conventional, but each one is timeless and in excellent taste. For our recently built churches with modern architecture, something less floriferous and more dramatic might be needed. Mrs. Purefoy herself warns that the first thing to consider before drawing up a scheme for floral decorations is the architecture of your church. Her church was Tewkesbury Abbey, but she covers many others.

A non-book I found passingly amusing is "Flowers at the White House," by a Washington newspaper columnist, Ruth Montgomery (Barrows, 1967). Its glimpses of the changing taste of our First Ladies over the years and its present-day tour of the restored famous rooms and their bouquets, now designed by the young genius Elmer M. Young, whom Mrs. Kennedy discovered and who is equally appreciated by Mrs. Johnson, provide the sort of gossipy information we all enjoy. There is always a cat-may-look-at-a-king fascination in looking at pictures of the smilax-festooned formal tables set for a state dinner and decorated with the bouquets of pink carnations that Mrs. Eisenhower liked so much, or the bowls of flowers arranged in the grand manner in antique porcelain and vermeil for the state visits of Haile Selassie and Jawaharlal Nehru, Konrad Adenauer, and Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon when they were guests of the Kennedys or the Johnsons. The visiting dignitaries may have been too absorbed in weightier matters to notice them at all, but we can study them now not only out of curiosity but because they are modern, not consciously antiquated, arrangements suitable for their period settings.

Time and taste move onward, changing with the tides, and so does the aesthetics of flower arrangement. If one remembers that arranging flowers will always be a sub-art, not a true art, it doesn't really matter what style one experiments with. Flower arrangers are like yachtsmen; some prefer competition (yacht races and flower shows), some prefer sailing for its own sake (cruises and home bouquets). Eventually, as in fashions, skirts will come down again and elegance and simplicity, not oomph or splash, will take over in flower arrangement. My



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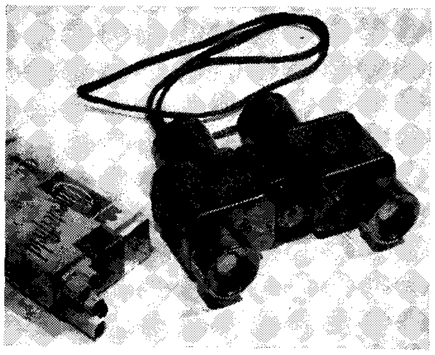

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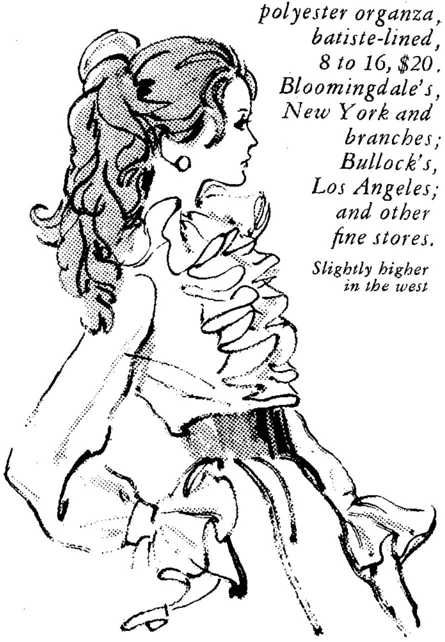
only hope is that freedom and flowers will be substituted for rules and flower substitutes and that everyone who likes to bring the garden indoors can again be "doing what comes naturally."

FINALLY, I shall confess to some of my own flower-arranging habits and rituals. I admit that, like the Japanese, I have *tokonomas*, but only in the sense that if I do not have wild flowers or something from my garden placed in certain spots in my home I feel as if the house were uninhabited, or, at best, sadly neglected. If I've happened to be successful with my bouquets, it is to those spots I look for a moment of refreshment or pleasure, but I cannot claim that I get spiritual inspiration from my hasty vasefuls, as the Japanese does from viewing his carefully constructed arrangement, placed in its single, ritual niche, or *tokonoma*. Like almost every housewife, I keep a bowl of flowers on the dining table, or at least an assortment of my own home-grown, hand-polished gourds or a flowering house plant. The silver tankard in the dining-room corner cupboard has its few roses in season, and the enclosed north porch, where we eat in summer, must have its small bowl of garden flowers or fall berries or whatever comes along. It is the living room I spend the most time on, for here there are always a pair of small arrangements in small pottery vases or antique, hand-painted, footed glasses of moderate size on the mantelpiece, flanking an oval family portrait. I always place a semi-miniature vase in a small niche in one bookcase—a foot-square shelf, too narrow for books, which makes a pleasing shallow recess that nicely frames a three- or four-inch vase of small flowers, like violas or violets, little wild tulips and daffodils, and grape hyacinths, lilies-of-the-valley, Star-of-Bethlehem, Allwood garden pinks, and so on throughout the summer. Unless a big flowering plant stands in one corner of a low bookcase next to the sofa, I put there a few luminous single hybrid peonies in a shallow dish in late spring, or, as summer comes on, I fill the biggest copper jar with decorative flowers—snapdragons, zinnias, sunflowers, huge African marigolds, larkspur, and chrysanthemums—or a tall old pale-green pickle jar that is just right to hold delphiniums, monkshood, hollyhocks, and the other very long-stemmed flowers. I use a minimum of pin-holders and devices for supporting flowers, and have no chicken wire or florist's sponge for props. I follow no rules. If a vase can't support



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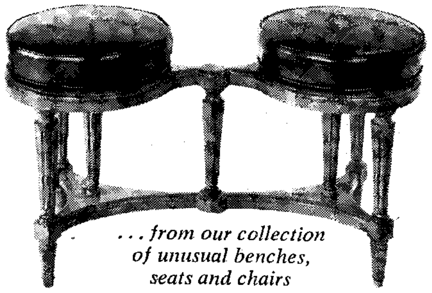

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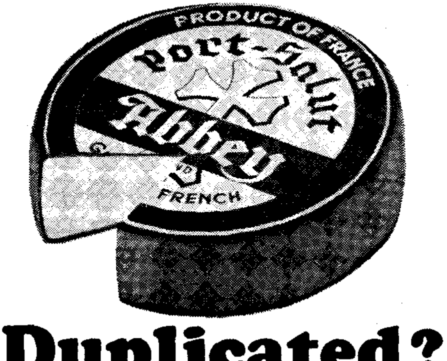

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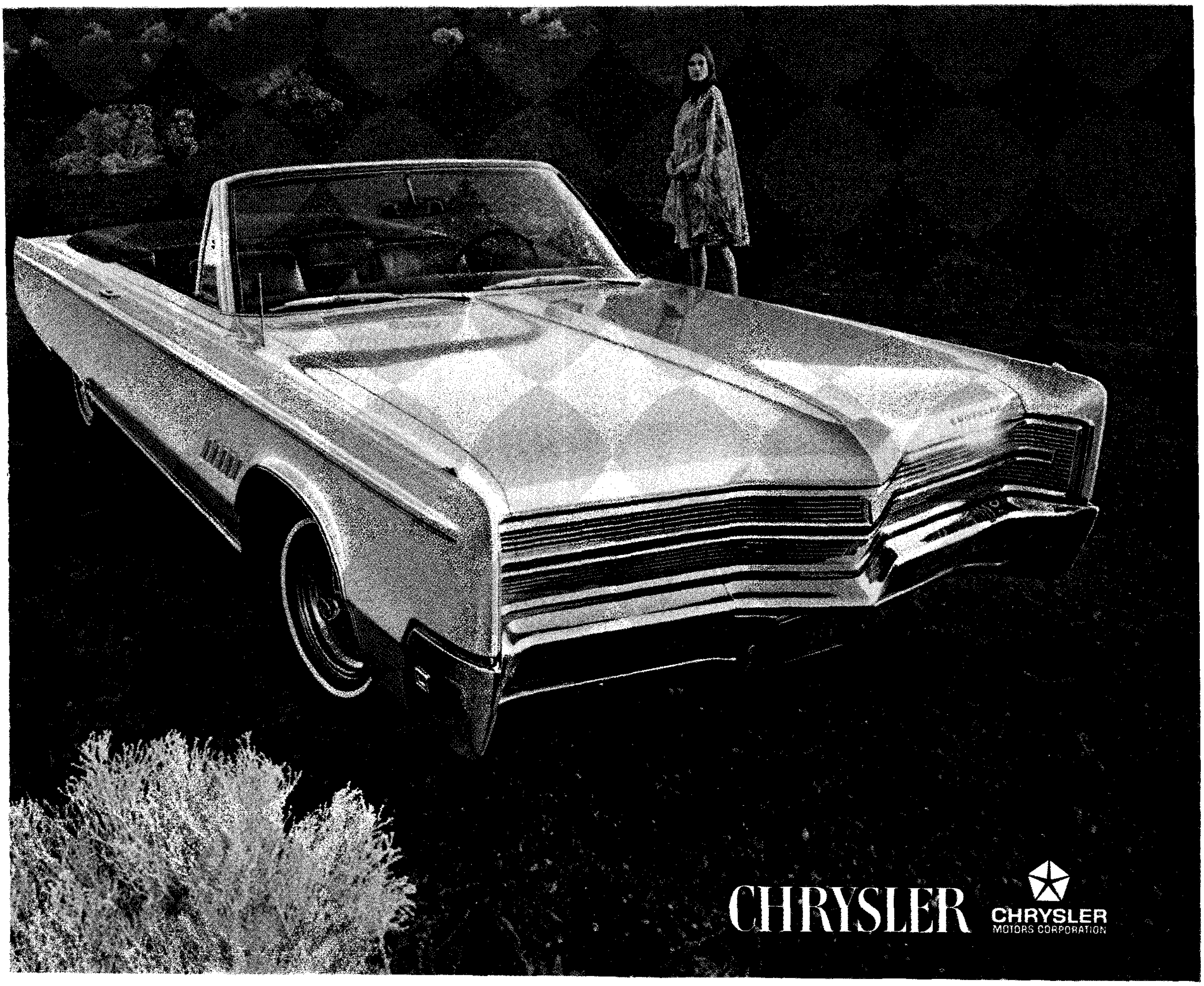

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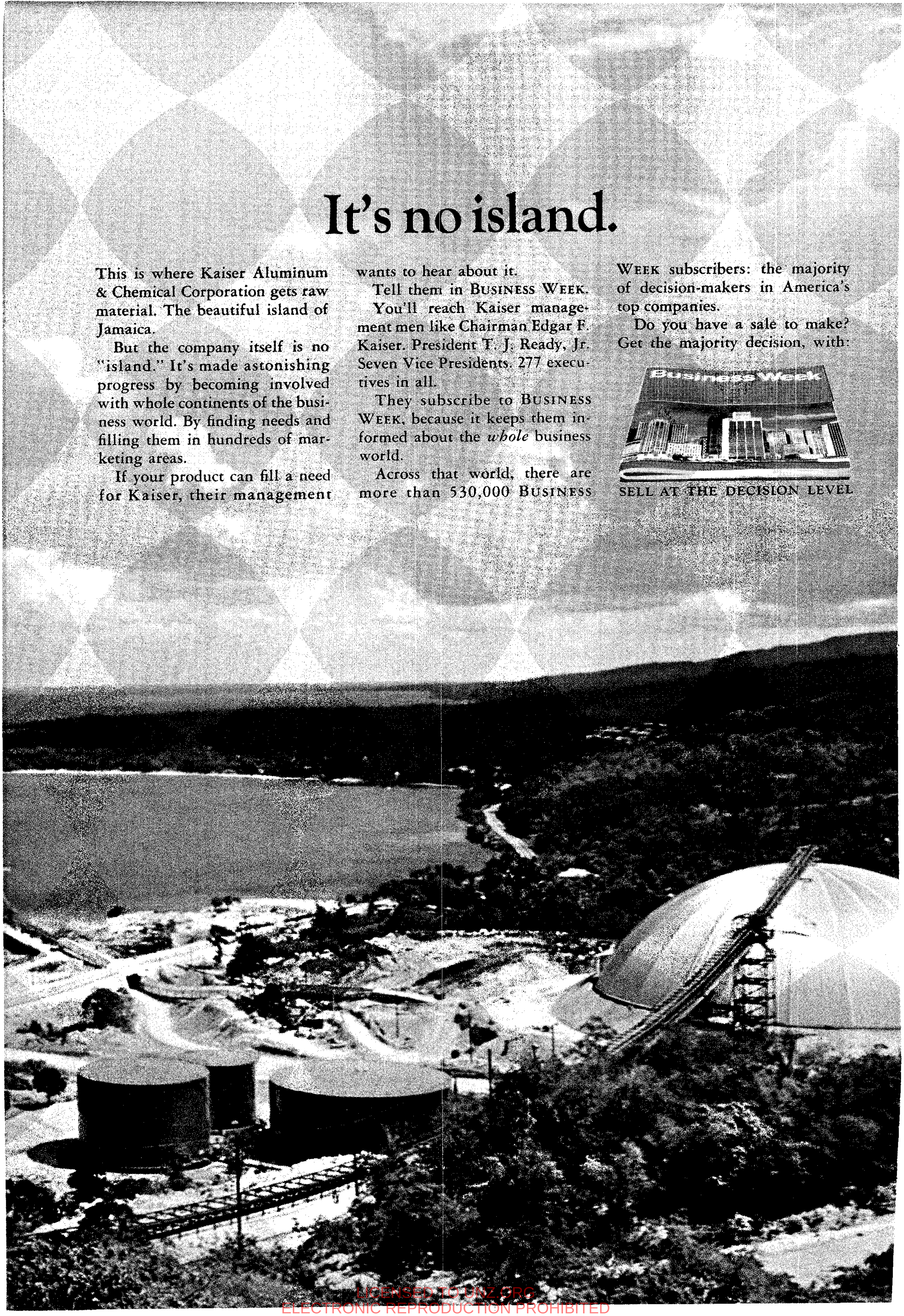

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the flowers, I am apt to give up. I do use a simple pin- or glass-holder for flowers in shallow bowls or basins on the dining-room table, since there the bouquets must be seen from all four sides and must not be too tall. To sum it up, I am an indefatigable but careless and hasty arranger. It's a vice, all right, as Ogden Nash so perfectly expounded some years ago in these pages in his poem "The Solitude of Mr. Powers" (© Ogden Nash, 1954) and later in his book "You Can't Get There from Here" (Little, Brown). With his permission, I quote the first and last six lines of this devastating poem, which I hope has forever stayed my hand as it automatically creeps forward during a meal to right a fallen daffodil or nip off a wilting petunia:

Once there was a lonely man named
  Mr. Powers.
He was lonely because his wife
  fixed flowers.
Mr. Powers was a gallant husband, but whenever he wished to
  demonstrate his gal*lan*try
His beloved was always out with
  six vases and a bunch of something or other in the pantry.
He got no conversation while they
  ate
Because she was always nipping
  dead blossoms off the centerpiece
  and piling them on her plate. . . .

Finally he said Hey!
I might as well be alone with myself as alone with a lot of vases
  that have to have their water replenished every day,
And he walked off into the dawn,
And his wife just kept on refilling
  vases and never noticed that he
  was gone.
Beware of floral arrangements;
They lead to marital estrangements.

My own Mr. Powers is long-suffering, since he has a perpetual case of pollenosis as well as a flower arranger to contend with. If he walks off into the dawn some fine morning, I shall know what and whom to blame.

—KATHARINE S. WHITE

(*This is the second of two articles on flower arrangement.*)

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the East Hampton Star*]

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George and Teda Balasses, owners of Balasses House on Main Street, returned Friday from two months of shopping in Morocco and England. They went over on a Yugoslavian freighter and toured by car, buying rugs in Marrakech and antiques in Wales and England. In London they met Edward Albee of Montauk, who said he was very glad to see them because the door on his armoire would not open.

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LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 1

THERE has been no comfort in any of the news of late for the Government or for ordinary worried citizens, who have been expressing their dissatisfaction in various ways. The latest harsh rebuff by the French to Britain's hopes of even sitting down to preliminary talks about moving into the Common Market was received with outward calm, at any rate, by the Prime Minister, who declared to the House of Commons that the Government's purpose remained firmly to press on with its application as though nothing had happened. Public opinion, however, seemed more nettled than at any time before in the well-known history of the setbacks to England's approach to Europe. In Parliament, the Foreign Secretary, Mr. George Brown, went as far as to deny that there had been a setback at all, though it certainly felt like one to less sanguine citizens—apart, of course, from the anti-Marketers in and out of the Commons, who hold that things are working out exactly as they predicted. The line taken by M. Couve de Murville at the Luxembourg meeting of the six European Foreign Ministers was new only in its artful phrasing. It repeated General de Gaulle's familiar argument that a community of six Continental members (dominated by France, as he did not say) was just right, whereas ten (with Denmark, Norway, and Ireland pushing in from outside along with Britain) would be a crowd. The careful new stipulation—that the British economy must be seen to be in undeniably firm good health and the pound strong before the Common Market partners even got around a table, for negotiations, with sterling's role as an international currency abandoned—was as good as shelving the discussions indefinitely. Mr. Wilson's pointed remark in the House of Commons that time was on our side was perfectly understood by all. But it seems dangerously possible that a large section of British opinion will not take kindly to the idea of further snubs from the Élysée while hanging about to see what the situation will be when, for one reason or another, President de Gaulle has left the scene. The *Times* printed a letter last week from four leading anti-Market Conservative backbenchers suggesting that Britain should withdraw her application to join the European Economic Community and retreat from Europe altogether to avoid further damaging uncertainty to British industry, "already suffering from a squeeze and freeze of unprecedented severity." This point of view could attract a good deal of support. Then, at the weekend, a storm of conjecture and criticism blew up over the *gaffe* (or intentional hint, as some thought) that Lord Chalfont, the able Minister in charge of European affairs, was reported to have dropped during a friendly private talk in Lausanne with journalists—that Britain might indeed consider pulling out of all European commitments should General de Gaulle come out with a real veto instead of this complex evasion of one. The Opposition accepted Mr. Wilson's explanation that his Minister had been answering hypothetical questions put by the correspondents, but held that his taking part in such a discussion at all was likely to provide fresh ammunition for French doubts and raise hackles among Britain's friends in the Community. To judge by the Paris papers, at least the first of these apprehensions has been borne out.

Domestic affairs are also not bright. The recent wave of serious industrial disputes up and down the country, some of them accompanied by exceptional flashes of physical violence, nearly resulted in strikes simultaneously becalming the Liverpool and London docks and the railways everywhere—hardly a situation, if it had happened, to persuade observers across the Channel that this country's will to overcome its economic difficulties was working overtime. At the last moment, to the relief of all, the railwaymen called their strike off, the nationalized Railways Board, backed strongly by the Government and public opinion, having for once acted uncommonly tough. The quick result was not lost on critical citizens, who generally blame prickly bunches of labor troubles like this last one on the ineptitude and weakness of the trades-union leaders. The Government's promised reforming look at the antiquated framework of labor legislation, tailored to fit the unions around the turn of the century or earlier, when they were relatively small and without their present power to disrupt the economy and community life, will reach Parliament only after a Royal Commission has reported on it, so reform will not be speedy. The Merseyside dockers have now returned to work after a six-week stoppage, the huge national bill for which will appear in the vital balance of payments. The industrial climate this winter is expected to continue stormy.

BECAUSE the national news has been depressing, politics seems to be in the doldrums at the moment. The Government has lost popular ground and a couple of by-elections lately. In contrast, the Conservatives appeared to return to Westminster in good form, pleased with themselves and with the particularly strident demonstration of loyalty given to their leader, Mr. Edward Heath, at the annual conference in Brighton last month. The ringing decibels of cheers floating from the conference hall were intended to reach the ears of any of the faithful who might have been dismayed, or merely disgusted, by the extraordinary public argument over Mr. Heath's abilities as a leader that had been conducted earlier in the press, on television, and in Conservative circles everywhere. When he succeeded Sir Alec Douglas-Home, it was the Party's confident expectation that he would appeal to the average voter's desire for a forceful new middle-young, middle-class Tory image. The opinion polls' persistent report that the country had remained cool to him finally brought the constituencies' doubts into open discussion, remarkable for its candor. At one time or another in the critical analysis, Mr. Heath was hauled over the coals for having a reserved personality, for smiling too much, for being a bachelor fond of sailing boats and playing the organ instead of a married man with a good, photogenic background, and for being short on television charm and ungifted at turning quotable phrases. Finally, he was induced to appear for a grilling on the B.B.C. program "Panorama," where one of the team of interviewers asked him—as the silliest in a string of questions about his possible shortcomings as a leader—if he thought he had the necessary fire to take the Tories to victory next time. Not batting an eyelid, Mr. Heath replied firmly that he felt he had. By everybody's count, he came out of the ordeal with top honors—more or less a novelty in England. In any event, there are probably few thoughtful Conservatives who do not consider Edward Heath the best leader they have, and maybe the only one. As he pointed out crisply in his "Panorama" appearance, a little matter of TV popularity was less important than how people were going to act when

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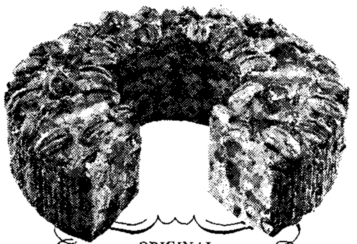

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they got inside a polling booth, and in recent by-elections, indeed, the voters, disregarding the opinion polls, have been frequently marking their crosses for the Tory man.

TRAFFIC in central London has been tied up in knots, as usual, by the motor show at Earls Court—the most successful for orders and attendance in years, it seems. This was good news for the industry, which has been feeling the pinch. The favorite motor-show joke among convivial car salesmen, apparently, was to offer one another an attenuated Bloody Mary, or straight tomato juice without the vodka, ruefully invented for the extremely lively and competent red-haired Minister of Transport, Mrs. Barbara Castle, whose law imposing "breathalyser" tests on motorists, to be made at police discretion in an effort to cut down lethal drunken driving, came into force the other day. It has been criticized by some medical men, who think that the limit of eighty milligrams of alcohol that must be found in the blood of a tested motorist before he or she can be convicted, with the possible penalty of loss of license, is pitched far too high. They think that fifty milligrams will eventually have to be substituted. A chorus of protest came from pubkeepers, who say that their usual cheery Saturday-night crushes in the bar have been greatly depleted, with the remaining customers drinking lightly and leaving early. The real alteration in the social pattern that the new law will bring about is already being noticed outside London, in districts where public transport is all but nonexistent of a chilly evening. Tales are coming in of guests turning up at parties in mini-buses with a hired driver at the wheel, and of being frequently offered wine when they get there anyway, instead of the usual hard stuff. If the law cuts down road deaths and injuries—Mrs. Castle has said that she expects the casualties to drop by twenty thousand a year—few conscientious citizens are going to object. The experience of other European countries that already have similar tests does not always seem to prove their value, however. It is most people's guess that drivers will go carefully for a bit but that the coming season of good cheer and office parties will be the real test.

A FINE, disrespectful frolic called "Mrs. Wilson's Diary" has settled down as a hit at the old Criterion Theatre after its successful opening run at the Theatre Royal, Stratford (Lon-

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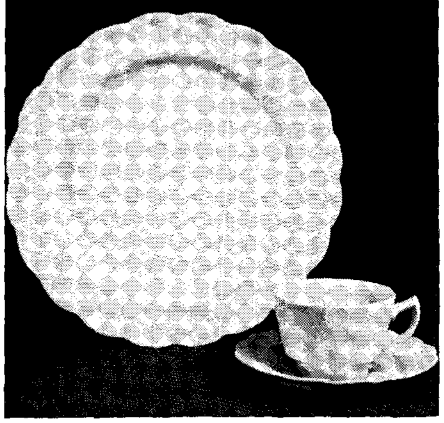

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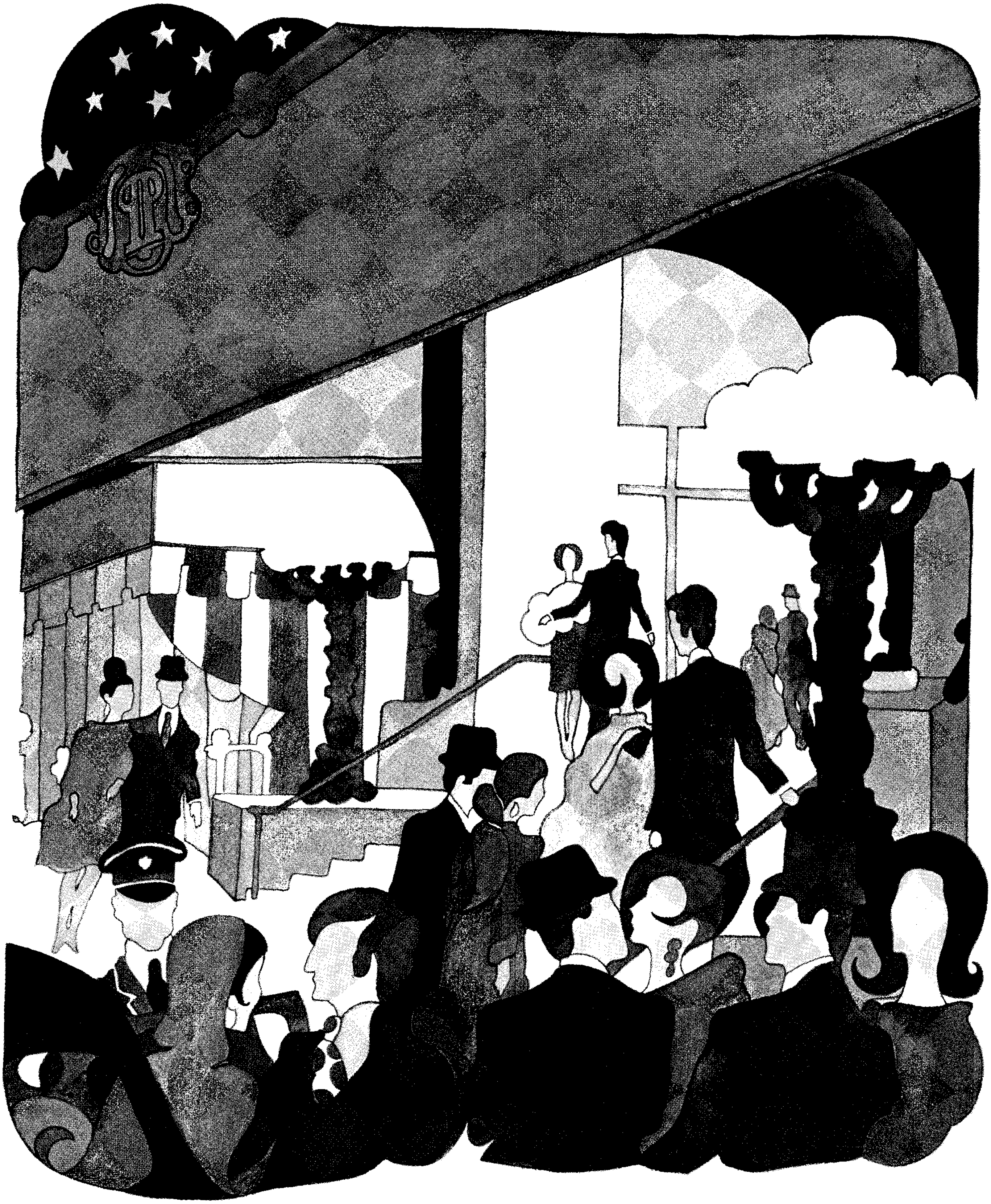

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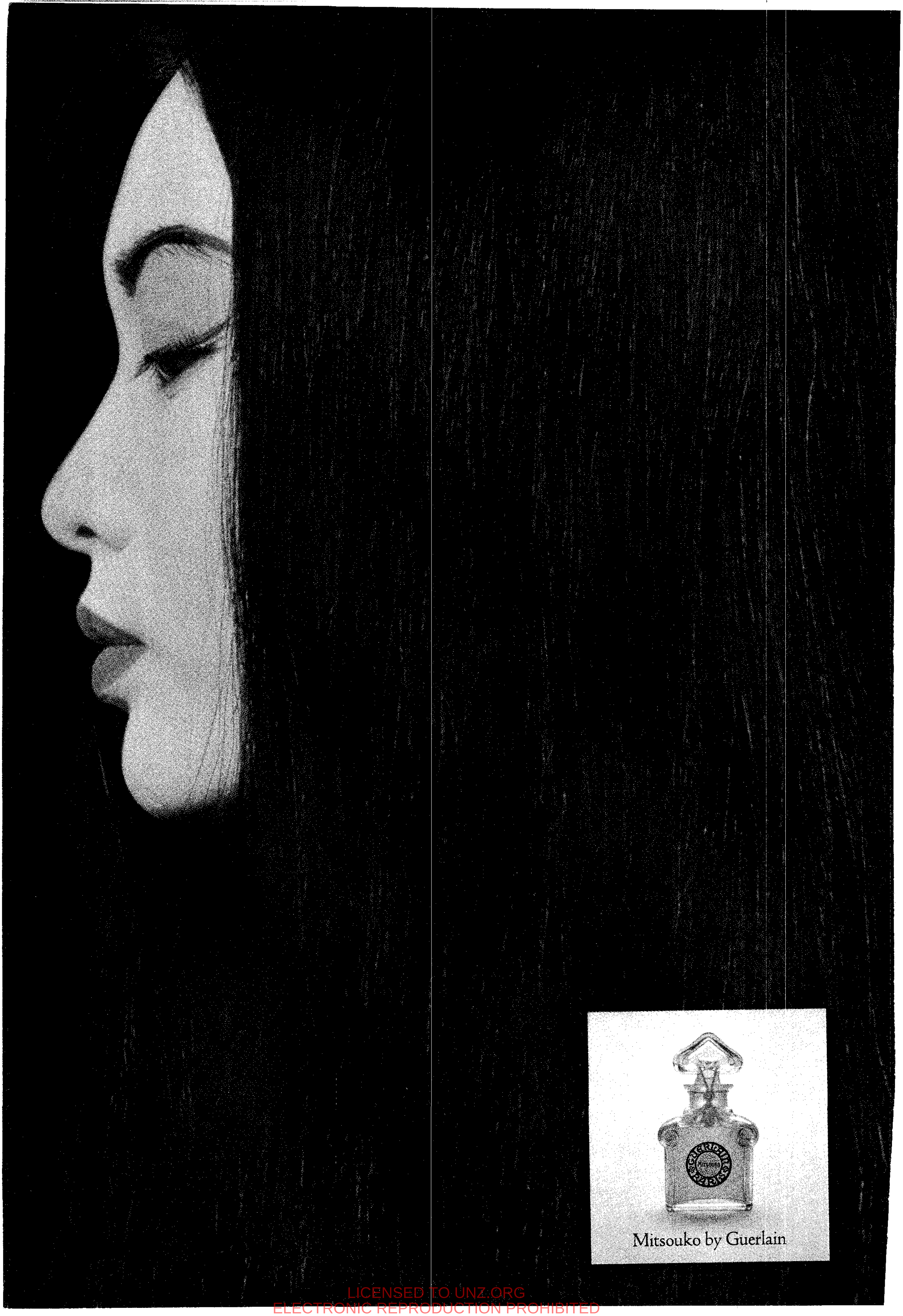
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don E. 15, not on Avon). This Theatre Workshop production is described by its joint authors, Richard Ingrams and John Wells, as "an affectionate lampoon," to which the splendid Joan Littlewood has given the usual fast-moving, slap-bang treatment. Though it is not in the same class as "Oh What a Lovely War," it is a good in-joke—for domestic consumers only, probably, since it depends on knowledgeable chuckles over the Prime Minister's reported preference for bottled sauce with his meals, Mrs. Wilson's precious pussycat, and other domestic items put about by British columnists. As a sort of Pop Art picture of life as it is not lived at No. 10 Downing Street, it has some hilarious moments, though, such as Harold Wilson's stunning Demon King arrival, preluded by a crash of thunder, to tackle his breakfast cornflakes tastefully dressed in a Batman black velvet cloak over his underwear. The funniness consists largely of the riotously appreciated and really brilliant takeoff of the Prime Minister by Bill Wallis, an actor who has the right chunky, round-shouldered structure and neat-featured face, to which he has added a perfectly observed mimicry of the familiar gritty Yorkshire accent and the facial expressions. He is shown doing a quick change from Batman to the uniform of the Huddersfield Boy Scouts ("my old troop") for the press photographers; successfully elbowing David Frost, or the actor who plays David Frost, out of the picture in a TV interview; and absentmindedly forgetting that L.B.J., enraged by some critical remarks about the Vietnam war, has announced that London will be bombed that evening. The American bombers turn up, all right, but carelessly liquidate Greenland by mistake. As the chatelaine of No. 10, a pretty blond actress, Myvanwy Jenn, suitably dispenses sweetness and light while fearing that her Harold is sometimes dreadfully misunderstood. The audience shouts with non-party laughter at everything.

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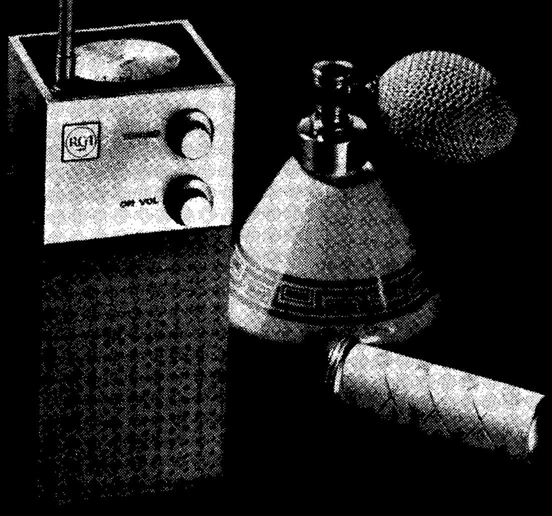

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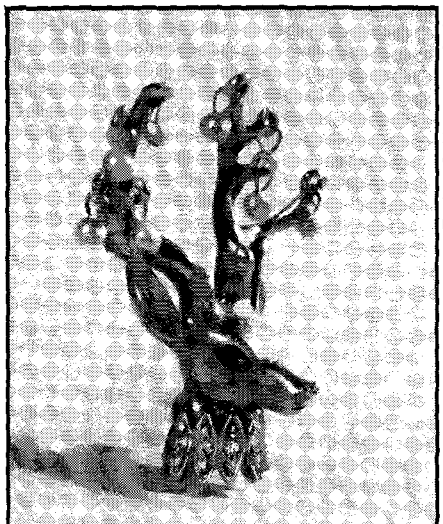

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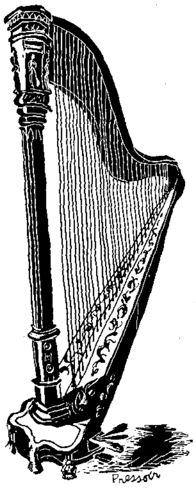
MUSICAL EVENTS

The Dionysian Ring



BECAUSE I use the word "Romantic" continually, I think I should define my term—especially since it has somewhat different meanings in philosophy, literature, painting, and sculpture. When I use the word, I am not necessarily referring to a historical period. I am referring to a quality that is exactly the one Friedrich Nietzsche called Dionysian—that is to say, the quality in art that is capable of inducing intoxication. The intoxication may be religious, as it is in Bach and Bruckner, or it may be erotic, as it is in Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," though the word "erotic," as it is used today, scarcely comprehends the mythical, otherworldly ingredients that are to be found in that opera. Music, to me, is the romantic art par excellence. Romanticism is what makes it worth listening to. On Monday night of last week, Izler Solomon led the American Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall in a program of twentieth-century music that has this quality. This was, of course, music from the first half of the century—there is precious little Romantic music dating from after the nineteen-fifties—and it was all worth listening to. Samuel Barber's "Essay for Orchestra," Opus 17—one of his most pleasing works—started things off. Then, with Ruggiero Ricci in the violin part, Mr. Solomon presented the Sibelius Violin Concerto, a noble work by one of the most original composers in history. Mr. Ricci played his part earnestly and effectively, and Mr. Solomon, whom I have always regarded as one of the finest of American conductors, did full justice to the orchestral part. The program's final number was Rachmaninoff's Second Symphony, a composition I do not remember hearing in decades. It is not as original a work as the Sibelius, and current fashions have put it out of style. But it is genuine music in a way that the takeoffs, put-ons, and technical exhibitions of a later date are not. It consists of sincere music, and sincerity, though not a guarantee of excellence,

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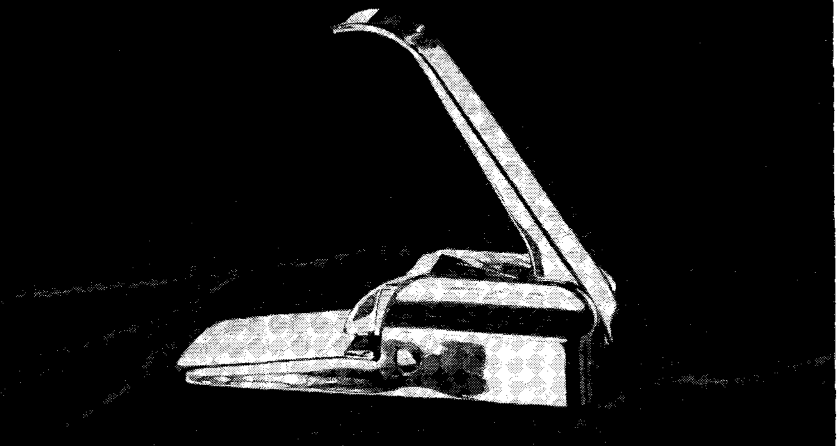
is one of the things that have conspicuously disappeared from present-day musical composition.

LAST Tuesday evening, I attended the Carnegie Hall recital of the French cellist Pierre Fournier. Mr. Fournier is an absorbing artist—not for the largeness of his tone or for the brilliance of his technique (although it is brilliant enough) but for the exquisite sense of style with which he plays. His tone is of the purest kind. His phrasing is a model of good taste, and he has the power to spellbind an audience with the subtlety of his musical understanding. One of the things most noticeable about him is the almost imperceptible way in which he changes from down-bow to up-bow and vice versa—something that gives his playing more smoothness than that of any other cellist I know of. Studying this the other night, I noticed that the effect was produced by an unusually free use of the fingers of the bow hand in a manner that suggested the influence of the great French violin pedagogue Lucien Capet, who early in the century conceived the idea of such freedom. Whether or not Mr. Fournier shows the direct influence of Capet, he arrives at the same result, which is the production of an almost unbroken sound in spite of changes in the direction in which the bow is moving. Mr. Fournier started out with his own transcription of a Bach Chorale, then proceeded to Beethoven's Sonata in C, Opus 102, No. 1. His playing in both works was of the most aristocratic and fastidious sort. After that, he performed a showpiece by Zoltán Kodály called, modestly, "Sonata, Opus 8 (Unaccompanied)." This was, I thought, mostly goulash—a potpourri of Hungarian gypsy rhythms and pyrotechnics—but it proved to be a superb vehicle for Mr. Fournier, who played it with tremendous *élan* and technical near-perfection. After the intermission came Schubert's Sonata Arpeggione and Paganini's Variations on One String—the latter a tour de force, accomplished without apparent strain. I left the auditorium deeply impressed. Mr. Fournier has rivals (Rostropovich, Casals, Piatigorsky) who play with greater vigor. But in musical sensitivity and nobility of style he is among the finest I have come across.

GLAMOUR boys among the very young in the field of conducting continue to appear, and sometimes to outdo those of the generation that preceded them. At last Thursday's Phil-



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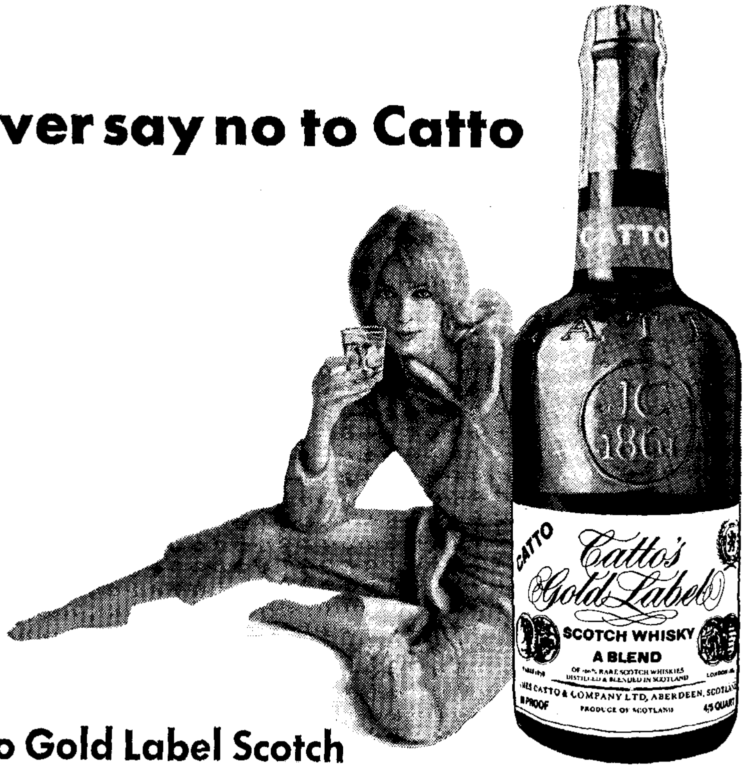

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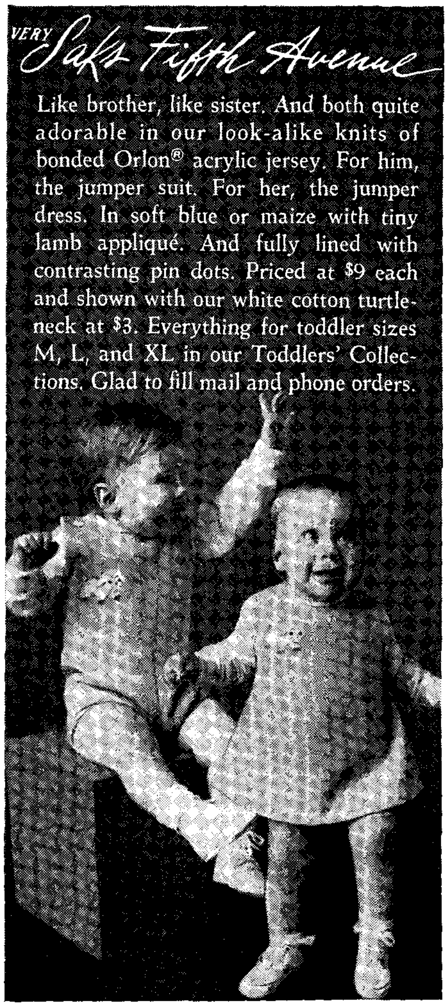
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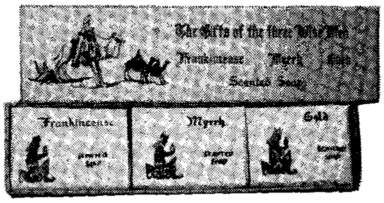

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harmonic concert, in Philharmonic Hall, the young Italian maestro Claudio Abbado took over the baton and produced a brilliant, galvanic account of a fairly conventional program. I don't know how Mr. Abbado would be in more relaxed music, but his conducting of Brahms' "Academic Festival Overture," Dvořák's Eighth Symphony, Berg's Three Orchestral Pieces, Opus 6, and Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" was held at a degree of tension and vigor that only a master conductor could sustain. Mr. Abbado is a rather ferocious-looking dark-haired young man, and his hold over every player in the orchestra was made evident at each stroke of the baton. It is, in fact, quite a number of years since I have seen the Philharmonic work so hard, and the spectacle was edifying. Mr. Abbado is apparently aiming toward the Toscanini style of conducting—no nonsense, everything clear as crystal, and everything done at maximum pressure. It will be interesting to see how he develops. He is certainly one of the outstanding talents in the field.

LAST Wednesday night, the Harkness Ballet—a troupe better known in Europe than in America, where it originated—made its first New York appearance. This took place in the Broadway Theatre—a fairly good place for ballet, if not an ideal one (those who permitted the destruction of the old Metropolitan Opera House will rue the day as it becomes increasingly evident that New York cannot get along without another theatre of three thousand-odd capacity)—and the audience was large and appreciative. This troupe, which started by a process of fission in which the Joffrey Ballet and the Harkness Ballet became separate entities, is remarkable in several ways. It is not by any means an all-American outfit. Europeans, Icelanders, and Japanese turn up on its roster. Moreover, it appears to be lavishly financed, as American ballet companies go. Two of the productions I saw the other night were quite expensive-looking, in a manner that presumed to challenge some of the foreign groups that visit us. Then, too, the Harkness Ballet is a troupe with stars (Brunilda Ruiz, Lone Isaksen, Elisabeth Carroll, Annette av Paul, Lawrence Rhodes, Helgi Tomasson, and Finis Jhung), some of them dancers of outstanding ability.

In general, the company's initial appearance was quite gratifying. I found the choreography of the evening's opening number, "Night Song," with music by Alan Hovhaness, somewhat

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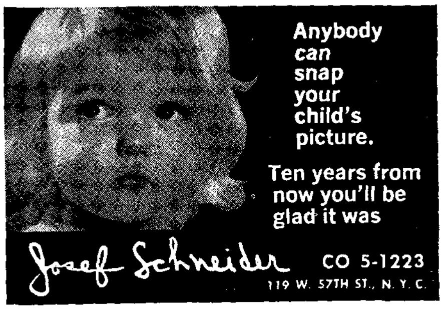
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dull. It is an abstract ballet with a technique that moves uneasily in between Balanchine and Martha Graham. There was, however, a certain amount of quiet virtuosity to be seen among the principal dancers, who included Miss Carroll and the Messrs. Tomasson and Jhung. The second number was Gian Carlo Menotti's ballet "Sebastian," choreographed by John Butler, with décor and costumes by Jacques Noel. This is a formal theatrical ballet, with a story line about a Moorish Slave who goes to his death so that a Courtesan with whom he is in love can live and marry a Prince who is also in love with her—a rather typical Menotti scenario, involving violence, denied passion, self-sacrifice, and an Old World environment (it takes place in Venice). It was very well done. The scenery caught the Venetian atmosphere in an abstract and imaginative way. Miss Ruiz danced superbly as the Courtesan, and Mr. Rhodes, as Sebastian, showed himself to be one of the most striking dramatic dancers I have recently seen. A large group of subordinate figures, including the Prince, his two evil sisters, and crowds of Venetians, swelled the background clothed in elegant costumes. The third item was the kind of ballet I like best—a purely athletic classic pas de trois called "Zealous Variations," choreographed by Brian Macdonald to music by Schubert. Here Miss Isaksen, for the elegance of her movement, Mr. Tomasson, for the splendor of his leaps, and Mr. Jhung, for the darting agility and grace of his footwork, pleased me immeasurably. The evening's final item was an ambitious one indeed—Stravinsky's "Oiseau du Feu." I am no expert on what has happened to this ballet since Fokine devised it. The choreography this time was by Mr. Macdonald. The story remains the same in all essentials. The costumes and scenery are by Rouben Ter-Arutunian, and as a theatrical production the ballet was quite impressive. The first act was one of those Russian concepts of a jungle—full of red plants—and in the last the Prince's associates all wore Byzantine masks, which gave things an eerie look. For me, the most rewarding feature of the entire production was the scintillant dancing of Miss Carroll as the Firebird.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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THE RACE TRACK

One for Greentree

THE best thing about the Ladies Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday was that it went to the Greentree Stable, which has won precious few stakes races this season. The worst thing about it was that Straight Deal, the favorite, wasn't in the first four. Greentree's color-bearer was Sweet Folly, who went under the wire two and a half lengths ahead of Harem Lady. Muse was third, a length and a half behind. Twelve contestants came out for the ninety-seventh running of the fixture—the oldest for fillies and mares in this country—and Charming Alibi led Lady Pitt and Straight Deal as they passed the stand the first time. In fact, Straight Deal, who carried 126 pounds and conceded chunks of weight, held her position well, though she was in close quarters, for six of the ten furlongs. Then she began to lose ground. Meanwhile, Sweet Folly, who was away slowly, moved up steadily, and as she swung into the stretch she rocketed into the lead, followed by Harem Lady. In the last fifty yards, Muse saved third place by a neck from Prides Profile. As quickly as he could after the finish, Cardone, who rode Harem Lady, lodged an objection against Sweet Folly. After an inquiry, however, the stewards dismissed it. Earlier on, in the fifth race, Cordero, on Chompion, and Belmonte, on Verbatim (their mounts were third and second), claimed that they had been fouled by Francie's Hat, who was first by a nose. Their complaints were also dismissed. It looks as though the Latin lads were forming a Claim Everything Club.

Sweet Folly is a three-year-old chestnut filly by Tom Fool out of Folie Douce, a mare John Hay Whitney bought in France. She has been lightly raced and was lightly backed last Saturday, paying $25 in the mutuels. It was Straight Deal's seventy-fourth start in four seasons, in the course of which she has earned $658,463. This has been her best year, with eight firsts, including the Delaware and Vineland Handicaps and the Spinster Stakes. No doubt she'll be

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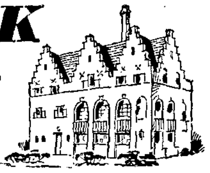

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voted best of her age and sex in the forthcoming polls.

TO judge by the charts, the Pimlico-Laurel Futurity in Maryland last weekend lacked its usual thriller of a finish, but only because once Vitriolic took the lead in the stretch it was practically over. At the end, he won going away by three lengths from T.V. Commercial. Family Fun, who came in third, was disqualified and placed fourth for crowding Gin-Rob on the turn, three furlongs from home. While Frosty Dear, T.V. Commercial, and What A Pleasure led over the muddy track, Baeza allowed Vitriolic to settle into his stride—at one point he was last of the seven two-year-olds—and then set him down sharply approaching the stretch turn. The victory was a welcome change of luck for the Phipps-Wheatley stables at Laurel. A week before, Queen of the Stage hurt an ankle in the Selima Stakes and wound up fourth. She's through for the year. Vitriolic's next start will be in the Garden State Stakes in Jersey on the eighteenth, and he'll be the favorite.

THE main event this weekend will be the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel, in which Damascus, who I'm sure needs no introduction, will meet Ribocco, who was second in the Derby Stakes at Epsom and won the Irish Sweeps Derby at the Curragh and, at Doncaster, the St. Leger, the last of the British season's classics for three-year-olds. Although Ribocco was bred and foaled in Kentucky and was sold at Keeneland as a yearling, and Charles W. Engelhard, his owner, is an American, the horse will run for England, since he has done all his racing abroad. Ribocco, who is by Ribot out of Libra, is on the small side (as the better sons of Ribot are), and has inherited his sire's temperament, which he shows in his aversion to the starting gate. He has to be blindfolded before he can be led into it. From all accounts, his St. Leger was impressive. Away last of the nine starters for the one mile six furlongs and a hundred and thirty-two yards, and well back until he turned into the straight, he won by a length and a half from Queen Elizabeth's Hopeful Venture, with Ruysdael, the Italian champion, third. He will be ridden in the International by Lester Piggott. But there will be other horses, too—from Canada, France, Australia, Japan, and Venezuela. I'm neutral. With fingers crossed.

—AUDAX MINOR

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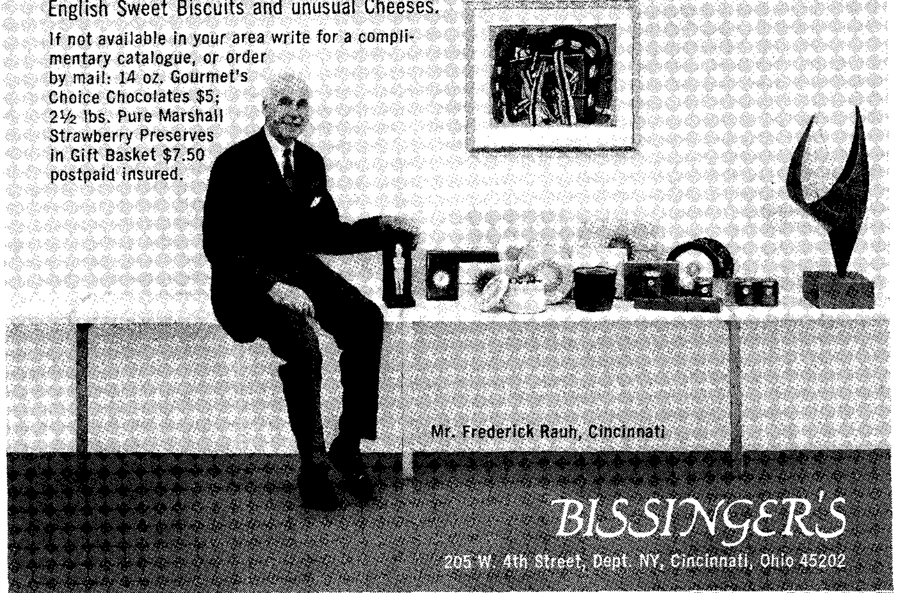

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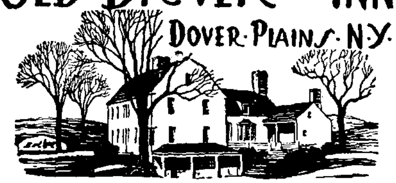

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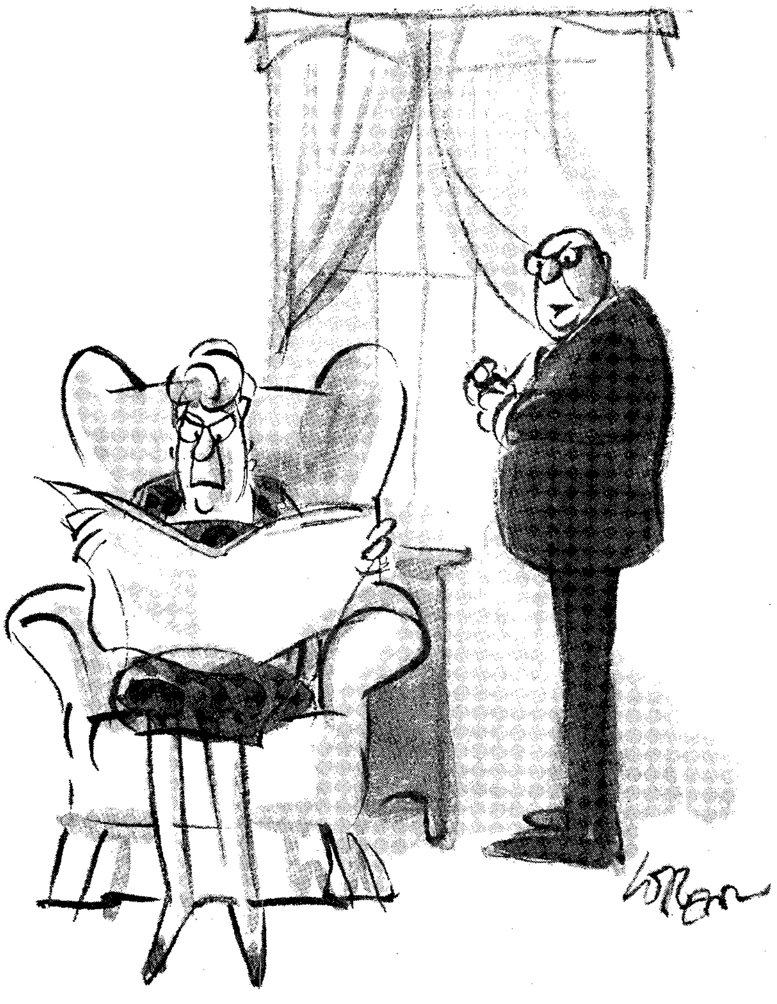
BOOKS

The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner

IN 1937, George F. Kennan, an American diplomat who stood almost alone in his knowledge of Soviet Russia, attended the second of the three monstrous purge trials in Moscow as the interpreter for Joseph E. Davies, the new American Ambassador, who stood almost alone in his ignorance but had nevertheless persuaded himself that the defendants were guilty as charged. As Kennan, who knew otherwise, recalls it in his admirable and often heartbreaking “Memoirs: 1925-1950” (Atlantic-Little, Brown), he sat alongside Davies “hissing into his ear . . . a simultaneous *translation* of Vishinsky's [Andrei Vishinsky, the State prosecutor and later the representative of the U.S.S.R. in the United Nations] thundering brutalities, of the cringing confessions of some of the accused, and of the delicate innuendoes in the statements of some of the others. During the intermissions, I was sent, regularly, to fetch the Ambassador his sandwiches, while he exchanged sententious judgments with the gentlemen of the press concerning the guilt of the victims. I cannot recall, therefore, that I ever discussed the matter with him.”

It was, it seems, ever thus with Kennan—at least, throughout all but two of the years dealt with in this extraordinary volume. In February of 1940, Franklin Roosevelt sent Sumner Welles, the Under-Secretary of State, to Europe to explore the possibilities of ending the war—almost before it started, since there had as yet been no major combat on the Western front—by diplomatic means. Welles was to visit Rome, Paris, Berlin, and London. Someone in Washington thought it might be useful for Welles to have a Russian expert, and Kennan, who happened also to be a leading German expert and, indeed, was to be in charge of our Embassy in Berlin when we entered the war, was instructed to join the Welles party in Rome. “Mr. Welles,” Kennan writes, “seemed unaware of my presence and evinced no interest in my views on Russia.” And he goes on: “So little did I enter into the ken of the party that on leaving Rome for Berlin they forgot me entirely. I learned of their departure only when I happened to see the cavalcade of official cars pass me on the street, late one evening, on its way to the station. I tore back to the hotel, packed, took off for the station, and arrived, breathless, just as the red carpet was being rolled up, only to find that there was no berth for me on the special car which housed the party.” It is not clear whether Kennan boarded the train anyway or joined the party later on. In any event, he was never consulted. He made an effort to be useful in a way that had for him become habitual and perhaps, though he never suggests it, therapeutic. “I tried,” he says, “to set down on paper some views on the broader questions that interested him [Welles].” He prints part of that memorandum in this book, and it is—as all of his similar efforts were—lucid, prophetic, and biting. Addressing himself to a then modish theory of Nazism, he wrote, “If Germany had indeed set the clock back, as Edgar Mowrer claims, we could be happier, for there is hardly a stone on the continent of Europe which does not speak of the superiority of the past.” He gave the paper to Pierrepont Moffat, chief of the Division of European Affairs, who was accompanying Welles. He doubts “that Moffat even read it himself, but he sent it back to me after a decent interval.”

Kennan is a modest man and a skeptical one, with an almost Calvinistic sense of individual responsibility and accountability. Arrogance, self-righteousness, and self-pity are alien to his temperament. Had he been vain and aggressive, he might at least have won attention and a berth on the train to Berlin. Yet a reader unfamiliar with his character and his earlier writings could easily take this book to be the work of a supreme egotist who believes that only he, among all those bearing any responsibility for American foreign policy, understood what was going on in the world and that the fools and knaves who were running this and other countries could have saved themselves and the world great misery and folly by simply accepting the excellent advice that George Kennan was committing to papers no one ever read. Unfortunately, this is one way of describing the impression the book makes, and even a reader who recognizes that Kennan is no common scold but a man whose compassion is fully as great as his intelligence cannot help but weary of all the evidence that Kennan



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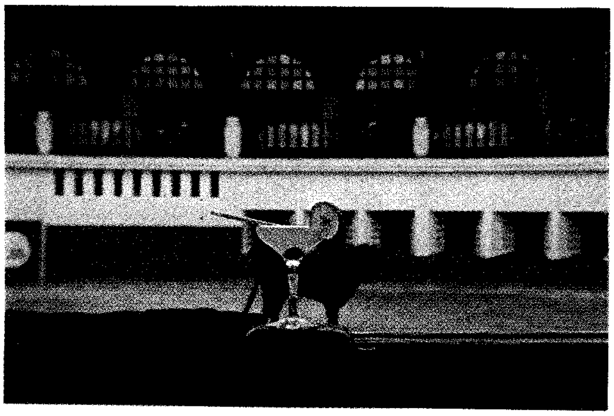

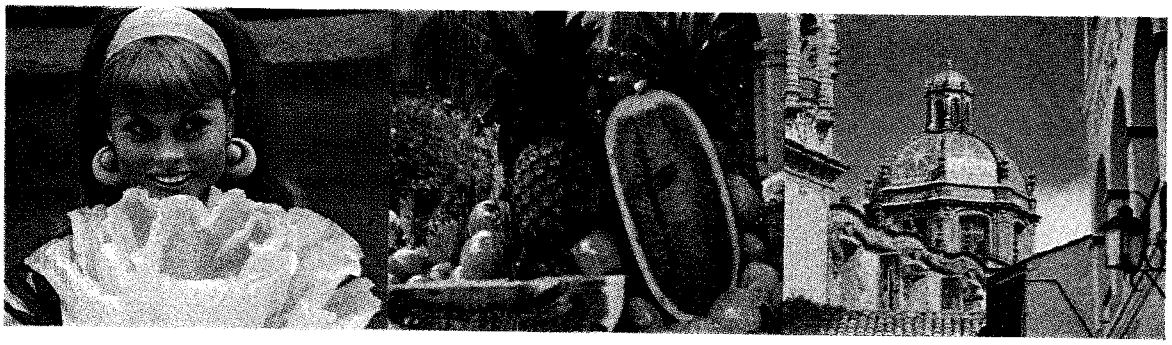

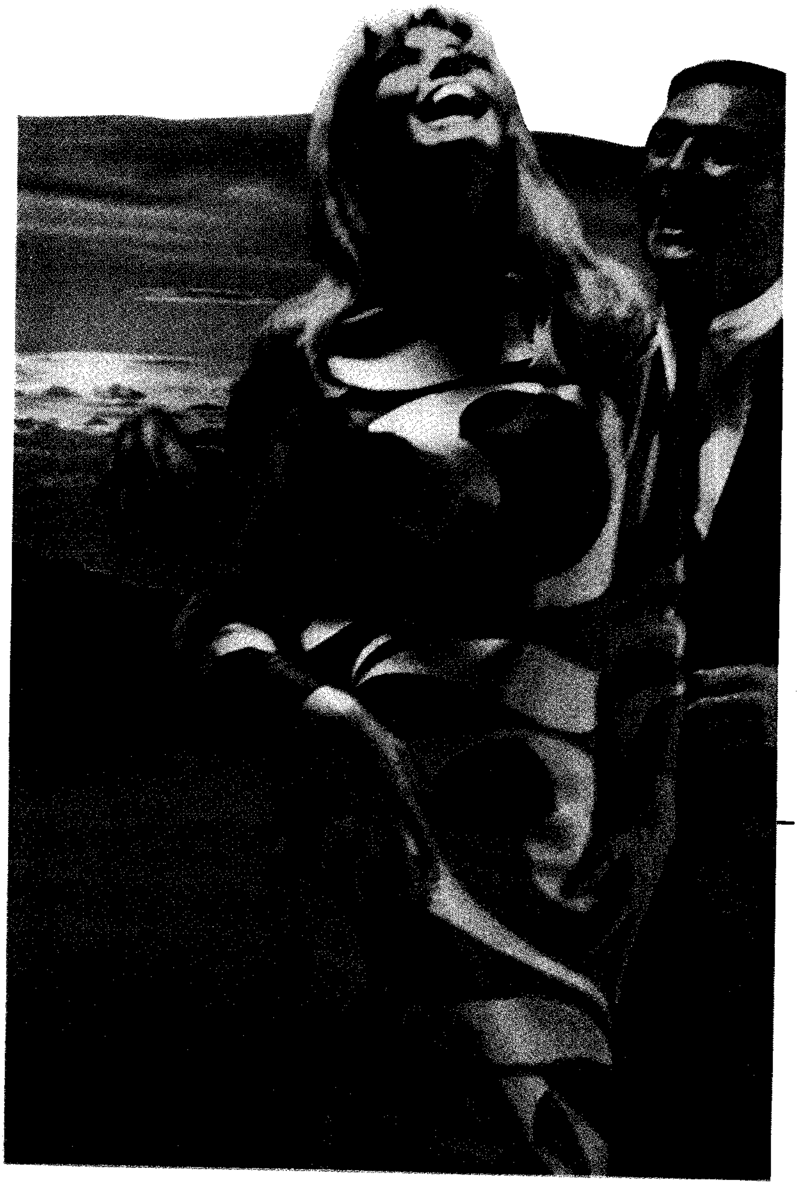

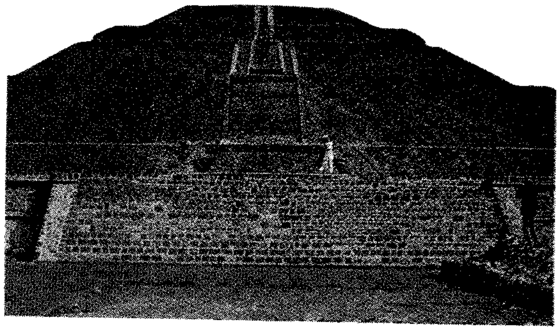

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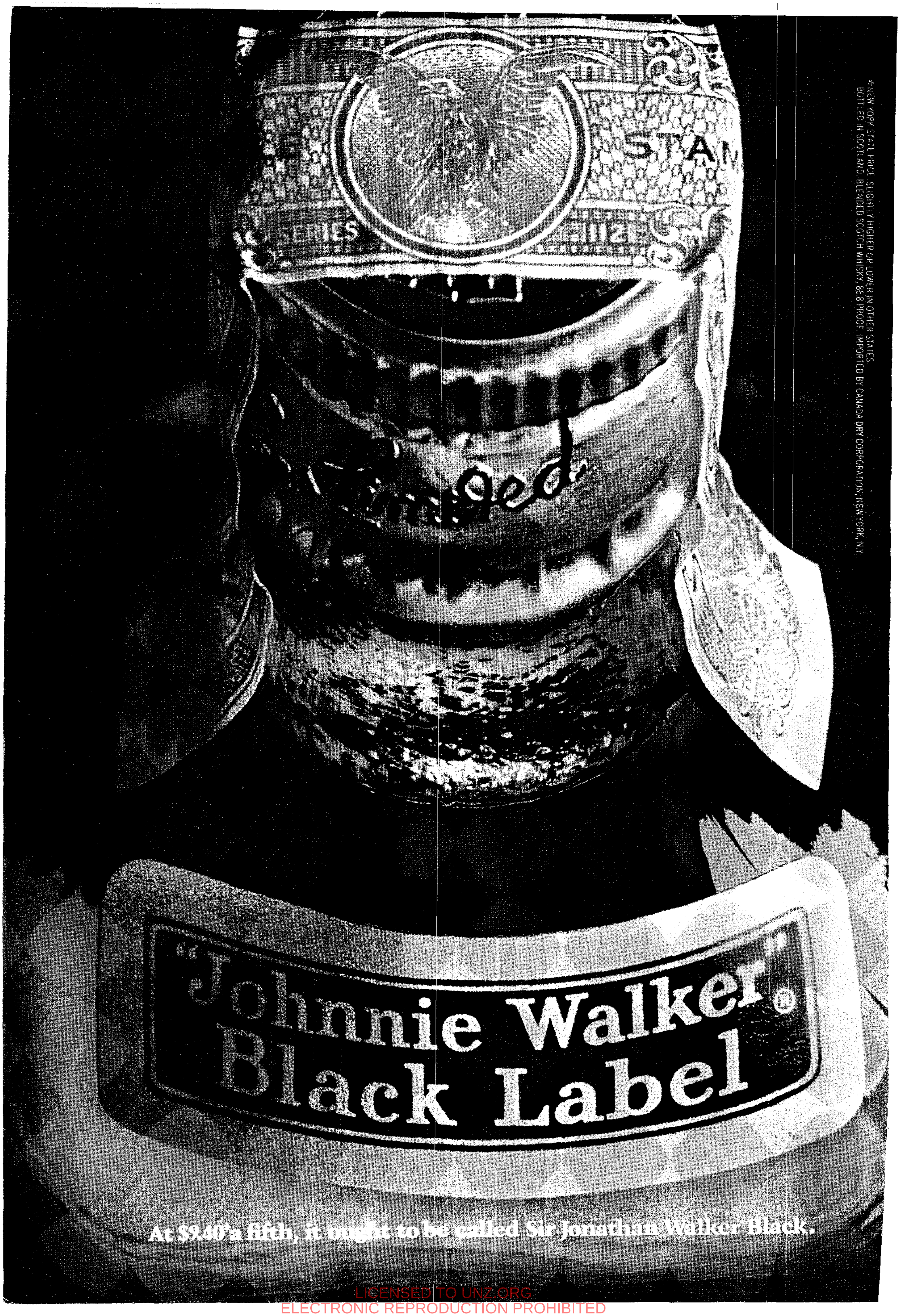SERIES 112
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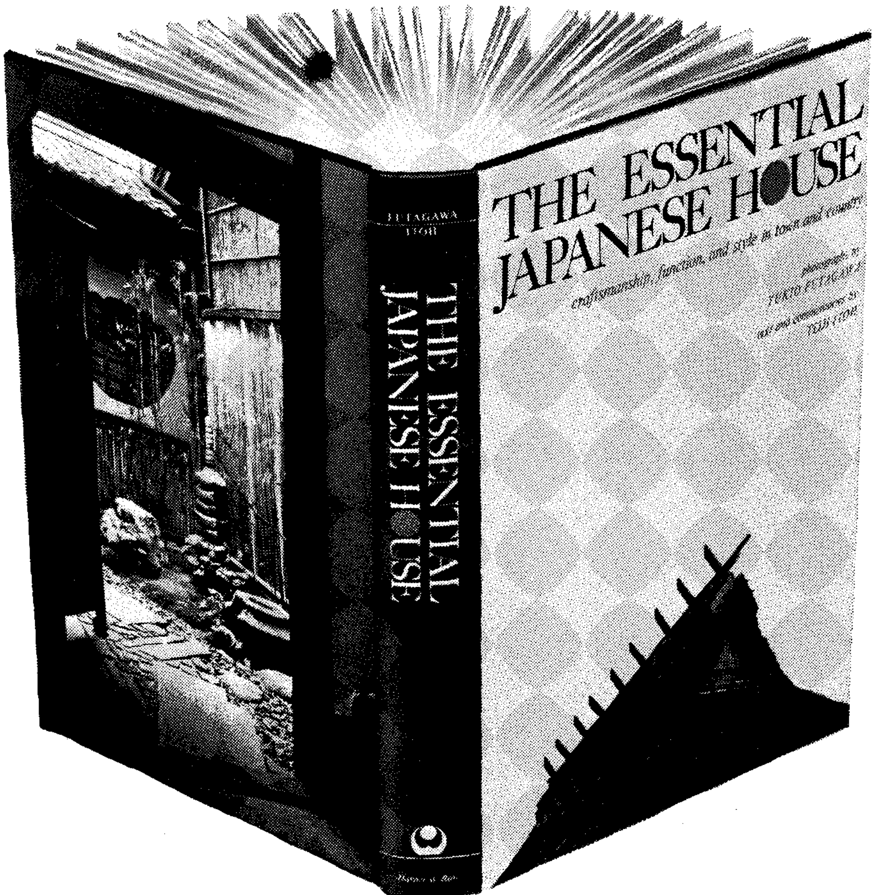
was right and almost everyone else either willfully in error or irresponsibly inattentive. Though the book is vastly more than a settling, always in Kennan's favor, of political and intellectual accounts, it is very largely that, and its one-sidedness is often oppressive. He nowhere accuses the various Presidents and Secretaries of State he served of criminal negligence, but this is the indictment the evidence seems to call for, and a five-hundred-page indictment can be painful as well as engrossing reading. This is regrettable but inevitable. Kennan generally lets the record—his diaries and dispatches—speak for itself, and the record happens to show that he perceived many basic truths about affairs he was employed to study and analyze at a time when others did not perceive them and often based policy on their own misunderstanding. He recorded and transmitted his perceptions, and they were either unread or misread. The wonder, as one thinks back on it, is that this sensitive, melancholy, easily wounded and discouraged man did not succumb to paranoia. He was so persistently ignored that he almost stopped trying, having reached the conclusion that he had "no reason to believe that my views would be interesting or welcome to people in official Washington."

There came, to be sure, a time when his views were interesting, though not always welcome, not only in Washington but in other capitals and in other than official circles. This was in 1946, after twenty-one years in the Foreign Service. In Moscow, on Washington's Birthday of that year, he wrote a long, angry memorandum on Soviet-American relationships, and, hoping to claim attention at least for his extravagance, sent it to Washington by telegraph rather than by diplomatic pouch. Somehow, perhaps because of the unusual method of transmission, it escaped the oblivion of the filing cabinet and landed on several desks. One of them was that of James Forrestal, then Secretary of the Navy, who thought it masterly and had it reproduced in large numbers for the edification of military personnel. Forrestal was a powerful patron in those days, and before long Kennan was a recognized oracle. "My official loneliness came in fact to an end," he writes of this period. "My voice now carried." He was brought home to lecture at the National War College and, later, to establish and lead the Policy Planning Staff in the State Department—an experiment in diplomatic planning that never satisfied the high hopes of those who conducted it but has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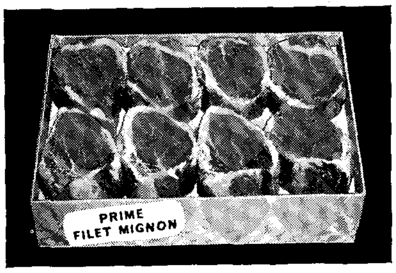

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been valuable, all the same, in providing a home for people like Kennan and for giving prestige to those diplomats who believe there is some connection between intellectual effort and sound policy. He played an important part in working out the Marshall Plan; he wrote the famous Mr. X article in *Foreign Affairs* and was acclaimed as the architect of the "containment" strategy; he went to Tokyo to confer with General MacArthur on certain problems of the American Occupation, and the modifications he recommended were in the main accepted. He says today that his labors on the Marshall Plan and on Occupation policy in Japan were the largest—and almost the only—non-literary achievements of his government career. It may in the end turn out that his unread memoranda, now published in this book, will have a belated impact as great as any they might have had when they were written, for his voice now carries farther than it ever did before. Despite his loss of obscurity, though, what he calls his "official loneliness" returned in 1948. He approved little of what the new Secretary of State was doing, and Dean Acheson, on his part, approved little of what Kennan was saying. In 1950, when this volume ends, Kennan retired from the Foreign Service and began a new and enormously productive career as a historian.

Because he is today an eloquent critic of our intervention in Vietnam, Kennan is probably identified in many minds as sharing the views of those whose dissent on Vietnam is in part a protest against the ideological basis of our policy. He has for many years opposed that policy, but on grounds that are not at all fashionable today. While he has always felt that it was a mistake to think of "containment" in military terms—he saw no need for NATO and thinks we should never have been part of it—he has in general been more "anti-Communist" than the government and has looked with disapproval on most efforts to reconcile America and the Soviet Union and reach political and economic agreement with the Russians. "I viewed the labors of the Potsdam Conference [in 1945] with unmitigated skepticism and despair," he writes. Though in principle he approved the recognition, in 1933, of the U.S.S.R., he regarded the treaty of recognition as immoral, and he now says that "never—neither then nor at any later date—did I consider the Soviet Union a fit ally or associate, actual or potential, for this country." His anti-Communism, though sturdy and en-

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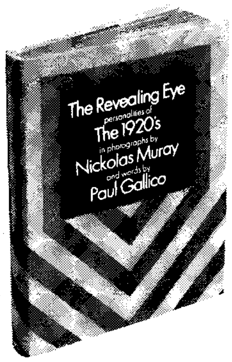

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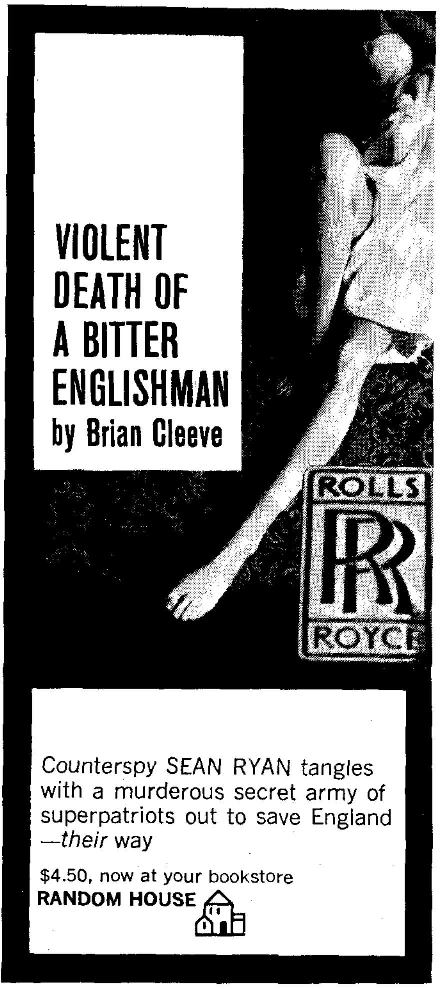
during, is not so much a judgment on Marxism as it is a judgment on Russian totalitarianism and the kind of men who rise to the top under that system. Many people today feel that our abrupt termination of aid to Russia after the war was a major American contribution to the tensions of the Cold War, but the termination was one of the few decisions of which Kennan approves, and he, in fact, would have ended not only economic but military aid while the war was still being fought. By the summer of 1944, he tells us, the Soviet Union had won its war for survival. The German enemy was no longer anywhere near the gates. What had been a war against aggression became a war *of* aggression and conquest in Eastern Europe. He thinks that if we had dissociated ourselves from that second war and, even more important, from the political settlements that saddled Eastern Europe with Soviet power, there would have been no Cold War—at least, not of the magnitude of the one we have known—because the Soviet Union would not have had the strength to wage it. He has never had any doubt that the Russians were initially responsible for the Cold War and that our early errors were mainly of "softness" of policy. Far from believing that we displayed a mindless hostility to Communist doctrine, particularly among our military people, he complains of "the disgraceful anti-British and pro-Soviet prejudices that certain of our military leaders had entertained during the war." There is plenty of material here for patriots and historians who believe that Washington's view of the causes and origins of the Cold War happens to be more or less the accurate one.

While Kennan's opinion of the nature of Soviet power at times seems hardly distinguishable from that of Ronald Reagan or Barry Goldwater, he has never shared their sense of its menace to American interests. He thinks this government guilty both of augmenting Soviet power during and after the war and of consistently overrating it even in its unnaturally augmented state. He has never thought of it as much of a military threat. He opposed not only the rearming of Germany but the rearming of most of Western Europe. In the early postwar years, when he was working on the Marshall Plan, he was more concerned with the Communist Parties of Western Europe than with the Soviet Army. Moreover, he has always deplored the "universalism" of American policy, and he regrets his failure, in the early papers



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on containment, to distinguish between the parts of the world in which it could be profitably applied and those in which it could not. He never thought it advisable to formulate the Truman Doctrine in the generalized terms its sponsor, the then President, used—i.e., "I believe it must be the policy of the United States to support free peoples who are resisting subjugation by armed minorities or by outside pressures." Such language covers Vietnam in 1967 as well as Greece in 1947, and could even be employed to justify military aid either to Ian Smith or to his enemies in Rhodesia. Kennan also regretted the original application of the Truman Doctrine—to the neighboring and beleaguered states of Greece and Turkey. "I was not happy," he writes, "to find in the draft of the President's message to Congress a proposal for aid to Turkey as well as to Greece. I suspected that what was intended primarily was military aid, and that what had really happened was that the Pentagon had exploited a favorable set of circumstances in order to infiltrate a military aid program for Turkey into what was supposed to be primarily a political and economic program for Greece. Since it was important, in my view, that the Soviet threat be recognized for what it was—primarily a political one and not a threat of military attack—it seemed unfortunate that the picture of what was needed in Greece should be confused by association with something that was not needed—or, if needed, was needed for entirely different purposes—in Turkey."

Because of the desperate fix we are in, we pounce upon books of this sort in search of heresies, goats, villains—and, of course, portents and saving truths. This is a time in which it is almost impossible, unless we undertake a deliberate pursuit of the irrelevant, to keep our minds off the present. It is hard to read history as history or as literature. There should come a day, though, when we shall see George Kennan's memoirs as magnificent history and as a classic American autobiography. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

POOR COW, by Nell Dunn (Doubleday). The publishers say that "Poor Cow" is Miss Dunn's first full-length novel. Whether it is full length is a question that does not matter, and whether it is a novel is another question that does not matter. What does matter is that this young writer is

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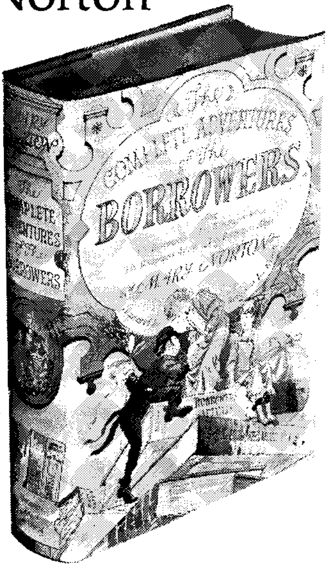

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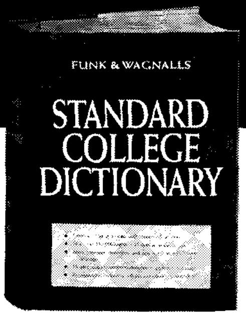

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possessed of a high degree of talent, and, beyond that, that there is something unforgettable about her work—some quality so individual and gentle that her writing is irresistible. Her story of a lost young wife and mother, Joy, who slips without much struggling from being a loving creature to being a prostitute, is alive with a capacity for acceptance that has in it neither anger nor mawkishness. Miss Dunn is also sentimental and tawdry and sometimes, but not often, quite funny. The last scene in this book—the last three and a half pages—is something to study. The scene is London.

WALDO, by Paul Theroux (Houghton Mifflin). Waldo, the hero, is a shadowy, passive young man, who moves from one intensely symbolic site to another until he has turned into a slightly older shadowy, passive young man. The locations include reform school, college, a motel bed, which he shares for a couple of months with his mentor, a rich older woman named Clovis Techy, and a night club called Mandrake, where he winds up sitting suspended in a cage typing out the story of his life to audience applause. The novel is introduced with a quotation from Tristan Tzara, a founding father of Dadaism, which is an omen of the bizarre turns in the road ahead rather than a clue to where it is leading. The conclusion—"It didn't have anything to do with love"—is as good a conclusion as any to the collection of flashy insights and observations and snatches of overheard conversations that mark Waldo's development. These are presented in an unending procession of flat declarative sentences, most of which are not bad taken one at a time.

GENERAL

CHRISTOPHE: KING OF HAITI, by Hubert Cole (Viking). An account of the emergence of Haiti as an independent nation which is properly and persuasively built around the rise of Henry Christophe (1767-1820) from plantation scullion to revolutionary colonel to self-proclaimed "Henry, by the Grace of God and the Constitutional Law of the State, King of Haiti, Sovereign of Tortuga, Gonave, and other adjacent Islands, Destroyer of Tyranny, Regenerator and Benefactor of the Haitian Nation, Creator of her Moral, Political and Martial Institutions, First Crowned Monarch of the New World, Defender of the

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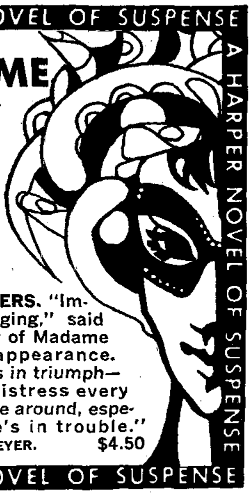

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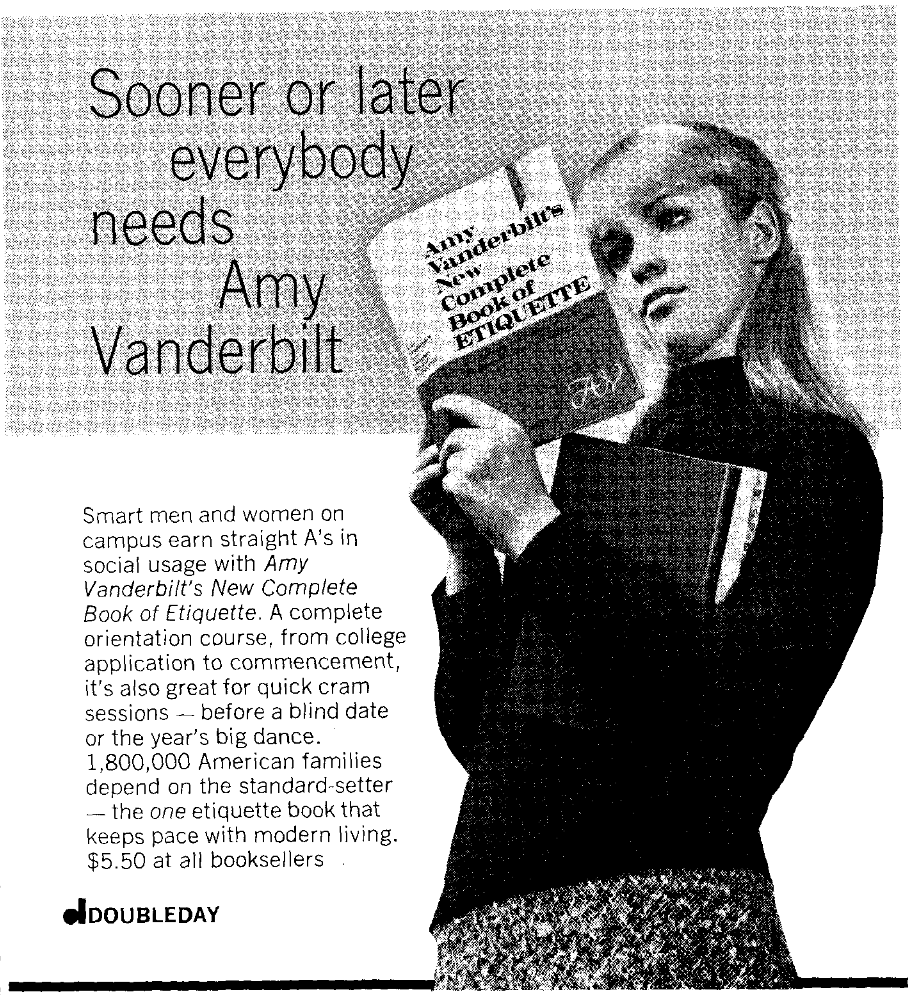
Faith, Founder of the Royal and Military Order of Saint-Henry" to suicide. Mr. Cole is perfectly aware of both Christophe's ferocities and his follies (chief of which was the creation of a kind of minstrel-show court), and he makes no attempt to minimize his absolute tyranny, but he also shows us the good intentions and the good works—the schools and hospitals and economic progress—that wrung from the English reformer William Wilberforce: "I cannot mention Haiti without interposing a word or two concerning this same *tyrant*, as now that he is fallen it seems to be the fashion to call Christophe. If he did deserve that name, it is then compatible with the warmest desire of a sovereign for the improvement and happiness of his people." It can be added that Mr. Cole has a vigor to match his candor and his understanding, and the result is a first-rate illumination of a great man and an obscure corner of history. Illustrated with contemporary drawings and maps.

THE HEIR APPARENT: ROBERT KENNEDY AND THE STRUGGLE FOR POWER, by William V. Shannon (Macmillan). Mr. Shannon, it seems, has not yet made up his mind (and there is no reason that he should) whether he wants Robert Kennedy to be President of the United States someday. His last chapter reads like the peroration of a nominating speech (and a pretty convincing one), but earlier sections include plenty of unflattering material. Whatever Mr. Shannon's uncertainties, he certainly provides a good deal of information—some of it gossip, some of it reporting—and he evaluates it all with the skill of a sensitive writer and an experienced political journalist. Some readers, in fact, may find the political background, especially Mr. Shannon's discussion of New York affairs, more enlightening than most books wholly devoted to local politics.

NO END OF A LESSON, by Anthony Nutting (Potter). The author was the second man in the British Foreign Office (he was Minister of State; Selwyn Lloyd was Foreign Secretary) at the time of the 1956 Suez crisis. He had long been a political intimate and disciple of Anthony Eden, the Prime Minister, but throughout the prelude—the accumulation of tensions that preceded the French-Israeli-British attack on Egypt—he felt (and said) that Eden was judging and acting wrongly. (Mr. Nutting blames Eden's by then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Literary Guild Selection for November

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

nearly chronic illness.) Having disagreed with Eden's Suez policy while it was being formulated, Mr. Nutting resigned while it was being implemented, and thereby finished his own political career. His first-person account emphasizes some familiar matters, such as Eden's almost obsessive hatred of Nasser, but also contains, of course, a good deal of personal material, much of it affecting or dramatic. He moralizes a lot, but he never suggests for a moment that he is taking pleasure in saying "I told you so."

MEXICO, by Jacques Soustelle, translated from the French by James Hogarth (World). A volume in the magnificently illustrated Archaeologia Mundi series. M. Soustelle gives a capsule history of Mexican archeology and a panorama of the prehistoric cultures it unearthed, culminating in the high civilizations of the Maya and the Aztec. His French chauvinism, so characteristic of French scholarship, is sometimes comic (one section is called "From Brasseur to Aubin"), but it is a useful corrective to our American chauvinism, and some of the material from French collections illustrated in the photographs is unfamiliar and striking. Ten dollars.

HARPER'S BAZAAR: 100 YEARS OF THE AMERICAN FEMALE, edited by Jane Trahey (Random House). This centennial selection of pictures and prose shows, among other things, that in the last hundred years American women have grown steadily younger and skinnier, and that *Harper's Bazaar* has published some of the best photography and fiction—and a little of the worst nonsense—of the century. Not a bad record, and not a bad book. Twenty dollars.

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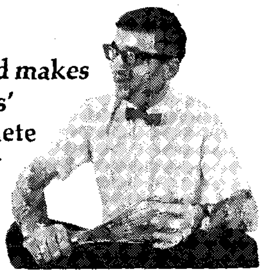

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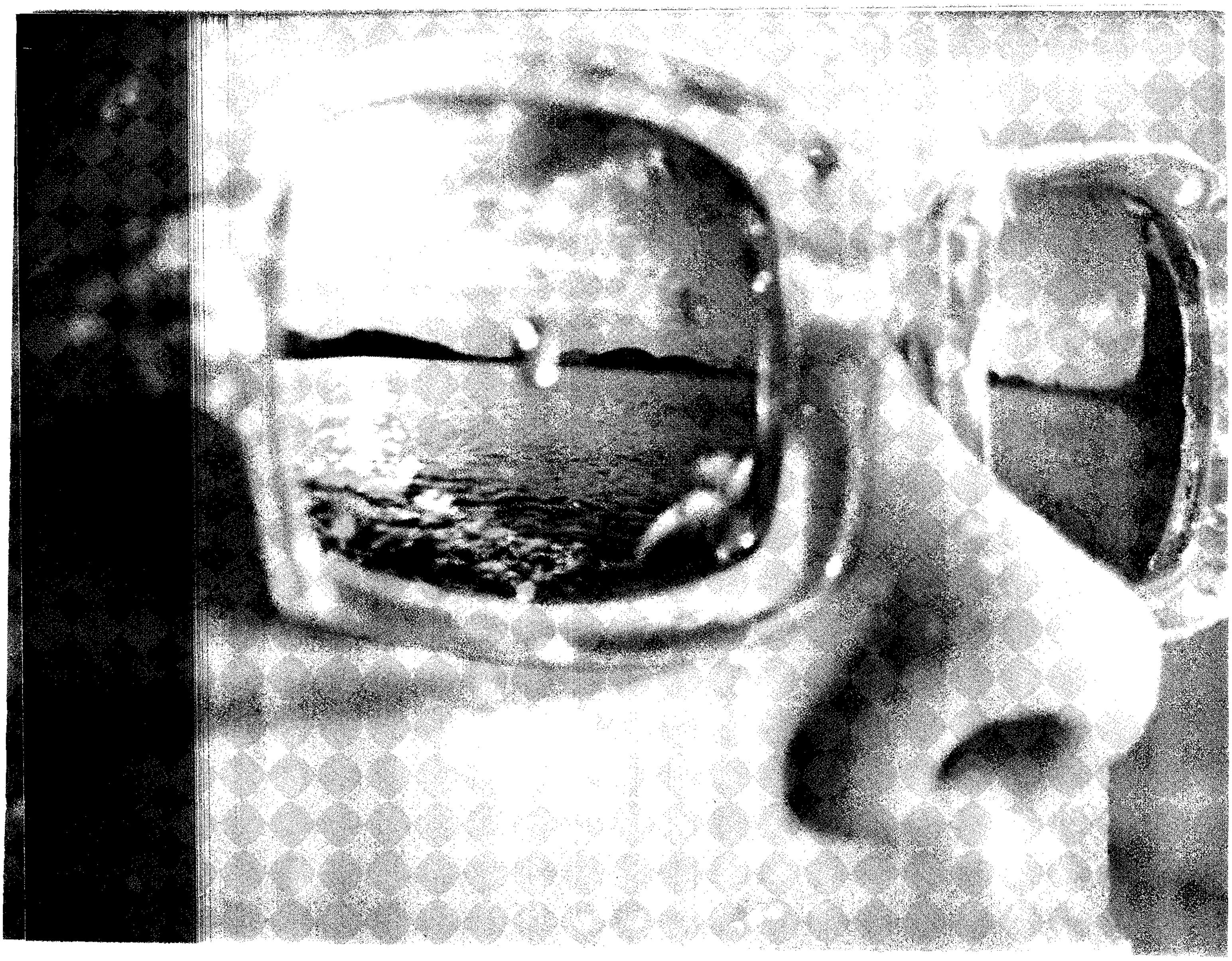

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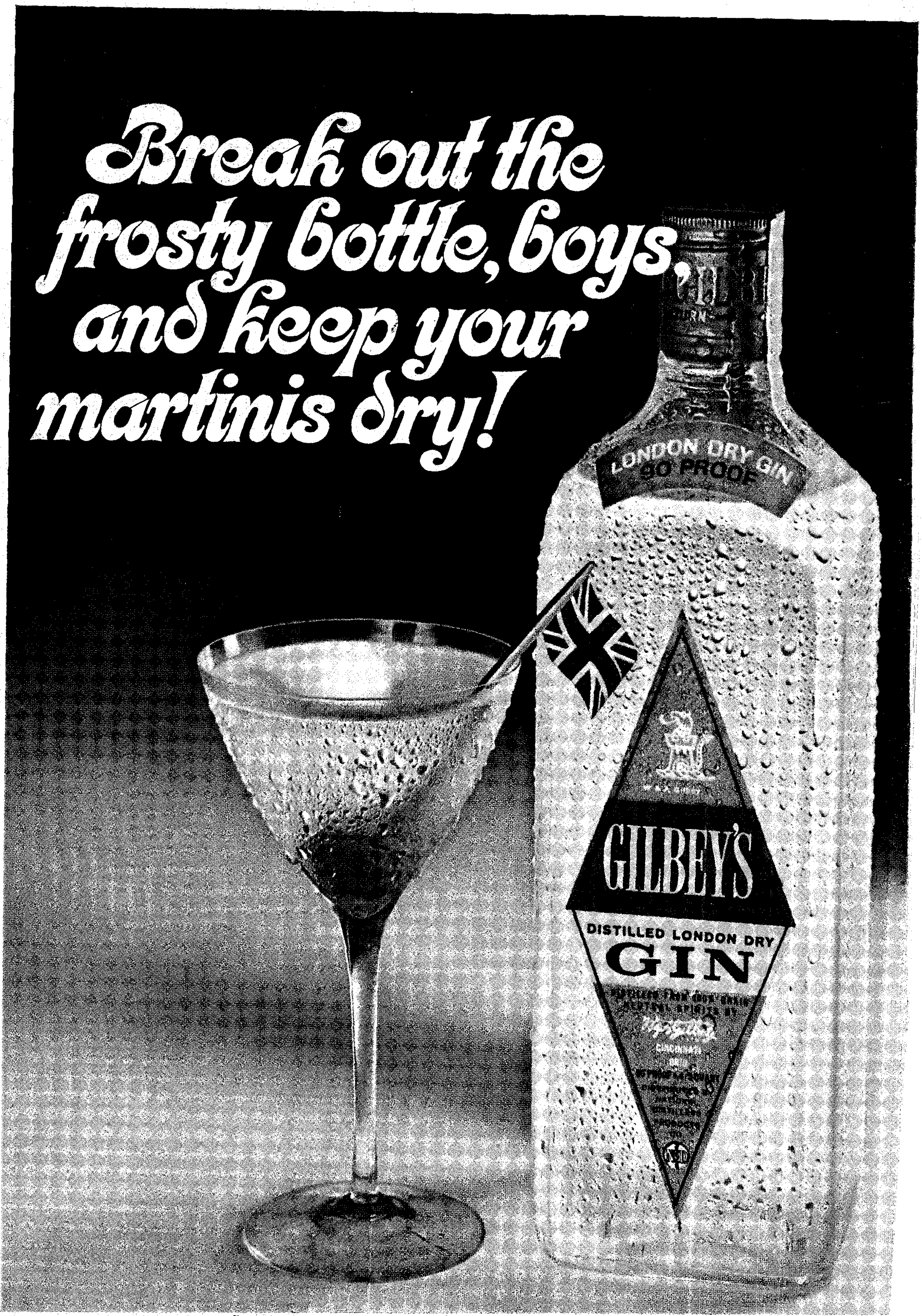

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